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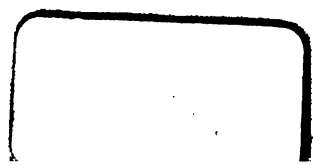
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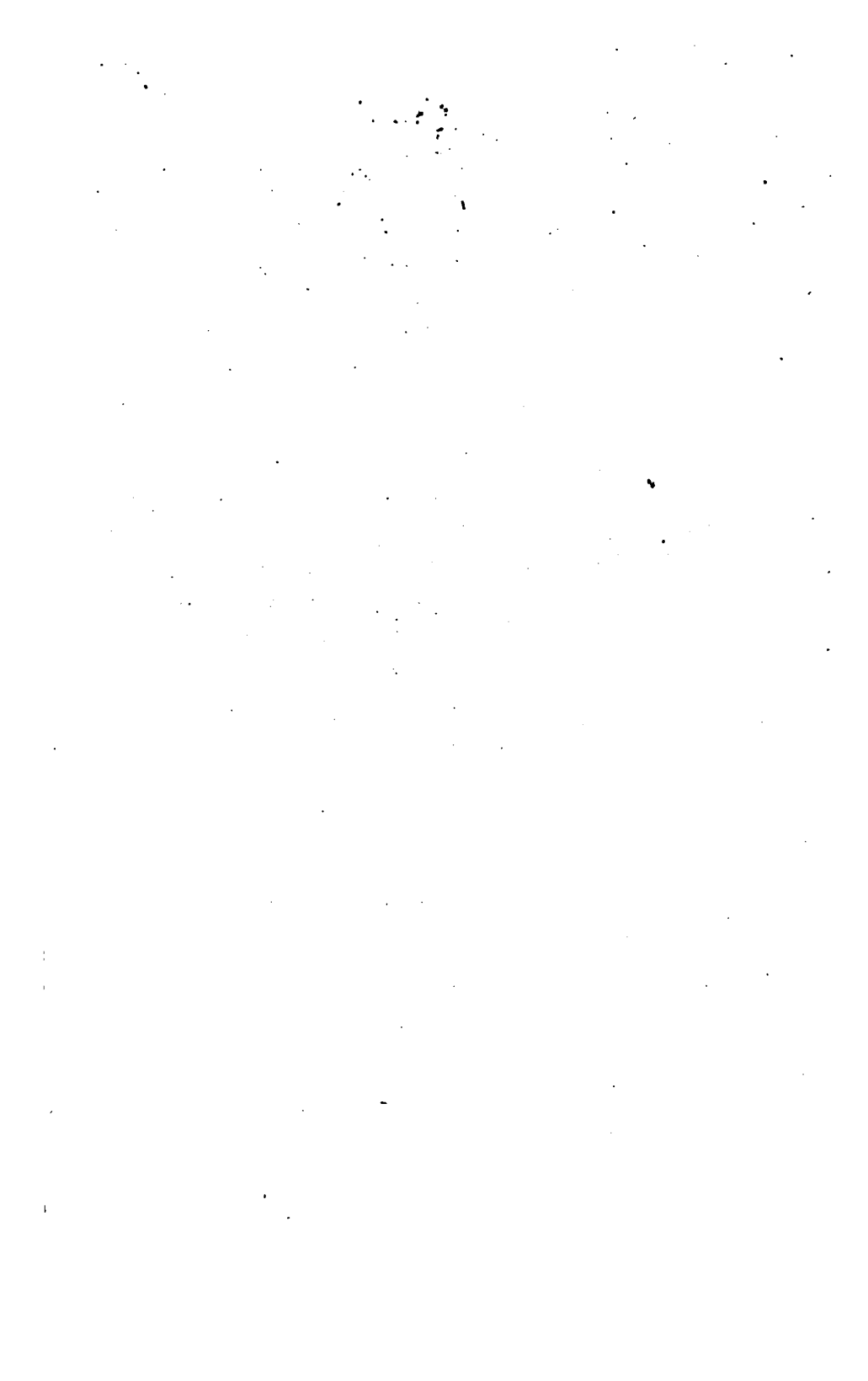
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VOLUME THE SIXTH.



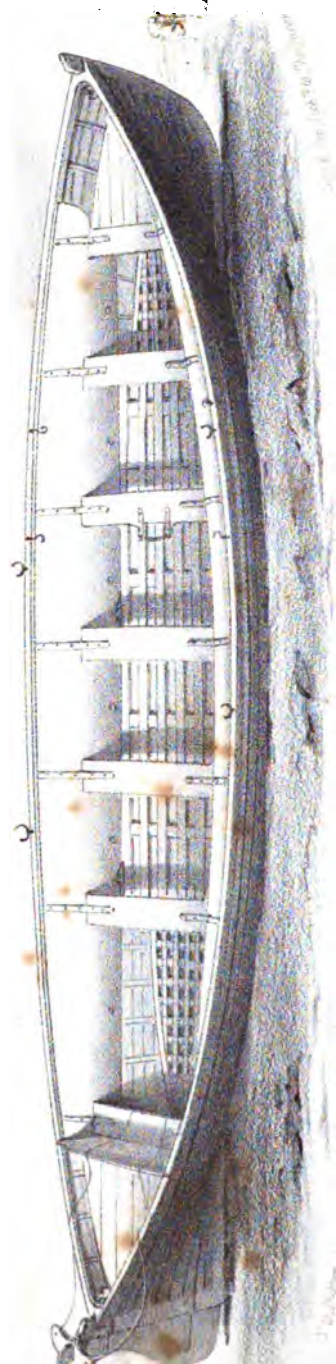
"The security of the Kingdom is increased by every man being more or less a Sailor."—CAPT. MARRYAT's *Pirate and Three Cutters*."

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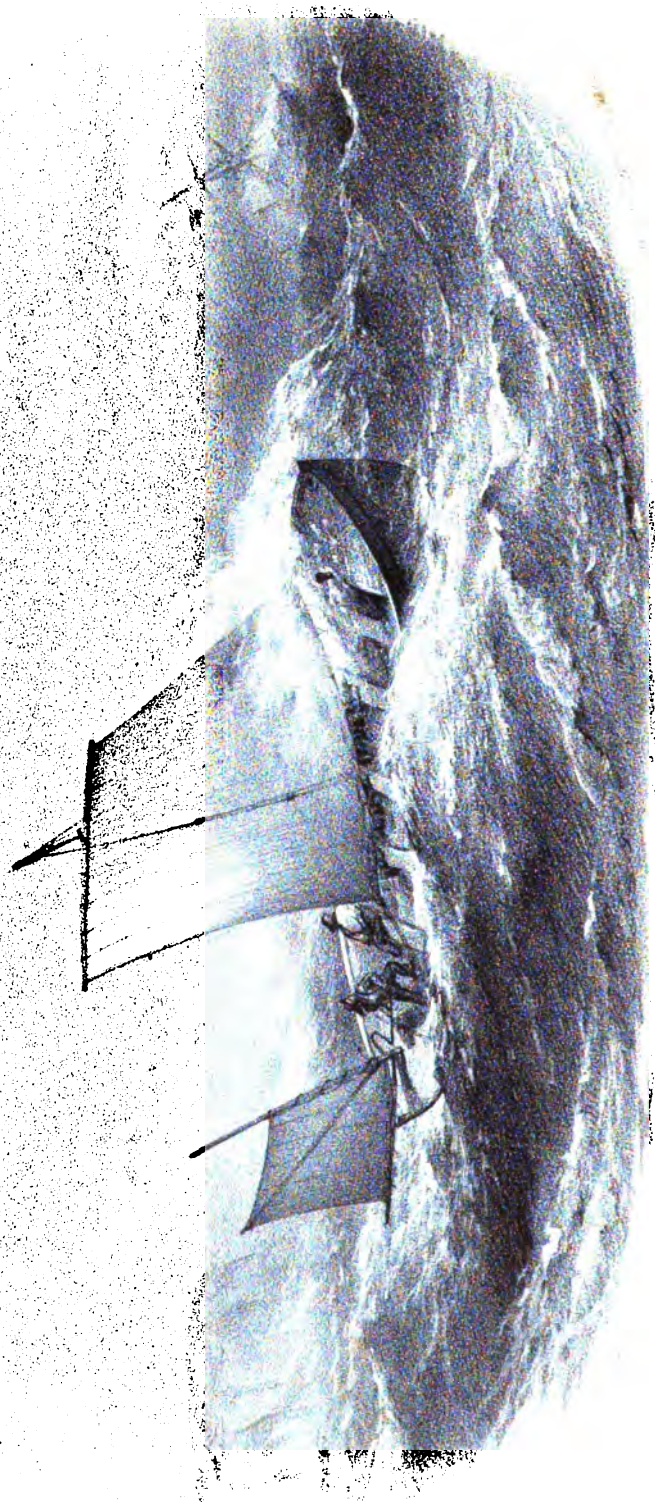




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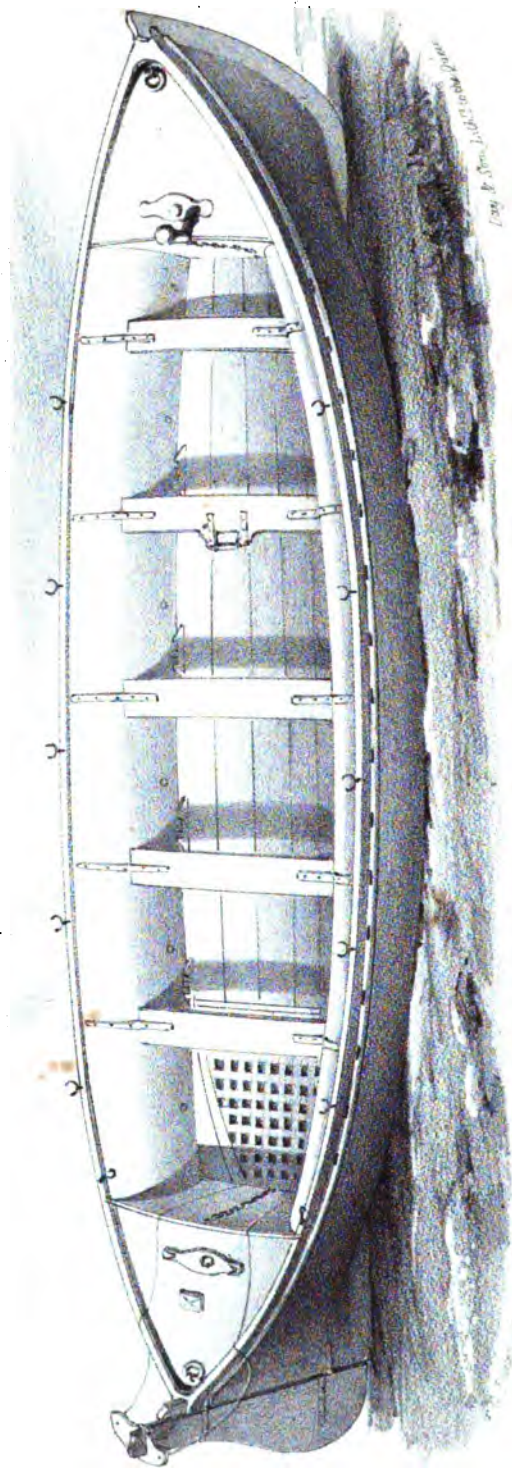
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THE SCHOONER "ALBATROSS" ON THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA, 1854.

LALB'S WILLET'S PATENT SEA-GOING LIFE BOATS.



WILLET'S PATENT SEA-GOING LIFE BOATS. LALB'S WILLET'S PATENT SEA-GOING LIFE BOATS.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1857.

WANDERING NOTES:—THE WEST.

BY SUMMOOA JUGA.

RETURN OF THE DISCOVERY SHIP RESOLUTE.

THE "important event" of the past month has been the restoration of the *Resolute* to England, and the graceful presentation of the same by the American nation to Queen Victoria at Cowes. The act will deservedly be ever remembered as a token of friendly feeling of the Americans towards their "motherland," and will henceforth form an important chapter in the history of both nations. The value of the gift is, moreover, enhanced by the recollection that, at the very time when Congress voted a large sum for the purchase of the ship, the two governments were engaged in angry correspondence on matters of dispute, now happily settled without any dishonorable accession on either side. This spontaneous courtesy of the American Congress demands our warmest admiration and thanks. It was the act of a polite as well as a friendly people, and well calculated to remind us of old relationship and ties of blood. Whenever we are inclined to be "wrathy" let us remember the *Resolute*, and the generous impulse, which moved them to restore her to the British

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Navy. May such interchange of courtesy and good feeling long characterize the intercourse between the two countries to the exclusion of all thoughts of quarrel or hostility.

In connexion with the history of the *Resolute* there are so many interesting and remarkable coincidences that one almost feels at a loss where to begin and where to end. In the first place the most prominent feature in her case is the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions. His long ice-bound absence from our shores has excited the sympathy of all nations, more particularly our Cousins, who have taken part in the various expeditions which have been sent out in search of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Even our very yachtsmen have participated in exploring the Arctic regions, threading their way as in the *Nancy Dawson*, on the like humane but unsuccessful search.

We need therefore hardly remind our readers of the departure of Sir John, as far back as the year 1845, in search of the North-west passage, of the subsequent expeditions sent out by our government owing to his lengthened absence from home, of the tidings and traces found in 1850, at Cape Riley by the squadron under Captain Austin, and in which season our Cousins participated in the American Expedition, the *Advance* and *Rescue* equipped at the sole cost of one of her wealthy citizens, Henry Grinnell, Esq., of New York; and also the more important one of 1853, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, which consisted of the *Assistance*, Commander Richards; the *Resolute*, Captain Kellett; and the steamers *Intrepid*, Commander Mc'Clintock, and the *Pioneer*, Lieutenant Osborn; independent of the two ships *Enterprize* and the *Investigator*, Captain (now Sir) Richard Mc'Clure, which were then supposed to be wending their way by the straits of Behring.

It would therefore seem that every thing which art and science could combine was adopted, in order to obtain the realization of a Nation's hopes, but which was frustrated by Admiralty inefficiency, yet, all that a nation had a right to expect was so little realized. The deplorable return of a portion of the expedition in 1854, with the intelligence that this promising expedition had been abandoned by the commander in defiance of the "round robin" of his subordinates, and that four of the fleet were locked up in the *Welling Channel* in their icy prison, and left to the mercy of the elements until some freak of nature or Arctic current should release them.

which expedition the *Resolute* was one, and has been since released without a human hand to guide her, yet by the mysterious working of Providence she has been restored to us from her icy confines, and spared to be sent home by Albion's indefatigable and persevering off-spring, as a monument of *fraternité* in the cause, and of the cupidity of the commander of that expedition.

The drifting of this ship appears to be the most extraordinary on record. From her ice-bound dock in lat. 76° and long. 94° , in the vicinity of the post-office of the North Pole, she has made her way through unknown channels into Davis Straits,—or peradventure, as a messenger through the Wellington Channel into the Great Polar Basin, thence by Jones', Smiths', or some other yet unexplored channel leading to Baffin's Bay; or perchance what is equally probable she has wended her way south through Prince Regent's or Admiralty Inlet to Pond's Bay; or may be, as the mind suggests, to the Gulf of Boothia, thence finding an exit to the Fox Channel into Cumberland Straits; but since all is mere conjecture the homeward path of the *Resolute* must ever remain a mystery. Thus much, it is evident, no Admiralty influence guided or controlled her actions, but left to the direction of the elements and an unerring current, she has been wafted amid unheard of perils and hair-breadth escapes a distance of 1,200 miles from where she was abandoned to the spot where she was picked up—off Cape God's Mercy, in lat. $66^{\circ} 30'$, and long. 74° near the entrance of Cumberland Straits, by the American whaler the "George Henry"; in the month of September 1855, and from thence carried safe into New London, on the Thames, one of the New England States, cities and rivers—namesakes of the Old World, from which she so *resolutely* started.

The *Resolute* was eventually brought to New York, where she arrived in December 1855, and the British Government relinquished all claim to her. The Americans then performed a graceful act of courtesy, and a sum of 40,000 dollars was appropriated by Congress to purchase the *Resolute* from the whalers, and to refit her as a present to Queen Victoria.

A connexion with the history of the *Resolute* we may add—that as from this ship that Lieutenant Pim sallied forth on his arduous ney over the ice to meet Captain M'Clure, whose vessel, the *Intigator*, it was ascertained was frozen in in Mercy Bay, Baring's md.

The American journals at the time, in describing the release and salvage of the *Resolute*, gave the following account:—"It appears that Captain Buddington, in the whaling barque *George Henry*, was working his way through vast masses of floating ice on the 17th of September, 1855, in lat. 67° N., when he discovered a ship in the distance bearing N.E., about 20 miles from Cape Mercy. The head of the stranger was pointed due East, and though she kept almost without deviation on this course, it was evident she was a derelict. For five days the vessels drifted towards each other, and on the sixth day when the ship was about 7 miles off, the boats were lowered, and the ship boarded. To the joy of all she was found to be the *Resolute*, one of the *Discovery* ships. The captain considering that he had secured a prize better than catching whales, left his own ship to be brought home by his mate, and went on board the *Resolute* with a part of his crew. After considerable labour and exertions, the vessel was rigged, and after a long and perilous voyage, with head winds nearly all the way, he succeeded in bringing the ship safely into New London. His own vessel, the *George Henry* of which he had lost sight of all the voyage, arrived safely a few days previous."

According to the description which Captain Buddington gives of the appearance of things on board, as presented to him when he had leisure to examine the vessel, was doleful in the extreme. "The hold was found to be full of water, and it took three days of constant labour to pump it out. Every thing of a moveable nature seemed to be out of its place, and was in a damaged condition from the immersion in the water. The cabin was strewed with books, clothing, preserved meats, interspersed here and there with lumps of ice. There was scarcely anything on board the abandoned vessel that was not more or less destroyed. There was a great lack of fuel on board. Of provisions there was not enough perhaps to last a crew of seventy-five men (the number originally carried by the *Resolute*,) for nine months. The salt meats were the only articles that were at all in a state of preservation. Everything had gone to decay; even the ship's sails, found between decks, were so rotten that the sailors could thrust their fingers through them like so much brown paper. A large armament of brass cannon and Minie rifles, in perfect order sufficient for any emergency, was found on board, as well as an immense amount of clothing, and every thing else that could conduce to the comfort of the crew, or contribute to the objects of the expedi-

Nor were the intellectual wants of those on board forgotten, for there was a valuable and extensive library of well-selected books on board, though they had suffered somewhat from the vicissitudes of the sea, and that boat loads of books had to be thrown overboard, saturated with water, and rendered worthless. There was also found on board a considerable quantity of whalebone, but whether taken by the ship's crew, or purchased of the Esquimaux, was not known."

Such, no doubt, is a faithful description of the vessel and its contents as were communicated to the "leading journal" of the States—the "*New London Journal*," at the time, and from which we have formed a part of our "Wandering Notes."

We have given *in extenso* facts connected with the Resolute during her absence from England, and more particularly since she was abandoned, under the probable supposition that she would be ice-bound for ever. These facts, and everything in connexion with her will prove interesting,—they give her a character,—which has now been considerably enhanced by the generous disposition of the American citizens in restoring the "new born" ship to their Mother—England. The act itself will do more than a "field" of diplomatic correspondence could have accomplished. Englishmen love their ships, they love enterprise, and they love and appreciate generosity; and the only dilemma in which we are found by the occurrence, is, what suitable return can we make for their spontaneous goodwill?

We now have to record her return to our waters, which occurred on the 12th of December, at Spithead, under the command of Captain Hartstein, of the United States Navy, after, we will add, a quick passage of twenty-nine days, which may be classed as an extraordinary one, considering her peculiar build; more to withstand the pressure of ice, and necessarily a dull sailer, but a good sea-boat. We understand that forty days were allowed for her passage, and therefore she may be considered from the tempestuous weather she encountered that she has been fairly blown across the Atlantic.

Immediately on her arrival at Spithead, official orders were sent from Head Quarters to show every possible attention and courtesy to officers during their stay, and which have been fully carried out. The mayor and council of the borough of Portsmouth have met them, the inhabitants and naval authorities have done likewise; it must be appreciated above all is the honor which has been conferred on them by the visit of our gracious Queen to the ship,

divested of Royal pageantry; and the reception and personal presentation of her abandoned ship. This event took place in Cowes harbour, on Tuesday the 16th,—we believe, the anniversary of her arrival in America. Her Majesty having signified her intention of honoring the American officers on board the *Resolute* with a visit, the Commander in chief made the necessary arrangements for her Majesty's reception, and accordingly the *Resolute*, Monday the 15th, was towed to Cowes by the *Echo* steam-tug, and moored alongside the Trinity wharf, which enabled Her Majesty and the royal family to step on board without inconvenience.

On the following day all was again excitement, it having been intimated that Her Majesty would leave Osborne at ten o'clock to honor the Americans. At an early hour everything was in readiness, H.M. steamship *Retribution* was already moored abreast the entrance of the harbour to fire the royal salutes. Vice-Admiral Sir George Seymour, K.C.B.; Flag-Captain, G. H. Seymour; and the Flag-Lieutenant, M. Malcombe, arrived in the *Fire Queen*, to make the necessary preparations for the royal reception. H.M. yachts *Fairy* and *Elfin* were moored on the bow and quarter of the *Resolute*—their barges at a short distance off with their oars tossed, and innumerable boats with company paying a similar compliment.

The fog which had prevailed up to the anxious hour of the expected arrival of the sovereign now cleared off, and the most imposing sight was manifested. No less than twenty mercantile vessels were in the immediate vicinity of the ship-building yards, all vied with each other in doing honor to the occasion, besides English and Scotch vessels there was the American barque, *Grampus*; also Spanish, Danish, Prussian, Russian, Hamburg, Sweden, and Norwegian ships, all with jaw-breaking names, yet each adding additional interest to the *coup d'œil* by the display of their national ensigns and bunting, which, with the varied colours of the foreign consuls, and those exhibited on the flag-staffs of the Medina Docks and private quays,—in a word, all nations were represented at this "peace demonstration;" and a scene was presented in this locality such as never was before witnessed, a fit subject for the artist, but which no pen can adequately describe: all the world went forth to see, even Sol himself could no longer remain indoors, but peeped out to throw his gladdening rays on the sovereign picture.

A messenger arrived announcing the departure of the Queen from

Osborne, and at 10.20 the royal carriages preceded by an outrider entered the gates of the Trinity wharf, and drove up alongside the *Resolute*, where the illustrious party alighted, and in another moment the Sovereign was on board. The Queen, was accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the Princess Alice, in an open carriage drawn by four gray ponies. Her Majesty was attended by the Duchess of Athol, and the Hon. Miss Cathcart: and in her *suite* were Sir James Clark, M.D., Major-General Bouverie, Colonel Phipps, Captain De Roos, Mr. Gibbs, and Dr. Becker.

On her Majesty's arrival at the Trinity wharf the royal standard was hoisted, and thence shifted to the main of the *Resolute* on her embarkation. The guns of the *Retribution* sent forth a royal salute, the various boats' crews tossed their oars, and the Americans standing on the rail, received her Majesty with three rounds of cheers, which were echoed and re-echoed again and again, with "one cheer more," through the "fleet." Captain Hartstein, U.S. navy, received the royal party at the gangway, and the officers of the ship in full uniform, were grouped on either side:—they were Lieutenants Wells, Stone, and Hunter Davidson, Doctors Robert T. Maccoun and Otis, the Acting-Secretary. There were also the following gentlemen present, J. R. Crosky, Esq., the United States Consul at Southampton, and Vincent Pappalardo, Esq., and Thomas Harling, Esq., his representatives at Portsmouth and Cowes, Captain Higgins, the commander of the U.S. mail steam ship *Hermann*, Cornelius Grinnell, son of Henry Grinnell, Esq., of New York, the projector of the American Arctic expedition. All were presented to the Queen by Captain Hartstein, who afterwards addressed Her Majesty in the following words:—

"Allow me to welcome your Majesty on board the *Resolute*, and, in obedience to the will of my countrymen and of the President of the United States, to restore her to you, not only as an evidence of a friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect to your Majesty personally."

This sincere and manly address of the warm-hearted sailor, evinently affected Her Majesty, who with a gracious smile spoke from heart, "*I thank you, Sir,*" Words, though few, we are conceded, went to the hearts of all present, and never will be forgotten by them.

The royal party then went over the ship, and examined her with minuteness, and with evident feelings of deep interest.

Prince Albert in conversation with Captain Hartstein remarked that Lady Franklin was very anxious for another expedition; to which the captain replied, he was not surprised that she should be so, for he thought it very possible that Sir John, or some of his comrades might still be alive among the Esquimaux: a feeling expressed by several gentlemen present.

The Queen and royal party subsequently retired amid similar demonstrations as at her embarkation. The public were then admitted, and the arrivals and departures continued throughout the day. In the afternoon there was an elegant *déjeûné à la fourchette* on board. In the evening Captain Hartstein dined with the Queen at Osborne by invitation, and all the officers were invited to visit the grounds at Osborne, a privilege which they availed themselves of at 3 p.m., and on their return to the *Resolute* sat down to a splendid dinner, with sparkling champagne, &c., provided on board for them and friends.

By way of finale to the day's proceedings Messrs. John and Robt. White, of the Medina Dock Establishment, afforded a brilliant bonfire of as many tar barrels as there were "stars in the Union," which came off at the dock head abreast the *Resolute*, and formed a splendid tableaux on the closing scene. The whole of the workmen of the establishment having assisted in this fraternal demonstration were, at the instance of the "Chief Factor of the Company," each supplied with a pint of "Blake's best Oriental," (which cheers but not inebriates,) to drink the healths of the Americans, and this was followed up by three hearty cheers from the stentorian lungs of 300 of the "knights of the axe, the adze, and the maul," which produced an extraordinary effect on the still waters of the Medina, and were echoed along the vale.

We had almost omitted to mention, that among the company on board the *Resolute*, during the interesting ceremony, there were the representatives of the "*Times*," and the "*Illustrated News*," as also "Our Special Correspondent," who was favored with the following heart breathing composition, written by Doctor Maccoun on the voyage, suggestive of the occasion, and which we feel pleasure in publishing *in extenso*, that the words may be disseminated through out the length and breadth of the "Old and New Worlds."

THE RESOLUTE

(A BALLAD.)

Far in the regions of the North,
'Mid chilly icebergs bound,
Full many a wint'ry moon I laid,
The wild winds whistling round.

My wooden walls were tenantless ;
No wonder the busy throng,
Cheered my lone decks through Arctic nights
With music* and with song.

The bold and gallant crew had fled
That once I gladly bore,
In search of FRANKLIN and his men,
From Albion's happy shore.

And there amidst those frozen seas,
Amidst that awful gloom
Methought 'twould be my lot to find,
A solitary tomb.

But, one bright morn o'er icy peaks,
I saw the glorious sun,
Spreading the joyful news around,—
That summer had begun.

Soon the loud crash of falling bergs,
Bespoke the rapid thaw,
And round about the melting ice,
Each day, each hour, I saw.

Then from the chambers of the North,
A furious gale there blew;
And set adrift without a sail,
O'er the wild waves I flew.

Twelve hundred miles I floated on,
Now drifting with the tide,
Now forc'd upon the angry storm,
Without a hand to guide.

When, lo ! across the foaming main,
A vessel hove in view !
She launch'd her boats upon the waves,
Manned with a gallant crew.

* There was a large hand organ and a musical box found in the *Resolute* when picked up off Cape Mercy

They sprang on deck, unloos'd my sails,
And 'neath their guardian hand,
I blithely plough'd the wat'ry waste,
Toward a genial land.

There anchor'd in a tranquil port,
My friends no want denied,
Each bruise was dress'd, each wound was heal'd,
And every need supplied.

My tap'ring masts were reared aloft,
As proudly as of yore,
And through my frame I felt the power
To brave the deep once more.

It was a bright, a happy land,
I saw far o'er the wave,
Peopled with men, like Englishmen—
As proud, as bold, as brave.

And oft I heard those good folks speak
Dear Albion of thee,
And bless their lot that they had sprung
From such a parent tree.

Soon a brave crew was plac'd on board
A gallant captain too,
And officers who've oft been tried
And found full staunch and true.

My capstan merrily went round,
My anchor was a sway,
My sails were loosen'd to the breeze,
Yet ere I sped away.

Amid three hearty English cheers,
Which my bold tars repaid :
Columbia—daughter of the West—
In tones of kindness said :—

“ Go ! gallant bark, from danger sure
Across th' Atlantic sea,
Token to England's gracious Queen,
Of kind fraternity.

“ Go ! and proclaim through Britain's Isle,
From which our fathers came
That her descendants cherish yet ;
Her venerable name.

“ And may two lands so near allied,
By language and by blood,
So closely join'd by stately ships,
That cross the mighty flood.

“ And still by science to be brought
By iron bands so near,
That every pulse that thrills through thee,
Shall beat responsive here!

“ For ever guard with sacred care
The ties of parentage,
And bound by love and mutual weal;
Prosper from age to age.”

Thus spake Columbia, and forth I sped
Across the blust'rous sea,
Freighted with many a friendly wish,
My native land, for thee.

And when my good and gracious Queen
The wond'rous tale shall learn,
Of all the dangers I have seen,
And of my safe return;

She'll join with every Englishman
Of high and low degree,
To thank *our* cousins for this pledge
Of pure fraternity.

Following up the subject we give also echo to the subjoined lines already proclaimed through the States by means of its journals, showing the excitement and kind feeling of our Cousins in evoking the powers of their bards and “Longfellows,” as one of many similar heart greetings.

AN INTERNATIONAL BALLAD,

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

A gracious and generous action
Outweighing all sins on each side,
Outshaming the treasons of faction,
Ambition, and folly, and pride;
No jealousies now shall be ranking,
No silly suspicions intrude,
But round the remembrance of FRANKLIN,
Our brotherly loves be renewed!

The *Resolute*, lying forsaken,
 The sport of the winds and the ice,
 By luck to America taken,
 Is—nobly restored without price!
 Not only refusing all ransom,
 But fitted anew for the Queen,
 In a manner more gracious and handsome,
 And kinder than ever was seen.

We too were not lacking of honour,
 For, waiving all claim to the ship,
 When Buddington's flag was upon her,
 We flung away quibble and quip,—
 "He saved her—and so let him take her;"
 But handsome America said,
 "I guess, cousin, that we can make her
 A prettier present, instead.

"With thousands of dollars we'll buy her,
 With thousands of dollars repair,
 (Diplomacy cannot take fire
 That here at least all isn't fair,)
 In honour of Britain's ice-heroes,
 Of Franklin, and Ross, and M'Clure,
 To gentle VICTORIA, the Sea Rose,
 Her *Resolute* thus we restore!"

Huzza! for this generous meeting!
 Huzza, too, for Grinnel and Kane,
 And all the kind hearts that are beating,
 So nobly from Kansas to Maine!
 Our instincts are all for each other,
 Though both have a tincture of heat,)
 And truly, as brother with brother,
 Our bosoms in unison beat.

When crafty diplomacy's blindness
 So often does harm in the dark,
 Our plain International kindness
 Comes—just as the dove to the Ark.
 O wisdom, above the astuteness
 Of placemen by cunning defiled,—
 O better than manhood's acuteness
 This kindliness as of a child!

In conclusion, we repeat that the arrival—the presentation—the gorgeous spectacle, yet simplicity of the ceremony, had afforded the most pleasureable excitement that we have witnessed for many years, and we alike congenial to the straight forward manner of our Cousins of the West, and in harmony with the presentation of their charge to the "First Lady of the Land."

MY CRADLE BOAT.*

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning after my encounter with John Lester, I found my left eye as black as a chimney sweep's; he had indeed left the impression of his fist upon my forehead; and although I forgave him for the injury he had done me, my annoyance was so great at being obliged to keep indoors several days, that I made up my mind to discharge him from my service when I next joined the yacht. I reflected a good deal upon the adventure, and the more I did so the greater was the dislike I took to John Lester. I had always considered it *infra dig* to fight and quarrel with any one, but more especially with one's own servants: still under such circumstances as those related in my last chapter, how could I have done otherwise than act on the defensive? Lester, on the other hand, was doubtless highly enraged whilst contemplating the apparent injustice towards him; but after the positive explanation given he ought not to have attacked me as he did. I weighed these circumstances well in my own mind, and the more I did so the more culpable Lester appeared before me; and I, at least, resolved on severely reprimanding him for his conduct, and unless he was very penitent, determined to discharge him. Whilst contemplating the course I intended to pursue, I was interrupted by a domestic, who informed me that John Lester would be glad to speak to me.

"Well, Lester, what do you want?" said I rather hastily, as he entered the room.

"What I want with you, sir, is but very little. I come to say that considering all things, I intend to quit your service as soon as possible."

"The sooner you go, John Lester, the better I shall like it. What wages are due to you up to this day?"

"Four pounds, fifteen, if you please, sir."

"There's your money!—Now you can leave the yacht to day; and e the room this instant."

"I'll do so, sir, if you request it, but I was just going to say, that I e been deceived."

"Deceived! by whom?" I enquired.

* Continued from p. 312, vol. v.

"Both by you sir, and the young woman too."

"You must explain that before you leave my presence," I added.

"Well sir, in the first place I find that everybody in the village says that Kitty Murray is a sort of favourite of yours; and has been so for years; and that how you would have just liked to have spliced me to her, and turned her adrift on such a man as me. Now all that, I wasn't aware of before, or I certainly should not have made sail for that port. I courted her as a steady young woman: but I find she is just the contrary, therefore I say, sir, that I have been deceived both by you and her, and I congratulate myself on a very fortunate escape."

"You narrow-minded simpleton—you credulous jackass,—to believe the slanderous tittle-tattle of a parcel of village busy-bodies who delight in calumniating the innocent; and who forge lies and libels over their tea and breakfast cups, and then lay them before the world as undeniable truths, nor care for the injury they inflict on a young girl who bears a spotless character. I tell you Lester, you never were more deceived in your life, if you believe one word of those scandalous reports which have reached your ears. I believe Kitty Murray to be as virtuous a girl as ever lived, I know her to be a girl of noble mind, and most affectionate disposition. I would scorn to act towards her as the world has accused me of acting. I should feel myself the basest villain on earth if I did. The originators of these scurrilous reports I will assuredly punish, if I can but get a clear case against them. I always turn a deaf ear to scandal, and that is why none of these infamous reports have reached me. But when I find the character of a girl, in whose shoes these mischief-makers are wholly unworthy to walk, is injured by such calumny, if I spend the last shilling in my purse I will take the case into court and make them suffer for their pains. Who are these cowardly slanderers, Lester?"

"Well sir, I think I had better not tell you from whom I heard these reports: but they are current throughout the village."

"If that is the case our interview had better terminate here. Go from my presence Lester! you have shown less good sense in this affair than I gave you credit for. But remember! and you will find my words true—if you search England through from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, you will not find so noble-minded, nor so amiable and virtuous a cottage girl as her whom the world has so cruelly scandalized."

"I am more than half inclined to believe your statement true, but nothing will induce me to alter my present determination."

"I do not ask you to alter your determination, yet I am desirous removing erroneous suspicions from your mind. And, depend on i

Lester, Kitty Murray will yet make her slanderers blush for their sayings; and when you next hear of her you will regret the hasty step you have taken in thus parting from her."

As soon as Lester was gone I thought on all my past actions towards Kitty Murray: and blamed myself not a little for the unguarded part I had played in the affair, and thus exposed myself to public scandal: which although unfounded, was nevertheless hard to put down.

I paced the room backwards and forwards several times; and involuntarily clenched my fist when I thought on the mischief-makers in the village; against whom I could not help feeling an inward thirst for revenge: when, finding the warmth of passion rising in my veins, I opened my book-case, took down a volume, and endeavoured to dispel my passionate thoughts; muttering to myself the words of Pamphilus:—

"Sed inultum id nunquam a me auferet."

I had been reading about an hour, when I was again interrupted by the announcement of—Miss Annabella Bluff bow.

"D—— Miss Annabella Bluff bow," I said, almost unconsciously, to the domestic. "Why did you not say I was unwell and could not see her?"

"Ah! Tommy, it's of no use your trying to hide your guilty face: I've heard all about it I assure you," said a shrill squeamish voice from behind the servant, and in a moment the well known features of my maiden aunt were thrust into the room.

"Oh! good gracious, Tommy! oh! my naughty, guilty nephew! oh! it's all true! it's too true! all I've heard is true!" said the old maid in a screaming tone.

"All *what* is true aunt?" said I sharply, "what are you running on in that way about?"

"Ah! Tommy, it is *what* indeed, you naughty, guilty nephew, I always thought that horrid little minx would be the ruin of you. Had you taken my advice in the first instance, as you ought to have done, you naughty, guilty nephew, you would have been spared all this trouble and disgrace, which you have brought upon yourself. Oh, Tommy! if your poor dear mother was alive, what a trial it would be for her."

"I'll tell you what aunt, if you can only talk to me in that absurd strain this morning, you had better not talk at all. What you've got — your head about me, the d—— I knows, for I don't: but it appears we've picked up a bit of scandal of some kind or other."

"Scandal indeed! Tommy," said my aunt "why look at your face! does not that prove it all true? Is your dreadful black eye scandal? I'm sorry Tommy, you should try to deceive me: you naughty, wicked, d nephew."

"Miss Annabella Bluffbow," said I, "were you not so near a relative of mine, I would not submit to such a heap of scandalous rebuke being hurled against me, in so wild and ridiculous a manner. I have twice asked you to explain yourself and tell me what you have heard against me; that I may at least, have an opportunity of refuting the serious charges you appear to lay at my feet."

"Why it's all over the village, Tommy," said my aunt.

"What is all over the village?" I enquired.

"Why that you were going one night, in the pitch dark, to pay your accustomed evening visit to that horrid girl Murray; when on going up a narrow lane, you stumbled against a man and woman in the path-way; who proved to be one of the men belonging to your yacht, and this (so called pure and charming) girl Kitty. A fight instantly ensued betwixt you and your man—for I have no doubt but you were highly disappointed,—and the result was that your man gave you a thorough thrashing; and it served you right. I could not believe it to be true Tommy, until I came this morning: but now I see your guilty face and black eye.—

"You *do* believe it of course," I added.

"Why, of course Tommy there's palpable proof."

"I'll tell you what aunt,—you should try and get on the jury at the next Assizes; you would make a first-rate leader of eleven conscientious jury-men, or jury-women, you draw inferences so cleverly, you arrive at facts so unscrupulously. I say, though aunt—that was rather singular that I should stumble against them though, was it not? What were they doing, eh? Do you know? Did not your curiosity go so far as to enquire every particular?"

"Now I wo'n't be trifled with Tommy; it's a very serious affair, and a disgrace to your family. Of course I heard every particular; you naughty, guilty nephew."

"Oh! then there's some of it you keep bottled up? Well, upon my word it is a funny tale you have come here with this morning. Will you take anything, aunt? Can I offer you a glass of wine? and then perhaps you can muster courage to relate the rest of it. I should like to hear it all.

"I'll take nothing in your presence, you naughty fellow; and, when I'm dead and gone, you'll be sorry for what you've done."

Finding I had carried my fun far enough, for I did not at all like hear my old aunt talk of cutting me off in her will: I proceeded to fute the charges brought against me.

"Well now, aunt, jesting aside, I am happy to inform you that t whole report you have heard is a complete fabrication of lies. I nev

heard a more cruel scandal, nor a more artfully laid scheme, to injure my reputation, and that of a poor, but virtuous cottage girl, in my life."

"Virtuous! Tommy; virtuous! Do you know the meaning of the word?" exclaimed my aunt.

"Yes, aunt I do—I mean that the poor girl who is the subject of this libel is—chaste, pure, and morally good."

"No one in the village will believe it, Tommy; so I advise you not to attempt making such assertion:" said my aunt.

"But I will make the assertion and prove it too; as those, her calumniators shall learn to their peril. I care not what is said of myself; but I will protect that poor innocent girl from such disgraceful scandal, if I rake the whole village into an uproar. From whom did you hear this fine story, aunt?"

"Oh! I had it from the best authority, Tommy. It's just like all wild young men, they always try to screen those sort of girls in that way. It's of no use your attempting to deny it; look at your eye! Does not that prove it?"

"Certainly not," I replied. "But will you tell me the name of your 'best authority' as you call it?"

"It is in everybody's mouth I tell you, Tommy. Lucy Listwell told me, and her maid servant's young man told her, that he heard it from the best authority. Now what can be more direct than that?"

"Well, I call it very indirect, aunt. But as I believe all the words I could use would not remove the impression made upon your mind by this Lucy Listwell, and her precious maid servant's young man, I will waste no more words with you. Yet remember, if you please, aunt, that a *libel* is in circulation in the village; and be the inventors of it whom they may, I will punish them."

My aunt left the room muttering that she was sorry for me: I had better confide in her and confess the whole truth,—it grieved her to see her nephew treading the broad road to ruin:—that horrid girl had been the cause of it. And thus I found that my endeavours to convince her of the falsehood of the report had been quite unavailing. As soon as she was gone I wrote to my solicitor requesting him to institute searching enquiries, and endeavour to trace the originators of the scandal, and commence an action at law against them.

The reader must now follow John Lester to Murray's cottage, whither he bent his steps after his last interview with me. Kitty received him respectfully, but distantly, for she saw at a glance he was cold and indifferent towards her.

"I am come to say 'good bye' to you, Kitty," said John Lester.

"Do you mean good bye for ever, John?" enquired Kitty.

"I do, Kitty. I don't believe half I hear about you, but at the same time I have certain suspicions hanging about me that I can't dispel. Therefore I think it will be better for us to part."

"Well, John," replied Kitty, "I certainly should not be happy with you, if you are suspicious of me; but after the explanation you had on the night of that unfortunate quarrel, I thought you were satisfied about it."

"So I was," replied Lester, "but strange things have come to my ears since."

"Strange things?" enquired Kitty.

"Yes," replied Lester, "but I don't believe them: and at the same time it is my duty to tell you that the character you bear in the village is a very, very bad one."

"And who are my cruel accusers?" enquired Kitty bursting into tears, "who are the unkind people that bring these accusations against me?"

"I have heard it from several respectable tradespeople in the village," replied Lester.

"But John, you know they are false," added Kitty, sobbing and looking in his face through her tears, "It is cruel and wicked of those people to say such things of me. If I have been a little too indiscreet in meeting you at the garden gate, or talking there with Mr. Bluffbow, I have done nothing worse."

"Hold hard there! Miss Kitty—yes, you have—you have visited Mr. Bluffbow in a jacket and breeches."

"Oh, John!" said Kitty blushing scarlet, "how could you hear of that. However could the people know it. I declare if I did do such a thing it was only in fun, and it is a long time ago: and—and—and then I came away directly after."

"Oh, of course you did," said Lester, "but as I should never allow a wife of mine to wear the breeches, you and I must say good bye, Kitty. My suspicions are now fully confirmed: you are according to your own confession an artfully wicked, deceitful, black-eyed little craft; such as I intend to steer clear of."

"But John! do hear me!" said Kitty imploringly, as Lester was leaving the cottage.

"I will not hear another word, I've heard quite enough. Go and on the breeches and talk to Mr. Bluffbow: he's your fancy-man, your curly-headed little powder-monkey. He'll give you a berth aboard his yacht if you ask him: there is one vacant there now."

As soon as Lester was gone Kitty gave full vent to her grief and cri

bitterly. The loss of her character she felt was greater than she could bear : but on appealing to her conscience she felt herself innocent, and endeavoured to stifle her grief. She was now extremely anxious to see Mr. Bluffbow and consult him upon the subject of her troubles. Then again she thought that whilst such reports were flying about it would be imprudent to call at his house at night : and if she put on the disguise it would perhaps be found out. She therefore resolved on going next morning openly.

I was seated in my library that morning with Mr. Weasel, (my solicitor,) who had come over in consequence of my letter to him on the day before, when Kitty Murray was announced. I was only too glad to hear of her visit, and requested she might be immediately shown into the room. Kitty entered the room, and was endeavouring to make some reply to the welcome I gave her, when her speech failed her, for her heart appeared swollen to bursting, and a flood of tears gushed from her eyes.

"My dear girl," I said, "do not give way thus : why do you cry ? What is the matter ?"

"Oh sir," sobbed the distressed girl, "John Lester says I have lost my character : and the people told him I was a bad girl."

"Never mind what John Lester says Kitty, nor yet what the people say. I have heard all about it, and am going to punish them. It is a cruel scandal of both you and me Kitty. This gentleman is a lawyer ; and I am just talking the affair over with him."

"Oh, I'm so glad you are going to punish them sir," said Kitty, and then turning to Mr. Weasel, she added. "I hope, sir, you will punish them, for it is the most cruel and wicked report that ever was circulated."

"Well, you see Miss," said Mr. Weasel, "the first step is to trace the source of the scandal ; and then we shall know what sort of game we have before us : and shall be prepared to bring our action and assess the damages. *Damages* you know young lady ! we'll make them pay for using their tongues so freely."

The lawyer wound up his speech with such a chuckle, and looked so encouragingly at the weeping girl, that a momentary smile of exultation passed over her face ; but vanished again in a sob.

"Make yourself quite happy Kitty," said I patting her shoulder, "and not distress yourself about this affair any more. The sight of Mr. Weasel in the village has already sealed some of their lips. Go home and keep yourself quiet until I send for you. Depend on it Kitty I will see that you shall not suffer by this scandal."

"Good day, young lady, I'll look after the damages," said the lawyer, and Kitty left the room.

Kitty had not been gone more than ten minutes, when an unannounced visitor intruded upon our privacy, by thrusting in her head and saying:—

"There then, you naughty, wicked nephew! will you attempt to deceive me now? I have seen that horrid girl come to your house, you wicked fellow! I watched her: I ran up stairs and put on my bonnet and saw her come with my *own* eyes. Yes, and she has been here just twenty-three minutes and three-quarters. You get bolder about it every day, you wicked boy: you receive her visits by broad daylight, you confirmed, open sinner. Don't expect a farthing of my money to spend with such characters; because if you do you'll be disappointed."

"Really aunt," I replied, "I cannot help laughing at your absurd suspicions: as I told you before, they are quite unfounded: and I was just now consulting with my solicitor as to the steps to be taken to prosecute the originators of this scandal, when you so abruptly intruded yourself upon us."

"If I have been guilty of any intrusion upon Mr. Weasel I am very sorry," said my aunt, "but I am afraid, Mr. Weasel, you have a lame case."

I was very glad to observe that Mr. Weasel made no reply to my inquisitive aunt, but merely bowed his head, and she immediately withdrew.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Time past and time to come—one year departed,
 Another hastens to supply its place,—
 I stand between the two, and pensive hearted
 Would parley with them both a little space.

Time past lies spread before me as a mirror,
 Reflecting every light and shade of life;
 The heights or truth, the mazy depths of error,
 Virtue's tranquillity, and evil's strife.

Time future in the distance dimly hovers,
 And thence we fashion things that please us best,
 The nearest part alone itself discovers,
 And to illusive hope we trust the rest.

The past is to the future as a father,
 Such as the father is the child may be;
 Thus from the past some wisdom we may gather,
 Some wholesome counsel for futurity.

Dec. 31.

H. B.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CRUISE.

BY TOUCHSTONE.

CHAPTER III.—THE STRAITS OF DOVER.

"I shall not ask Jean Jaques Rosseau
If birds confabulate or no,
'Tis clear that they were always able,
To hold discourse—at least in fable."

COWPER.

WHEN there is no moonlight, night-sailing on the coast is rather serious amusement, especially if you are running through a great nautical thoroughfare where oftentimes you are only warned of your proximity to other vessels by a more intense darkness on the water in that direction, or by the top-hamper eclipsing a gleam, or a handful of stars in the sky. But of all things, the sailor and the yachtsman have the greatest dread of steam-ships, because it is impossible to get out of their way with any certainty, as they may change their course, and run over you in spite of all you can do, if the look-out on board the steamer does not see you; and it unfortunately often happens that they rely so much on their own conspicuous lights warning other vessels to keep clear, that less vigilance is sometimes exercised on board of them than there ought to be.

In all cases of collision at sea between a sailing vessel and a steamer, though it is possible that the officer in charge of the sailing craft may have done wrong, there can be little doubt but that the manager of the steam ship was chiefly in fault, because he had no business to be where any mistake on the part of the other vessel could bring them into contact, and it may reasonably be inferred that in all such cases there was on board the steamer either a bad look out, or very culpable mismanagement; yet courts and juries in their wisdom sometimes decide otherwise. Had Esop lived in these days he would doubtless have illustrated this state of things by a fable (as between the yacht and the steamer,) which might possibly have been a legal report something to the following effect :—

GAME-CKOCK v. EAGLE.

This important case of collision came on this day, in the Aviary urt, before Lord Chief Justice Gander. Sir Chatter Magpie, the torney-General, appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Sergeant Cuckoo

Q.C., undertook the defence. A special jury was impannelled from the adjacent Rookery, and the proceedings commenced.

It appeared in evidence that Game-cock had been taking his pleasure in the fields, in the usual way, with his crew of hens about him, when he was run into by Eagle—that his starboard pinion was stove in, his foretop carried away, and his hull seriously damaged; that Eagle sailed away without rendering any assistance, and left him under his bare pole. It was proved that Game-cock had kept a good look out, and had crowed to Eagle to port his helm, when he came within hail; and he had also hoisted a feather——

Here Mr. Sergeant Cuckoo interrupted, and demanded to know if it was a *white* feather? But Sir Chatter Magpie interposed and said, the witness was not bound to answer that question. Sergeant Cuckoo appealed to the court, and a conversation took place between the long-feathered gentlemen in the midst of which Game-cock arose in considerable excitement, and in spite of the expostulations of his counsel said he *would* answer the question. "It was not a *white* feather! Game-cocks never had hoisted a white feather, and they never would."

The counsel for the defence here applied for a non-suit. He referred to the case of "*Kite v. Greenfinch*", in which the latter was run down altogether, and had to pay heavy damages besides,—because it was proved that he had no white feather to hoist. The law distinctly stated that a white feather must be exhibited.

The worthy Chief Justice could give no relief. The admission was fatal. The junior counsel began to tie up their briefs, and the case was at an end.

After the parties had left the court Game-cock was observed standing on the pavement helping himself to a cigar, when Eagle courteously approached him and begged to state that he bore Mr. Game-cock no ill-will for the course he had pursued: that he regretted the accident which had been the occasion of it, and hoped he would allow him to contribute something towards his repairs, at the same time taking a ten pound note from his pocket-book he presented it to him. Game-cock took the note, and having glanced at the amount of it, he held out his cigar-case to Eagle in acknowledgment of his civility, having first stuck a weed in his own cheek. He then set fire to the bank-note and deliberately lit his cigar with it, and handing the burning balance to Eagle for the same purpose he made him a profound bow, and stepping into his cab drove off amidst the cheers of the bystanders.

I was awake before daylight on the following morning, about half

past two, by the shuffling of feet on deck, the fluttering of the canvas and that consciousness of a stiff breeze which in small craft soon communicates itself below hatches; so slipping on my coat, and getting into my boots, the only articles of which on turning in I had considered it advisable to disencumber myself, I prepared to take the morning watch; and on going outside I found the gaff-top-sail in convulsions, the halliards let go, and F—— endeavouring to get it down himself, which he soon accomplished; and as it was evidently coming on to blow he called up Whiffle to reef the mainsail. We were now off Folkestone, with the wind about north-west fresh and gusty. By the time we had reefed the mainsail and set the second jib it was daylight, and near sunrise when the others went below, leaving me at the helm. But before he quitted the deck F—— told me that he had been rather alarmed about midnight by the approach of a steamer in whose three lights he could not make for some minutes the least variation, till at last he luffed right in for the land, and soon after shut in her starboard light, and she passed astern of him, evidently either not having seen him, or having taken no notice of him. As the daylight advanced I looked to seaward in expectation of seeing the Alma; but I swept the horizon time after time, without discerning any thing suggestive of her similitude, and I conclude, she had anchored in the Downs to wait for the morning, and that we should probably see her in the course of the day.

CHAPTER IV.—DUNGENESS.

"But soon a lowering sky comes on a pace,
And fate reversed shews an ill-omened face."

BIRTH OF THE MUSS.

THE wind was right aft as I shaped my course for Dungeness, and with a stiff breeze and a rising sea it required some care and vigilance to carry the boom steadily out on the larboard side, but I kept the yacht straight for her object, and she seldom veered half a point to the right or to the left.

After the rugged inhospitable coast of Dover and Folkestone, the little town of Hythe looms out very prettily from its green hillocks and its shelving strand—all down the coast from the Foreland to the Isle of Wight, there is no spot which seems to me so refreshing to the eye from ward, nor so suggestive of tranquility and peace. As I approached Dungeness I could see the craft in the roads riding uneasily, and some of the smaller ones were running round the point to get shelter on the inside. I passed the light house at 5h. 30m., about half-a-mile from

land, and shortly afterwards found smoother water, though the wind was increasing, but it drew a little off the land. There is no popular error more in favour perhaps than that of the vastness of the waves of the sea in a storm; and authors, but especially poets have delighted to keep up the delusion. That pleasant confabulator and literary caricaturist Erasmus, gravely tells the reader in his *Naufragium* that the Alps are mere mole hills if they be compared *ad undas maris*, and the narrator of the shipwreck adds, *quoties tollebamur in altum licuisset lunam digito contingere! quoties demittebantur, dehiscente terrâ rectâ ire in Tartara*, an idea which seems to have suggested to Shakspeare the description of the loss of the ship, which he puts into the mouth of the clown in the *Winter's Tale*; "Now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast, and anon swallowed up with yeast and froth as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead." But this is as nothing to Dryden's extravagance when in a *fine phrenzy* he describes the regatta which Æneas gave on his arrival in Sicily, book 5th. The day was fine, the water not rough, and the competitors used their oars as well as sails—take two lines, Virgil says:—

" — Nunc unâ ambæ junctisque feruntur,
Frontibus; et longâ sulcant vade salsa carina."

Which means in English simply:—

" With equal front now both together keep
And, with long keel, they cleave the briny deep."

But Dryden renders it thus:—

" Now board to board the rival vessels row
The billows lave the skies and ocean groans below."

Pretty well for one who in his preface claims indulgence for the necessity a translator is under to keep close to his master, and laments the inadequacy of his native language to do justice to the original. But that which has rendered Sir Richard Blackmore *et hoc genus omne* inglorious is forgiven in "Glorious John." The fact appears to be that terror—which Burke tells us has much to do with the sublime—magnifies our ideas, and those who have been frightened in a storm at sea have left us descriptions probably coloured rather from what they felt than what they saw. Erasmus does not appear to have ever travelled further by sea than from Holland to England, and on these coasts that subject to what is called a *nasty sea*, we have seldom anything so magnificent in the way of waves. I have generally myself been more impressed with the grandeur of the sea after a storm than in it. the tropics and the southern seas, and especially about the latitude

of the Cape, the sea is often met with, when even there is very little wind, in long heavy rollers, with valleys between them into which the ship subsides, and again rises over the coming billow with very little uneasiness of motion, I judged the distance between the waves of this kind which we fell in with (supposed to be generated by the north-east trades) on a quiet day in the latitude of 4° N., longitude 25° W., to be 100 to 150 yards, but perhaps from the hollow of the sea to the top of the wave would not be more than about fifteen feet perpendicular, which on a long slope was not felt disagreeably, though the heave of the sea was against us, homeward bound, and retarded our progress.

Though the land about Dungeness is low it is sufficiently distinguished from any other point "down along" by its shingly beach extending all round it in a belt apparently rather steep and looking bright and fresh like a new laid gravel walk, with its bold pharos standing out from the seeming diminutive objects about it. I ran on for another hour when I began to feel certain inward cravings which admonished me that it was time to think about breakfast, so I slipped a becket over the tiller for a second or two and stepping forward I rattled the fore hatch over the ears of Mr. Whiffle, and informed him that his services were no longer to be dispensed with. The word *breakfast* seemed to have as talismanic effect on him as it did on Mr. Jeremy Diddler in the farce of "Raising the Wind", for though he did not immediately appear on deck, in a very few minutes a volume of thick smoke began to issue from the funnel, and by the time we were off Hastings, and a little after 7 o'clock he came aft to relieve the helm with the agreeable information that the coffee was ready, the eggs boiled, and master cutting the bread and butter. The sky was dull, the wind keen, and I had been over four hours at the tiller, so I was glad in spite of our proximity to the town of Hastings, which now deployed along the beach, to pop for a spell into the cabin, and refresh the inward man.

CHAPTER V.—THE CHANNEL.

"The shifted oar, dropped sail and steadied helm,
With angry surge the closing waters whelm!"

LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

HASTINGS appears from the offing to be a very pretty town, it has the advantage over Brighton of being ornamented with fields and trees, among which are sylvan walks, with their venerable historical traditions, and as it is more distant from London, and more rural, it is understood

to be rather the resort of quiet genteel families than of fashionable citizens, and the artificial pleasure seekers, and demireps of the west end. After breakfast we set the square-sail, and at ten we came up with Beachy Head, where we found an angry chopping sea, and a huge broken fellow taking us on the quarter as we hauled our wind a little, and a smart gust catching us at the same time, hove the yacht nearly on her beam ends. We therefore relieved her of the square-sail and took another reef in the mainsail, when she went along very comfortably in spite of the squalls, which occasionally came whistling down upon us from the adjacent cliffs.

We kept along the land, about a mile distant from it, until we came towards Brighton, when we luffed in closer in order to get a good view of it, and we passed the pier about noon. The great attractions of Brighton are its fine beach and pure air, it is more a city of the sea, than a place of retreat and retirement, which one might just as easily find in Pall Mall; and it has very little to attract the yachtsman, except its gaiety; and for the lover of nature in the sense of Byron, as described in his *Childe Harold*, it is a *solitude*. Nevertheless from the sea, it has an imposing effect, much impaired however, by the great tasteless square tower standing up in the midst of it, like a gigantic chimney-pot.

From this we had a pleasant run along the land, wind just abaft the beam, and plenty of it. There was a large ship keeping company with us, about three miles farther out, carrying all sail, and we overhauled a number of coasting craft and large fishing luggers running off to their stations. We passed Worthing so near as to be in only about two fathoms water, on approaching it from the eastward, it seems to jut out into the sea and looks pleasing and rustic with its pretty verandah cottages, and its green sward almost at the water's edge.

Having breakfasted very early, we now, it being one o'clock, p.m., requested Mr. Whiffle's attention to the culinary department as respected a boiling of potatoes, in which he was always great. It was his pride to turn them out just as they were bursting their jackets: a single one boiled to starch, or broken to pieces, to *smash* as he called it, disconcerted him—he felt that he had not done himself justice, and that no apology could extenuate a sin so heinous. On this point Soyer himself would have respected him. It was our intention to get comfortable *thé à la fourchette*, after coming to an anchor in the evening, and we therefore managed to make a hearty lunch off some cold boiled beef and the aforesaid potatoes, "done to a turn," which with the help of a bottle of Bass's Pale Ale rendered us rather indifferen

to the question of dinner. When we came out to smoke our cigars, we were abreast of Little Hampton from which down to the Wight, the coast is chiefly low and uninteresting to the eye from seaward, especially as we were now gradually drawing away from the land in order to keep outside the rocks off Bognor, and make out the Mixen beacon, which we came up with at half-past three, p.m., that is, in five hours and a half from Beachy Head.

We swept through the turbulent Loo stream with a strong ebb tide, and a stiff breeze in a very short space of time, and then steered for the Warner, as the Isle of Wight, was now clear and bold right ahead of us. As we neared St. Helens roads we observed that the large ship which had kept abreast of us all down Channel had hauled in round the Oars light-ship, and was coming inside of the island, with a cloud of canvas pressing on her; and when we shaped our course for Spithead she was right astern, distant about a mile. Soon afterwards two pilot cutters made their appearance beating up to her, and carrying on till their lee bulwarks were literally under water. The successful one we had to bear up for, and as soon as she had put a hand on board the ship—which had lessened the distance between us since she came into our wake—she bore away after us under a whole mainsail, and we soon perceived she was rather gaining on us. We then, as we were getting into smoother water shook out one reef of the mainsail, which restored us to our position, and the ship and cutter both followed us into Southampton water; but as the former soon after shortened sail, gradually receded from us, and when we let go the anchor off the town of Southampton at 8 o'clock, they were about two miles below. By calculation we had run near a hundred and twenty miles between sunrise and sunset. The day was dull and cloudy but on the whole the cruise was a good one.

Among all the yachts lying at Southampton we could see none that resembled the Alma; and as we knew that she had passed Ramsgate, and was not likely to have remained in the Downs, we conjectured she had been bound for Boulogne, and that was why we had seen no more of her. We did not leave the yacht that night as we were too indolently disposed to think it worth while to go through the ceremony of dressing; and besides we could not look for the comforts on shore that we were sure to enjoy on board—our delicious tea, and our juicy rump steak hot from the gridiron,—our excellent butter too, a luxury not to be got in Southampton.

* * * * *

The next day we read in the papers the account of the loss of the Alma off the South Foreland, at about midnight of the previous Wed-

needay—just the time we ourselves were thereabout, and no doubt **by** the same steamer *we* had some difficulty in avoiding. As for the **particulars** thereof, and the escape of Lord Alfred and his crew, **are** they not recorded in the chronicles of the day? But as every man, **says** Rochefoucault, takes some comfort even from the misfortunes of his **best** friends; and Swift after him confirmed the sentiment,—what were our reflections?

“ We hugged ourselves and reasoned thus,
It is not yet so bad with us.”

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Again, eternal God, to thee,
We humble supplicants bend the knee;
Again we ask thy mercy's care,
For each new day of each new year,

Father, our hearts and voices raise,
A cheerful, fervent, hymn of praise;
Thy love in all the past appears,
Oh, let it crown our coming years.

Thy Word declares an infant's tongue
May offer thee a welcome song;
Accept our vows, and in thy fear
Conduct us safely through the year.

Here in thy service 'tis begun,
And when at last its course is done,
For every joy, for every tear,
We'll bless thee in the closing year.

We bring our offerings to thy feet,
We bend before thy mercy seat,—
Seal thou thy promise on each soul,
And though earth's dark tempests roll,—

They will not fright our steadfast mind,
In thee a holier rest we find;
Lord, let thy gracious presence here
Mark to its close life's varying year.

Nugent House, Ryde.

FANNY.

CRUISE OF ST. URSULA.*

THE following extract from a yachting journal forms No. 3 of the Appendix to the second edition of Mr. Smith's work on the "*Voyages and Shipwrecks of St. Paul.*" The nautical knowledge acquired by Mr. Smith as a yachter enabled him to throw a flood of light on what is undoubtedly the most interesting, as well as instructive sea voyage which has come down to us from antiquity. There was, however, one portion of the voyage where the evidence was deficient, and even contradictory; we mean that which relates to the events which took place in Crete (Candia): of the three places mentioned in that Island the situation of one only could be said to be known with certainty, which is Fair Havens Phenice, the winter harbour to which the ship was proceeding when she encountered the "stormy wind called Euroclydon," was supposed by Mr. Smith to be the modern Lutro; but in opposition to this he found it to be the opinion of naval officers familiar with the navigation of the Levant that there was no ship harbour in that part of Crete. This it must be admitted was a serious difficulty, Mr. Smith so far obviated it by the discovery of an old French chart in which an anchor was laid down, and supposed that like many other ancient harbours it may have silted up in the course of time, it turns out however by the late discoveries that it is an excellent harbour, but so hidden amongst rocks that a vessel may pass close to it without observing it, as in fact the St. Ursula did on the occasion of her last visit to Crete.

The situation of the city of Lasea has till now been altogether unknown. In the number of the *Edinburgh Review* for July last it is inferred from the discovery of coins, (bearing the inscription, Thalassa,) in the district in which Fair Havens is situated, that there must have been a city of that name thereabouts; Thalassa being the name given to the city mentioned in the Acts in the Vulgate translation. In Mr. Smith's former edition he states that neither Fair Havens nor Lasea are noticed by any other ancient authority, nor have the ruins of the city been discovered in modern times.

Such was the state of our knowledge of the geography of this part of Scripture when Mr. Tennent in his late cruise in the Mediterranean devoted several days to the exploration of that part of the coast of Crete.

The following extracts will show with what complete success his researches have been crowned:

* Extract from the Journal of the yacht St. Ursula, Hugh Tennent, Esq., of 11 Park, Glasgow, dated Fair Havens, Crete, January 16th, 1856, by the Rev. George Brown.

The journal we are informed is from the graphic pen of the Rev. George Brown who accompanied Mr. Tennent. The discovery of Lasea is one of the highest importance, and it is most creditable to the enterprise of Mr. Tennent that he should have persevered in prosecuting it even after his yacht had been "caught in the 'Euroclydon,' and been blown off the coast whilst her owner and his friends were pulling ashore in the jolly boat. We leave them to tell their own story:—

"At daybreak on Monday (14th January, 1856,) we ran along the south coast of the island with a freshening western breeze. The coast for many miles is magnificent. Lofty precipices overhang the sea, and between them the slopes of *debris* are so steep as almost to preclude vegetation. Immediately behind rise the white mountains, their Alpine sides dotted with trees and summits covered with snow. Lutro is put down in the charts as about thirty-two miles east of Cape St. John, and as almost due north of the island of Gozzo, and these accordingly were our directions for reaching it. Owing however to a slight error in the chart, which we followed, and to the circumstance that *the port in question makes no appearance from the sea*, we ran past it to a point farther to the eastward: at 9 A.M., the wind suddenly fell, succeeded by puffs and light airs from the south and south-east, it then died away, and we were becalmed till mid day. After lying for some time off a village, we resolved to land and examine a bay two miles beyond it. Mr. Tennent, Mr. Paul, and myself got into the jolly boat and pulled towards the bay, leaving the vessel becalmed. Before however we could reach the bay we saw a heavy squall from the north blowing out of it; and to avoid a wetting pulled right ashore for a creek with a gravelly beach half way between the village and the bay: there we landed and hauled up the boat. The St. Ursula meanwhile shortening sail as fast as possible.

"All agreed that it would be a risk to attempt to reach her till the squall should blow over, for it was now spreading rapidly over the sea, and opposite to every glen was raising clouds and vortices of spray. The place where we landed was surrounded by steep conglomerate rocks; and one or two of the natives appeared, peeping at us over them. At last we brought them to a parley; but found that they could speak nothing but Greek, and that, of course, in dialect and accent, very different from the Greek we had learned at the schools. They let us know, however, that the village hard by was Sphakia; that we had passed Lutro by several miles; and that there was a Turkish governor in the neighbourhood. We then gave a boy a shilling to go for the governor; but, thinking such a proceeding disrespectful, one of the men and myself followed the boy. Mr. Tennent and Mr. Paul sat down under shelter of a rock, and two of the men remained close to the boat (in which were two muskets.) The Greeks then all disappeared; but L. and I had not gone very far, when we met a large party of them, some with knives in their girdles, and others with yataghans. It occurred to us that was imprudent to separate from the rest in so unknown and remote a place and so we slowly retraced our steps, joined Mr. Tennent and Mr. Paul, and

returned to the boat. The Greeks hallooed to us, and came skipping over the rocks like goats. One of the men, whose acquaintance with the inhabitants had rendered him suspicious, urged us not to trust them, but to attempt to regain the vessel, and pull the boat's head round; but the prospect to leeward seemed hopeless. The vessel was two miles off, or at least a mile and a half, labouring heavily under a three-reefed mainsail and fore-staysail. Sometimes her hull disappeared behind the seas; and sometimes we lost sight of more than her hull, in the whirlwinds of spindrift. We felt extremely anxious, of course, about her management; still our boat was small, and had seven persons (more than her complement) on board, and in a sea broken by the current, it seemed next to impossible that she should live. We were about a hundred yards or so from the shore of the creek by this time, and now that we were convinced we must hug the land, it was no easy matter to regain it. It cost us three-quarters of an hour hard pulling, and a good wetting, to reach a creek to the west of the one we had left.

"This creek was a semicircle, surrounded by precipices sixty or seventy feet in height; and these were hollowed out into caves of considerable depth. At one point it was possible to land on some pointed rocks; but nowhere could the boat be hauled up. Soon the Greeks appeared in great numbers, nestling on the ledges of rock, like gulls and scarts on the Craig of Ailsa, and holding on with their hands, to keep themselves from being blown over. The creek looked like a pot of potatoes beginning to boil,—the squalls falling from above upon its centre, and radiating all round in hissing foam. Occasionally it was calm; but sometimes the oars were blown out of the rowlocks. Sometimes men appeared with gayer dresses than the rest, and armed with silver-mounted firelocks. Poor Dan and Tom felt certain they were going to fire upon us; though we assured them that if the men's intentions were hostile, they would conceal rather than display their arms. At last a very handsome young man, with richly mounted pistols, came down towards the point, accompanied by a person who hailed us in Italian, asking who we were, and what we wanted. We told him we had a clean bill of health from Malta, and a passport vised by the consul of the Sublime Porte. As we could hardly hear each other speak for the wind, I leaped ashore, and went up to the young man (who proved to be a Turkish commandant,) to show him the passport. He would not touch it, or me, and told me, through an interpreter, that there was no health officer nearer than Lutro, and that nobody else could examine our papers. He said, however, that we might land, and report ourselves to the Turkish governor at Sphakia: or else row round to that village. Now, Sphakia was at the bottom of the bay to the west, and it was questionable whether we could face the tempest which raged on the other side of the point. The men were clear for passing the point in the creek; but we told them that, cold and wet as we were, and angry besides, we would, for our part, 'box Harry' at the governors's, or any body else's who would take us in. I stepped on board again to deliberate, and the commandant proceeded to strike a light. Tom became terrified that it was for his matchlock; but when, to our great amusement, the

gentleman simply lighted his pipe, Tom felt wonderfully re-assured ; and, finding his own creature cravings awakened by what he saw, exclaimed, ' Well, he don't look such a bad feller after all ; I think I'll just step ashore, and ask him for a light.' A man then came down with a bottle of rum, put it on the edge of the rock, and desired us to put the money into a hole. We did so. They stirred about the money well with a stick in the puddle, and at last took it. We were shivering with cold, and found the rum a most seasonable cordial. But how silly we must have looked, paddling about in the creek overlooked by fifty or sixty men, many of them armed ! Our deliberations were cut short by the appearance of a caique, or fishing boat, which came round the point, manned by stout rowers, and steered by an aged Greek with a long white beard. The old man of the sea hailed us in Italian, and said that the governor had sent him round to give us a tow. Our men, however, felt revived by the rum, and declared themselves able for the pull without assistance ; so, telling the Greek to lead the way, we bent to our oars ; and then came the tug of war.

" Mr. Tennent steered right in the wake of the caique, through the blinding spray and spindrift, and amidst the cheers of the crowd on the rocks. We struggled gradually onwards, now driven back for a moment by a squall, and then making progress in the succeeding lull. In less than an hour, we gained the beach of Sphakia ; a gun was fired, I suppose in honour of our arrival, and most of the inhabitants seemed gathered about the governor, who stood on a breastwork, with his pipe, his sabre, and his beads. The *St. Ursula*, in the meanwhile had been obliged to lower her mainsail, in order to get the fourth reef down, and had made three tacks ; but, being sadly baffled by varying squalls, had been driven further and further from shore, and was now standing far to the westward.

" We asked the governor, through the interpreter, if he would give us rooms, or man a large caique to send us off to the vessel. He said the caique would never get back again, and so he would give us a house, if we promised to touch nobody ; for, till the health officer came, we must remain in quarantine. I was amused at his way of keeping order. When the crowd became too curious, and a man approached too near us, he lifted a little stone, and pelted the intruder.

" The old Greek was appointed our guardian, and led us to our lazaretto. It was a house overhanging the sea-shore, consisting of one apartment, which somewhat resembled the lower story of the Little Cumbrae Castle. There was no furniture, and the floor was made of clay. Two unglazed windows were closed with wooden shutters, and a wide chimney in one corner showed the possibility of a fire. A man soon came round to say that he had orders from the governor to get us whatever we wanted. We replied, everything we could possibly think of : a fire, beds, chairs, coffee, bread and butter, m and eggs, and some beef steaks. He said, beds were out of the question, we were ' sporci ' (unclean), being in quarantine. It made one indignant to hear him say that to our faces ; as if we would not suffer much more than the beds, by coming to close quarters. Then, as for eggs, the Sphal

beans don't lay in the winter; and beef was quite unknown. However things began to drop in: a barrel with a chauffer of charcoal in it, as big as a washing tub; and a good supply of firewood for the chimney; a bag of bread as hard and as dry as Bath brick; several coffee pots, a paralytic table, with cups; and seven chairs. Three eggs, and three fishes were also procured. It was now sunset, 5.30 P.M.; and after giving thanks, we made a tolerable meal. In fact, between cooking and eating, and drying ourselves at a blazing fire, we spent nearly two hours. The inhabitants were very inquisitive about us; and although owing to the Turkish manners of the place, the more curious sex could not make their appearance, yet the men showed curiosity enough to serve for all.

"Mr. Tennent, who was dressed in a yacht club coat with gilt buttons, and had a gold band about his cap, was an object of great respect. I overheard one Greek say to another, while looking at Mr. Tennent, '*Strategos megalos!*' (a great commander); '*Malista,*' (undoubtedly), was the reply. Our Greek guardian, when we had supped, asked leave to partake of our provisions. I said to him, 'Remember they are compromised.' 'Ohe in verita,' said he, 'a poor man must not lose such a supper for quarantine laws;' and a hearty meal he made. He then suggested a glass of wine, for, said he, 'I am seventy years old!' We ordered it for him, and Mr. Tennent desired him to drink to the *Iglesi, Francesi, Turci, and Greci*. He gave a roguish laugh and exclaimed, '*Viva I Moscoviti!*' and drank it off."

The explorers were visited by Zair Bey, governor of the province of Sphakia, and here is a graphic sketch of the group in the interior of the hut:—

"Joannes Nicephorus (for such was our interpreter's name), had but a small stock of Italian; but when people are anxious to understand each other, a few words go a great way. The scene was picturesque enough; the flickering light of our fire now blinked on one group, and now on another, revealing capriciously their varied forms and features. Our crooked appearance, as we crouched over the fire, was a fine foil to the graceful picture presented by the Turk, who smoking his long tchibouque, and wrapped in his elegant mantle, seemed the very image of repose. And then the sailors who had all come to anchor under the lee of the charcoal stove, in the best berths they could find, were quite as strong a contrast to the pale effeminate Roumelian guards. Nicephorus was the Nestor of the party; the faint rays of our cruse, falling on his weathered face and silvery beard, made him look truly venerable. After an hour's conference, the governor took his leave, promising to see us in the morning.

"Not forgetful of our object, we asked Nicephorus (the old Greek already mentioned) what was the ancient name of Lutro? He replied, without hesitation '*Phœniki*,' but that the old city exists no longer. This, of course, proved at once the correctness of Mr. Smith's conclusion. We were told further that the anchorage is excellent, and that our schooner could enter the harbour without difficulty. We next enquired the ancient name of the island of Gozzo, and he said at once, '*Chlavda, or Chlavda Nesa*' (*Chlavda* r *Klavda Nesos*) a reply equally satisfactory. He told us also that there

was a tradition in these parts that *Hagios Paulos apostolos*, had visited Calolimounias (the Fair Haven), and had baptized many people there.

"Instead of beds, we had the floor strewn with withered bushes of thyme, for neither straw nor hay was to be had. Before retiring to rest we cleared the room once more of the Turks and Greeks who had dropped in, by telling them that we were going to worship. Nicephorus and one other man remained, and seemed pleased at our proceeding. We sung the 23rd Psalm, which sounded very sweet in my ears; and then, thanking our Father in Heaven for our protection from the storm, we committed ourselves and our friends aboard the vessel, to His gracious care. I had a parcel of modern Greek tracts, which Mrs. Paul had given me; and as I sat spelling out of one by the fire, an intelligent young Greek begged it from me, saying he could read. I gave him the packet; he hid it in his bosom, thanked me, and disappeared with his treasure."

Next morning the roof of the house accidentally caught fire, but the flames were extinguished, although without the assistance of the Greeks, who seemed rather diverted by the misfortune, because the Turkish governor was the proprietor. In the meantime the St. Ursula appeared off Lutro, three miles to the westward, and the party went on board, and made for Lutro, on the shores of which they took soundings, and, landing, examined the place:—

"The health officer told me, that though the harbour is open to the east, yet the easterly gales never blow home, being *lifted* by the high land behind, and that even in storms the sea rolls in gently (*piano, piano*). He says it is the only secure harbour, in all winds on the south coast of Crete; and that during wars between the Venetians and the Turks (the latter took the island in 1688, I think) as many as twenty or twenty-five war galleys had found shelter in its waters. He further shewed us an inscription on a large alab which he says was found among some ruins on the point, and took us up the hill to see the traces of the site of the ancient Phœniki. The outline of its ramparts is clearly discernible, and some cisterns hollowed in the rock; but the ploughshare has been driven over its site, and it displays 'the line of confusion and the stones of emptiness.'"

The St. Ursula now set sail for the Fair Haven, forty miles to the eastward. Here the party visited a monastery in the mountains, in a district of Candia seldom visited by travellers. The description of the monastery and its inmates is admirable:—

"After much climbing we approached the pass that leads to the plains on the north; and on gaining it, found a plateau, to the right, on which the monastery is situated. It is like a great farm-yard, with low buildings round it, flat-roofed. The church stands attached to one side. As we approached I could have fancied it was the times of the Crusades; so quaint and old-fashioned did everything seem. Stiff pre-Raphaelite-like trees stood waiting patiently here and there; it did not clearly appear for what purpose. The houses positively had the uneasy look of a drawing that is all out of perspective; and the whole scene would have made a copy to illuminate a manuscript. We entered the outer gate, and found three aged *pateres*, sitting

with long staves in their hands, on a stone settle, stroking their beards and looking before them. They slowly rose and did obeisance to us, and we took off our hats to them. Then they led us into the court, which might be 160 feet square, and knocked at the door of the *hegoumenos* or abbot, whose name was Julius. He came out and led us into his apartment; but we found to our great disappointment, that no one in the place could speak anything but Romaic Greek. It was but a few words that I could understand or speak, and of course anything like conversation was impossible. The *hegoumenos* was a most pleasing person: middle-aged, with a mild and intellectual, or at least thoughtful face. I requested a sight of the library; but he said, with a sigh, that all the books and manuscripts had been burnt by the Turks. However, a Father brought me an old Lucretius (1640) and made one of the boys read a passage, which he did with a Greek accent, disregarding all the quantities of the syllables. They showed us a Gospel of John, printed at Venice in 1811, and richly bound. It was in the ancient Greek; but when I read a verse or two aloud, they smiled at my disregard of accents, &c. All their books seem to come from Venice; which is natural, as the Island of Candia belonged to Venice down to the end of the 17th century. There are ten *didaskaloi*, or youths under training, in the monastery. The Fathers teach them,—cultivate the land, look after the flocks and herds, perform the daily services of the church, and occasional services in the *metoikoi*, or out-stations. The boys were playful and healthy; and the Fathers had not the sinister or dronish look with which one is disgusted in the monks of Italy. The abbot wore a Greek dress and turban, but had a monastic habit to put over it. We had been four hours and a half on our journey, owing to the badness of the track, and the heat; and it was now three o'clock. As they pressed us to stay all night, we agreed to do so rather than be obliged to go over the difficult ground by moonlight. The tablecloth was then spread, and bread, cheese, wine, honey and coffee were set before us. Our men looked very *blate* when bidden take their dinner with an abbot."

"Two coarse swaggering Turkish soldiers, and a subaltern officer, had arrived at the monastery, and, though evidently unwelcome guests, were taking up their quarters for the night with the air of lords of the soil. I read them our passport (not a word of which they understood), and their commander bowed most graciously. The *hegoumenos* seemed to dislike their company extremely, and came and sat beside Mr. Tennent and me at the kitchen fire. Supper, however, was set for the Turks, and our party in his own apartment, though he did not appear. Halil Aga, the officer, sat next Tennente Effendi (for so they called him,) on the sofa; only the Aga sat cross-legged, and Mr. Tennent as a European. After supper we went to the kitchen, and one or two of the Fathers, and several of their pupils, gathered around us. The boys seemed to be on excellent terms with their teachers. One of them made me understand that the latter was the *poimen* (shepherd), and that they were *ta probata* (the sheep.) Finer boys I never saw: we were both delighted with their intelligence and good manners. I drew out a packet of Greek tracts (not of a controversial nature) from my

pocket, and they read one aloud, in turn, with great spirit and animation. I then divided the packet among them and the Fathers, who all seemed pleased with the little gift. A little fresh literature in those parts must be a great acquisition: but who knows whether true love to Christ may not burn in such a retreat? Perhaps something our tracts contained may have refreshed some thirsty soul."

Mr. Brown concludes with the following account of the discovery of the Lasea, which is accompanied by a chart of the south coast of Crete:—

"Friday, 18th.—Nothing now remained to be done but to ascertain the exact position of Lasea, a city Luke says was nigh to the Fair Havens. Mr. Smith notes that it is mentioned by no other writer, and that its ruins have not been observed. I asked our friend the Guardian *poù esti Lasea (Lasuia)?* He said at once that it was two hours walk to the eastward, close to Cape Leonda; but that it was now a desert place (*topo eremo*). Mr. Tennent was eager to examine it; so getting underway, we ran along the coast before a S.W. wind. Cape Leonda is called by the Greeks *Leona*, evidently from its resemblance to a lion couchant, which nobody could fail to observe either from the west or the east. Its face is to the sea, forming a promontory 350 or 400 feet high. Just after we passed it, Miss Tennent's quick eye discovered two white pillars standing on an eminence near the shore. Down went the helm; and putting the vessel round, we stood in close, wore, and hove to. Mr. H. Tennent and I landed immediately, just inside the Cape, to the eastward, and found the beach lined with masses of masonry. These were formed of small stones, cemented together with mortar so firmly that even where the sea had undermined them, huge fragments lay on the sand. This sea wall extended a quarter of a mile along the beach, from one rocky face to another, and was evidently intended for the defence of the city. Above we found the ruins of two temples. The steps which led up the one remain, though in a shattered state; and the two white marble columns noticed by Miss Tennent belonged to the other. Many shafts, and a few capitals of Grecian pillars, all of marble, lie scattered about, and a gully worn by a torrent lays bare the substructions down to the rock. To the east a conical rocky hill is girdled by the foundations of a wall; and on a platform between this hill and the sea, the pillars of another edifice lie level with the ground. Some peasants came down to see us from the hills above, and I asked them the name of the place. They said at once, 'Lasea'; so there could be no doubt. Cape Leonda lies five miles east of the Fair Havens; but there are no roads whatever in that part of Candia. We took away some specimens of marble, and returned to our vessel; at 4h. P.M. sailed for Alexandria."

CRUISE OF THE ALBATROSS.

MR. EDITOR.—I have been all my life fond of yachting, and from the very first have supported your magazine with my mite. But I never considered I had done enough for that invaluable journal. I am well aware to support a *Yachting Magazine*, it is not only necessary that secretaries should send you an account of the doings at the various meetings of their clubs, but that yachtsmen should also send you the log of some of their cruises; which I have no doubt would at all times be acceptable to you and interesting to the yachting community.

I am not a very literary character, and I dare say many of your readers will try to pick me to pieces; but I fancy I can handle the tiller, with a good many of them. To say the least I will do my best for the success of the *Yachting Magazine*.

“And he the lonely bard whose humble muse
Would sing thy glories, in my uncouth phrase,
Let critics scoff my efforts as they choose
I mock their censure for I seek no praise.”

Saturday, October 25th, 1856.—Cast off our moorings from Charlton, at 12h. a.m., with light wind from the east. Passed Gravesend at 5h. p.m.; at 6h. 30m. brought up in Lower Hope, in 3 fathoms, for the night; Mucking light bearing N.E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E.

Sunday 26th.—4h. a.m., chief officer (R.D.) was awake suddenly; and rushed from the cabin to the deck, as if he had been struck with electricity, in fact, he flew from his bunk like an arrow from a bow, when to his great surprise a huge barge had driven with the ebb tide athwart of us,* although we were riding with a light at our masthead, according to the Admiralty regulations. By this time I had turned out and took the name of the craft, which we found was the “John Wilson, of Rochester.” All hands were now piped to the windlass, and orders given to slack away the chain. We veered away to about 50 fathoms, when we got clear without damage, much to our delight. This little adventure to a landsman would have been terrifying, and to some of our river yachtsmen it would have “choked their luff.” Our ship’s crew, consisting of chief officer, two lads, and myself turned out from the arms of Morpheus, with only our night shirts to cover us from the chilly atmosphere of an October night, which would be to many more agreeable in the imagination than in the reality. Having been on deck about a quarter of an hour, and got all clear, we turned in till 6h. a.m.; and

* The barge had let go her anchor before she came athwart us.

after going through the ordeal of swabbing decks, &c., at 8h. hoisted P.W.Y.C. colours. At 9h. the gig was manned, and the chief officer was rowed to Gravesend, wishing to telegraph to town. At noon we got underway, struck topmast, and set No. 2 jib; wind fresh, N.E. At 4h. 30m. p.m. we brought up in 3 fathoms, the Nore light bearing W.S.W., the Mouse E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.: rode the night with 25 fathoms, fresh wind and moderate sea.

Monday 27th.—At 5h. a.m. I turned out to get yacht underweigh; but finding the young flood making on the shore declined doing so: at 8h. hoisted R.W.Y.C. (I.) colours. After partaking of a breakfast of hot coffee accompanied with bacon and fish, the latter the produce of our own catching, the chief officer piped all hands to the windlass.

"All hands unmoor! proclaims a boisterous cry,
All hands unmoor! the echord winds reply;
Roused from below, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, up springing with a bound
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round."

The anchor weighed, the mainsail set, and one reef taken down. We now began to keep a proper log, which in small yachts is seldom done; but in my opinion the dead reckoning is as necessary to be kept in an eight ton vessel, as in one of a hundred: you cannot go to sea safely without it. At 1 p.m. fresh wind N.E., set No. 2 jib, Mouse light distant a mile, bearing N.E.b.E.; worked down through the Barrow Deep into the Knob Channel, from thence into the Princess'; where we found plenty of tide and plenty of sea, causing the India-rubbers to be very humourously handed out by the chief officer. Sailed round the new light-ship moored on the north side of the channel, a very capital improvement to the navigation of that part. Off the Tongue light-ship we put about and stood three miles to the northward, with a view of making a long leg on the next board for Ramsgate; but the flood being strong against us we could not weather the Foreland. So we decided on bearing up for Margate roads, where we brought up in 4 fathoms; wind E.b.S. fresh; barometer 30.7. Margate pier light bearing W.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., the Tongue due north. Two reefs taken in mainsail before stowed, and masthead light hoisted for the night.

Tuesday 28th.—Light wind N.E., and fine; at 8h. a.m. fired gun, and hoisted burgee: at 10h. yacht taken into Margate harbour, where we took in a fresh supply of provisions. Coast-guard came on board, and were not a little surprised to hear we were bound for the Belgium coast in the uncertain month of October. But my favorite little craft had

never deceived me, as she has carried me through many a dirty night in the boisterous month of March, I entertained no fears for her in this my eleventh trip across the Channel, and so with the idea of the chief officer, "that a good cork will swim longer than a bad bung," we left Margate at 1h. p.m., with the wind dead in our teeth for Ostend. At 2h. the North Foreland, bore S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. distant about 5 miles. The log hove: at this moment a cry was heard from the fore-castle of, "Oh! sir, oh! sir, come here!" and then the hideous yell of "Fire! fire!" I rushed down below to ascertain the cause, when I found the bulkhead of the cabin on fire, and a dense smoke issuing through into the fore-castle: the crew at this fearful crisis, seemed paralysed. I think I can with truth say—

"If in some ship a fire breaks out by chance,
The impetuous flames with lawless power advance;
On ruddy wings the bright destruction flies,
Followed with ruin and amazing cries;
The flaky plague spreads swiftly with the wind,
And ghastly desolation howls behind."

The orders were now given for the fire buckets, and a quantity of water was thrown down upon the devouring element which happily soon extinguished it. After a very rigid investigation I found on enquiry the chief officer had given orders to the crew in Margate harbour to clean the ash pan out, and in so doing they let some of the cinders fall down at the back of the stove, thus setting fire to a handkerchief which had by chance fallen there; had kindled into a flame, igniting the cabin floor, sofa, bulkhead, and thermometer: causing the latter to send forth its silvery fluid in all directions. Had we not discovered the fire at that moment the vessel must have been burnt, but it being nearly a calm was much in our favor.

We resumed our course N.E.b.E: at 4h. p.m. the log registered 8 miles, Kentish Knock high red Nun buoy bearing west, distant about 4 miles. The twilight was now fast approaching, and we began to see every thing snug for a long and dreary night. At 5h. p.m. the binnacle lighted and course set: at 7h. course E.b.S., wind very light and variable; at 7h. 30m. we were suddenly brought up by the stern, nearly all standing: "What's that," cried Jack, "there's a man's head in the water, sir, and I'm blowed if he aint got hold of us by the stern."

"Man's head be d——," cried the chief officer, "it looks more like a bster-pot. And I suspect we have got some fisherman's net in our up, so lower away the canvas, my lads!" We soon found our log had got hold of a net, which, with some little difficulty we got clear of; but not until we had cut a portion of it away.

Set sails again, and at 8h. p.m. Knock light bore N.N.W. distant about 5 miles: our course then S.W. stood on this course till 11h. p.m., making about 6 miles. We now had a fog and dead calm so we hove to for the night, occasionally show a light from flare in addition to our masthead lantern.

" But lo! at last from tenfold darkness borne,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn,
Hail sacred vision, who on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings;
All nature smiling hailed the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day."

Wednesday 29th.—At 6h. a.m. the starboard watch roused out; at 7h. we spoke a fishing lugger, and compared bearings, the Knock Light bearing N.N.W. distant about 7 miles. We then hauled up S.E., wind light; at 8h. the log hove, course S.E.b.S.; at 11h. 30m. the log hauled aboard, and registered 10 miles; yacht becalmed: at 2h. p.m., the cry of "Sail a-head, hailing us." I came up from below and gave orders that a friendly feeling should be shown the craft, "No other sail in sight sir," cries Jack. The strange craft carrying a light air up to us, we in a dead calm, when up came Alfred's visage through the fore-hatch, and very innocently enquired, "If there was any garotting going on afloat." I thinking that a hint in the right direction, went below and capped the pistols, when the craft came alongside, a Calais fishing vessel, with about a dozen hands, they had lost their reckoning and enquired how the Goodwin Sands bore, which information we gave them, in addition to a couple of bottles of stout, when they hauled their wind. At 4h. we had made about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles without log, which was now hove, course S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S; at 5h. 30m. the log registered $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles, our course S.b.E.; at 11h. distance per log $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The port match was now roused out; the starboard turning in.

Thursday 30th.—At 2h. a.m., course S.E., light-wind; at 4h. S.E. b.E.; at 8h. the log hauled aboard and registered $39\frac{1}{4}$ miles, put yacht about and stood S.W., about 2 miles; spoke an Ostend fisherman, and compared bearings, which we found correct, wind freshening fast, lowered topsail and housed topmast at 10h. 30m., distance per log 52 miles, Ostend in sight bearing S.E.b.E., distant about six miles, wind light again and top-sail set arrived at the harbour at 11h. 30m.

" Can we, delayed in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide."

The harbour of Ostend has a strong tide setting by it; in working in, keep close to the west-pier head. At about one hour before high-

water the the tide in harbour will be setting right out, while outside the pier heads it will be going to the eastward. Finding we had not sufficient wind to make ourselves masters of the tide, we accepted the assistance of some half-dozen men, and were towed up the harbour.

The tow rope let go, we proceeded to our moorings in a dock to the right in proceeding up the harbour, directly opposite the water house, where you can for the charge of one penny have all your casks filled, and for the further sum of one shilling have the use of a ladder, which we found very acceptable. This dock is generally perfectly free from shipping of the large class, and therefore is quite safe.*

In the winter months this dock seems to be used by fishing vessels, and of which we had a pretty good share as there was a great Catholic *fete* to take place on the 1st of November, which brought more fishing vessels together than I had ever seen before in any foreign port, and we were informed there would be at least 150 there for the occasion.

Friday 31st.—Proceeded ashore with chief officer to see the town, which is not very large but well fortified, it was much more considerable before the long siege of the Spaniards in the year 1601, which continued for three years; when it was almost reduced to ashes. The Dutch lost 50,000 men and the Spaniards 80,000. Isabella Eugenia, governante of the Netherlands, made a vow she would not change her chemise before Ostend surrendered, but before the town was taken it had greatly changed its colour. However the ladies of her court to keep her countenance had theirs dyed that they might be like that of their mistress. The town yielded to the Spanish General Spinola at last, only by command of the states-general, who had gained their point by its obstinate resistance. This place was taken by the Dutch in 1706, but restored to the Emperor 1724, when an East India Company was established, but entirely suppressed by treaty in 1731. It was taken by the French in August, 1745, and rendered back by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. About the year 1781, Emperor Joseph 2nd of Germany declared it a free port, by which means the increase of commerce was much improved. At the break out of the French revolution, it belonged to the French. Was blockaded by the English about 1797, who did considerable damage to its commerce. And after the Congress of Vienna was again restored to the King of Holland, under whose rule it continued till 1830, when after a successful rebellion the Belgians succeeded in establishing their independence; Prince Leopold becoming their King, and marrying Louis

* Two years ago I was lying in Dunkirk harbour, outside a schooner, when she grounded and fell right on my vessel; luckily we had not grounded, or else the damage would have been fearful. I therefore warn owners of large yachts to be careful in tidal harbours.

Philip's daughter. Ostend is rapidly rising to a very fashionable watering town, being much frequented by foreigners of all nations; and is considered the Brighton of Belgium.

Having seen all that was interesting, we returned back to the yacht, when the chief officer gave orders to *man* the basket and drop quietly in our *wake*, and we at once proceeded to provision the ship.* We are no advocates for owners and officers shouldering their marketings themselves. I think it brings yachtsmen into disrepute and quite does away with the idea that foreigners entertain of English gentlemen visiting them in their yachts. I therefore hope it will be at all times guarded against by all yachtsmen, and particularly members of the clubs to which I have the honour to belong. Having sent the stores on board, we returned to the yacht and turned in all hands for the night.

Saturday, November 1st.—Cast off moorings at 1h. 30m. a.m. light wind; at 3h. Ostend bore S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., distant about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles,—the log hove. At 8h. the log registered 16 miles, and 10 miles allowed for the tide. We were now becalmed, and the tide setting to the eastward, we brought up in 10 fathoms till slack water. At 1h. p.m. weighed anchor, still calm and cloudy: at 2h. atmosphere threatening rain and squalls: at 3h. barometer falling, and every appearance of a squall from S.W., preparations made accordingly: at 4h. 30m. p.m. the log registered 30 miles; scud still rising in the S.W. but no wind.

“ All day becalmed the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep.”

At 7h. p.m. we had a light air spring up from the S.E., course resumed N.W.b.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; the binnacle lighted, the lead hove, and 20 fathoms found. At this moment a fatality,—a bird of passage settled on the cabin top, particularly tame. We had now made out our reckoning for the night; and found ourselves about 15 miles to the eastward of the Goodwin Sands: at 10h. p.m. we sighted some lights; at 11h. we proved them to be the North Sand Head, distant about 5 miles, the ebb tide setting strong to the westward we bore up two points to go to the northward of the light-ship; at 1h. a.m. the tide setting N.E., course steered N.W.b.W. for the North Foreland: at 4h. we brought up in 11 fathoms, the North Sand Head bearing S., the Foreland W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.

Sunday 2nd.—The sun rose without a cloud, the wind light, a.

* Many yachtsmen think there is not that dignity to be kept up in a sma yacht as in a larger vessel. which is a mistaken idea. We have no blame keeping yachts of five tons, therefore the size has nothing to do with it,

flying round the compass, the sea smooth and unrippled: a more beautiful morning I have never seen at so late a period of the year. We were now quietly employed trying to woo the fickle breeze, which enabled us with the aid of our balloon sails to bring up in Margate Roads by high-water.

Several boats with parties came off to see the yacht. A lady and gentleman, actuated by feelings of curiosity asked to come on board, and they were much surprised to find our little saloon so beautifully fitted up. At 4h. P.M. anchor weighed. wind light and southerly; at 5h. we set our course for the Grain Spit; and at 1h. A.M. brought up in seven fathoms, the Nore Light bearing N.E.b.E., Low light to the east of Sheerness lights S.S.W.

Monday, 3rd.—began with calms; at 9h. A.M., got underway, wind N.W. At 3h. p.m. we brought up off Greenhithe, where R. D. and self left the yacht and returned to town, per train, both much delighted with our cruise to the Belgium coast.

A. BERNCASTLE.

ORAL TRADITIONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.*

BY CAPTAIN K. B. MARTIN. •

PART II.

HASTINGS being contiguous to the conqueror's descent, and presenting a bold outline of ruins upon its aged cliffs, was most probably the western station, as it would flank and overlook the level of Bexhill and Pevensey. According to tradition and history, Athelstan had a mint at Hastings, and the old town had a very fine harbour, the site of which is now called the Stade; and I was once gratified by a view of the foundations, and massive stones of the said ancient pier. It was a very low ebb, and crowds of people flocked down to the shore to examine that which they had so often heard described by their fathers. The piling extended still beyond the margin of the receding tide, and the encroachment of the sea must have been to a great extent; for the visitation is recorded as having effected the complete destruction of the old town of Hastings. An insignificant wooden pier was erected upon the ruins; but this shared a similar fate during a tempest in the reign of Elizabeth.

The sea continues to encroach upon this line of coast; and, after washing the shore around the noble cliff of Farleigh, we are again at

* Continued from p. 264, vol. v.

tracted to an account of its ravages, by a view of the interesting and picturesque town of Winchelsea. Not a vestige of the old town remains. It is described in history as having contained eighteen churches, and a great population. The site has been covered by the sea for ages, and the date of the calamity was previous to the Norman conquest, and most probably at the same period of time with Hastings.

Here again we have the most positive proofs that there has been no gradual recession of the waters, but a sudden and overwhelming tempest, accompanied probably by an earthquake. Here was that extensive arm of the sea, which, uniting and receiving the tributary streams of the Rother, was called the Portus Lemanus of the Romans, having the havens of Winchelsea, Rye, and Romney, the castles of Studfall, and Lympne, with several minor fortifications, for its defence. This in ancient records, was styled the Haven of Safety, on the south coast of England; and, Fusell emphatically observes, "Where ships once sailed, cattle are seen grazing. Where once flowed the River Lympne (or Rother) is now an expanse of level fields, where patches of verdure are strikingly intermingled with the sand and pebbles of the sea-shore, which have blocked up its channel and choked its harbours." From among this strata a vessel was raised, which was exhibited in the vicinity of London as a relic of Roman naval architecture, and worthy the inspection of the *curioso*. The environs of Studfall castle are the best points of view for comparing the levels of the marsh; and in the massive ruins of its ancient walls, may be traced the holes from which mooring rings have been suspended for ships to make fast to. An extensive forest lined the margin of this once noble port, its length, in a north-west direction, stretching into the inland district upwards of 100 miles.

This fact being attested by ancient writers, we are inclined to look for the proof of its existence; and, accordingly, we find that, wherever drains, wells, or canals have been excavated, large trees have been found imbedded in the masses of shingle and marine substances thrown in by the ocean, and in most places standing in their natural positions, protruding, as it were, through the encumbering beds of flinty pebbles with which the whole line of marsh is patched. The only singular exception is this, that in some places timber was found as black as ebony, quite perfect, with the marks of the axe which had felled it, and the dismembered branches beside the parent trunk. Acorns, chestnuts, and fore fruit, are dug out of the peat in a beautiful state of preservation; hence many have inferred that the inundation took place in the autumn, before the trees had shed their honours.

The sea, it would appear, had thus done its worst upon this point of

coast, having destroyed the old towns of Hastings and Winhelsea, and, lifting from its secret bed an overwhelming mass of shingle, hurled it into the mouths of the Lyme (or Rother); and, choking it up, at low water it would exhibit an immense flat of loose swampy marsh land, having a complete peninsula of sea beach at Dungeness, extending for several miles into the Bristol Channel. The natives would then progressively form embankments to stop its further progress and ruinous effects, and in the course of time the advantages they gained induced them to unite, and make a simultaneous effort for the security of their possessions. Accordingly we find that upwards of fifty thousand acres, of the finest land in Europe, was regained from the sea by the formation of Dymchurch Wall.

Henry de Bathe and his colleagues, obtained from King Henry the Third a royal grant, called "The Statutes of Sewers," in which statute they were styled "The Lords of the Level." What a pleasing retrospect it brings to the mind, as the eye of the antiquarian surveys from this proud embankment the beautiful expanse of pasturage, covered with milkwhite flocks grazing peacefully, where the surge once rolled in maddening fury to the desolated shore. Studfall, whose base stood upon the strand, now in the centre of a fertile district;—and imagination may then portray the Portus Lemanus, when in the reign of Alfred, the Danish fleet sailed up to Appledore, now ten miles from the sea, then a maritime and principal town of the Anglo-Saxons;—the river then navigable for a large fleet which had crossed the Northern Ocean, now a narrow, muddy stream, emptying itself, through the little harbour of Rye, into the bay which is formed by the projecting bank of sea shingle at Dungeness.

Much controversy and difference of opinion has existed, relative to the source from which this rapidly increasing peninsula or shingle originates! That the flints which fall from the cliffs into the tide are its source, will not bear the test of geological investigation, for its rapid extension is far beyond such a supply in many ages; and if closely examined they will be found to be a *red nodule* similar to the vast masses which form the *Highgate Hill*, the tunnel, digging of which yielded the most beautifully silicified fossils of crustaceæ that can be imagined.

Such also is the *Hill of Greenwich Park*, and a mine of these gigantic mounds of shingle is continued onwards, having their counterparts in the neighbouring kingdom of France. Is it not then fair to infer, that as the bottom of the sea is assimilated in character to the land, that the restless waters are progressively shifting this accumulating deposit from a marine deposit onwards to the shore.

We now come to Hythe; and various have been the opinions respecting its early history. Saltwood castle appears to have been a strong defence, intended for the protection of the town and port. Fusell and others doubt this; but they have again lost sight of natural causes, of the great change which evidently and on a sudden took place;—the raising from the deep that extraordinary mass of shingle called Dungeness. And if we admit that it once did not exist, except in a farther offing, then Hythe becomes another of the harbours on the borders of the Portus Lemanus, which had for its bounderies the rising lands of Hythe and Folkestone. Here also the ocean has invaded the cliffs. Leland describes its effects thus: "Harde upon the shore be greate ruines of a solemne old nunnerie, yn the walles wherofe apere greate and longe Briton bricces; and on the right hond of the quier a grave trunche of squared stone. The castel yard hath been a place of greate buriale, yn so much as where the sea hath worne on the banke, bones appear half sticking out. Lord Clinton's grondfaether had there of a poore man a boate almost full of antiquities of pure gold and silver."

Editor's Locker.

HOW TO AVOID COLLISION WITH STEAMERS.

Southampton, December 23rd, 1856.

SIR—Adverting to the increasing dangers of collision at sea with steamers, which class of vessels are undoubtedly fast superseding sailing craft, I beg to offer to the several Yacht Clubs a plan whereby the chance of being run into may be reduced to a small per centage, and I feel confident as a practical man that if the owners would consent to adopt the system I am now to advocate, the example emanating from so influential a body would speedily be followed by shipmasters, and be as universally known as Marryatt's signals.

Having been for the last ten years in steam ships I am enabled to point out the great difficulty experienced by the officers of the watch when of a dark night a sail is reported, either ahead or on the bow, from the rate at which steamers travel there is on such occasions no time for deliberation, and the knotty point is to know upon what *tack the sailing vessel is at the time of discovery*, this once solved it is quite easy for the steamer to pass under her stern.

This then, being the case, I propose that the Binnacle Lanterns of sailing vessels should exhibit a Green light on the starboard side, and a Red light on the Port side, and fitted so as to be unshipped at a moment's notice from the Binnacle. With such an appliance as soon as a steamer is seen approaching, (about which there can be no mistake from their triangular lights of red,

green, and of the natural colour,) the sailing vessel has nothing more to do than unship the Green light if she is on the starboard tack, or Red if she be on the Port, exhibiting the same over the side where best seen, and thus a remedy is provided for the difficulty alluded to.

Now in order to get this plan into general use I suggest that a resolution be passed at all the Yacht Clubs, that they will adopt it, giving notice by advertisement in the papers of their intention to do so, and I have no hesitation in believing that the impetus being so given, in a short time the practice would be a universal one.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor H. Y. M.

JOHN HAY, *Lieut R. N.*

THE KITTEN YACHT.

Greenwich, December 22nd, 1856.

SIR.—I beg to call your attention to an error in your Magazine for this month (p. 543). The Kitten is therein stated to have sailed in two matches and winning one only, whereas she sailed three and received first prize in each, namely one in the Thames of £30, and two at Goole of £20 and £10 respectively.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor H. Y. M.

R. LEACH.

THAMES V. ESSEX YACHTSMEN.

Harwich, November 24th, 1856

SIR.—The bombastic tone of "A Thames Yachtsman's" lucubration which appears in your Magazine of the present month, would convey to the casual reader an idea that Essex Yachtsmen stand in very great fear of the Yachtsmen of the Prince of Wales Club as a match-sailing body.

I feel sure your correspondent's letter speaks not the language of that distinguished assemblage of yachtsmen; although the aspiring "Junius" when he talks of "we of the Prince of Wales Club" would fain have us believe so. This self-styled "Thames Yachtsman" can know little of the noble pastime of Yachting; and still less of the little yachts which have most adorned his club, when he speaks so disparagingly of Essex Yachts and Essex Yachtsmen. The two yachts which have been most conspicuous, and gained most laurels on the Thames during the past season (the Violet and Flirt) are both Essex yachts. The celebrated Kitten which has often brought away the prizes from the Thames is also an Essex Yacht: we could (if it were necessary further to convince "a Thames Yachtsman" of his error,) name the Thought, Mischief, Fawn, Eak, Sam Sly, *cum multis aliis*, designed, built, and owned by Essex yachtsmen. But as those already named are among the most celebrated little clippers of the past and present day, we are prepared to contradict the assertion, that we are so often "licked" as "A Thames Yachtsman" would lead the uninitiated to sup-

On behalf of the Essex yachtsmen, I beg to assure the individual who wrote the letter alluded to, that we stand in no fear of such "a Thames Yachtsman" as he; not if he comes in a craft with as much bounce about it, as is about his letter. With regard to the regatta at Mistley, of which your correspondent complains of not being invited, either by advertisement or otherwise: it would appear, on reading the interesting report of that regatta in your

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1857.

WANDERING NOTES:—THE LIFE-BOAT.

BY SUMMOOA JUGA.

“ Sometimes fair truth—in fiction we disguise,
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes.”

PLATO, in the account which he gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates the morning he was to die, tells the following circumstance:—“ When the fetters of Socrates were knocked off, as was usual to be done on the morning that the condemned person was to be executed, he was found to be seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; but whether it was to show the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his accustomed manner, to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg, which just before had been so pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of *pleasure* and *pain* in general, and how constantly they succeed one another. To this he added, that

if a man was to represent the nature of *pleasure* and *pain* in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other."

It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse, which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable; for, in those days, in the very infancy of learning, fables had their origin, and they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. They, moreover, had a good effect on the minds of men, and oftentimes conveyed instruction to the ear, even of a monarch without offending it, and bring him to a sense of his guilt and his duty. With this preface, then, we introduce the subject before us, so allied to "pleasure and pain," and will endeavour to fill a chapter of "Wandering Notes" with such materials as the memory may suggest.

"I see the right and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, yet p'raps the wrong pursue."

If we refer to the daily journals of the past month, we shall find them teem with the most appalling narratives of wrecks, and the sufferings and sacrifice of lives, and, as if in contrast, the miraculous escape of others.

Probably in no country like this, does the annual return of the season bring such melancholy tidings to our homes. But these painful narratives are sometimes counterbalanced by the pleasurable recital that by means of the "Life-boat" the crew were saved and rescued from the yawning gulf which threatened to close upon them. Why such pleasurable reminiscences are not of more frequent occurrence, naturally creates inquiry, and meanwhile there is a fearful responsibility at the door of a nation which boasts of its benevolence, charity, and christian sympathies, yet withholds the means of lessening the evil. How many thousands and tens of thousands are annually squandered away at the shrine of pride and ambition, a even during the past few years for nought, but to engender hate and to make man war with his brother, while, a portion of the arm might have been employed in cultivating social relations and friendship with communities, and encourage the ingenuity of man in dev

ing means for restoring to the human family many a father, husband, and child. How many homes at this festive season might have been made happy by the presence of its lost member? We are not unmindful of the appeals which are continually made to avert these melancholy occurrences. Could we but concentrate our scattered ideas we might present a "chamber of horrors," which would darken the page of history. Our path is widely different, we would alleviate the sufferings of humanity, and therefore join in the appeals that are continually being made to the public by those "humane societies," and more particularly by the *National Life-boat Institution*, to pay the debt of gratitude which the country owes to our merchant marine and to life in general, such as would render their calling less perilous and with a greater regard to their ultimate safety. Why should England, this great maritime nation, or rather the government—be behind others in such a mission. Already our cousins are in the field in this noble cause. By late accounts from Washington, we learn that a resolution had been adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to report whether some means cannot be devised for the preservation of the lives of seamen and passengers who may be wrecked on the coast; and also whether relief should not be granted to the families of persons who lose their lives in endeavours to rescue others from shipwreck:—here then is another of the many examples set to us.

Science has ushered to the world many inventions which have caused years of labour, study, and great pecuniary expense to produce. Some of which have been smothered in the bud for want of that one thing needful—patronage.

Ought not the names of Manby and Dennett to be immortalized in the temple of Fame, for having converted the mortar and rocket from their destructive purposes, to a more humane field of employment—the saving of life. But compare the lot of the civilian to him in authority, and we shall find that the one was enriched with a nation's bounty, while the other was left to end his days in poverty. What became of the Sexton of South Shields, the original inventor of the Life-boat? As far back as 1789 he was found to be among competitors, and his was the only model sent into the Committee, who, however, awarded the premium to GREATHEAD, the boat-builder, because he suggested "a material improvement of making keel curved instead of straight," and was therefore employed to

build "the first Life-boat"—yet, she had no means of freeing herself of water, nor of self-righting in the event of being upset. Nevertheless she was the medium of rendering great service in saving life. Four years previous to which *Lukin*, a coach builder in London, took out a patent for one; its peculiar features being projecting gunwales, side air cases built into the boat, or double sides, and air cases under the thwarts.

Although credit has been given to Greathead as the original inventor, the tomb of Lionel Lukin records him to be "the first who built a Life-boat, and was the original inventor of that principle of safety by which many lives and much property have been saved from shipwreck; he obtained the King's patent in 1785.

In No. 23 of the *Life Boat*,—a Journal of the National Shipwreck Institution, there is an elaborately written article, "on the necessity of a Standard for Ship's Life-boats." Why ship's boats should not all be converted into life-boats may be readily inferred, so long as the "Act" is not imperative on the Owners to provide the safety valve by which our seamen may be ensured of safety. The Merchant Seamen's Act of 1854, professedly to have been passed for the benefit of such a useful class of Her Majesty's subjects, it would appear, does not value

"The life of Poor Jack,"

inasmuch, that if the ship does not carry ten passengers, no life-boat is required to be on board the ship. The fact is monstrous, as if the lives of a ship's company were not of equal value with that of the passengers. We trust that this will yet be seen to, and another session of Parliament will not pass over without considering the subject, to the end that it may be made a Government question.

No one can read the report of the *National Life-Boat Institution* without being convinced of the great good which it has effected,— "That in thirty years of its existence upwards of nine thousand lives have been saved by its means, and had the necessary funds been placed at its disposal, it is impossible to calculate the extent of similar service it might have accomplished. It is lamentable to find that in the Committee's appeal to the public, that they should have to regret that its income is very considerably below the amount required to carry out effectually its important objects, and therefore earnestly solicit increased support". Most heartily do we join in the app —

"Whoever commands the sea, commands the trade and riches of the world"

In the saving of life the plans which have been unusually resorted to "*in extremis*," may be comprised under three heads :—Manby's Mortar, Dennett's Rocket and Line, and the varied Life-boats, each in itself having some peculiar recommendation.

But from the many fatal results which have occurred to the crews of some of the so-called life-boats in their attempts to reach the site of their labours, we find that there are too many instances on record of the sacrifice of the crew who went forth to save their fellow creatures. The question which then seriously arises is—what may be termed a life-boat? and we are glad to find that the same question has already suggested itself in a luminous article on that subject, to the end that "a standard of perfection" should be adopted.

"Palmarum qui meruit ferat."

We trust then that the true merits of a life-boat will claim a nation's preference.

In the last number of the "*Life-Boat*," on the necessity of a Standard for Ship's Life-boats, the Editor states in reply to the important question which will then arise,—“What description of Life-boat shall be adopted as a standard?” and he adds—“We know of no ship's *life-boat* at present in existence in this country which possesses the requisite qualifications, with the exception of that of *Lamb and White's* (of Cowes) and of the collapsible life-boat, which would probably be too expensive for general use in Merchant craft, and which, for such use, have other disadvantages. We know of no other ship's life-boat which we think deserving of consideration; and we consider the qualities of the majority of them to be a mere sham.” With such an opinion on the merits of these two named life-boats, it would have been more satisfactory to the public had the Editor made them acquainted with their disadvantages. Enough, that during the late gales, the success which has again attended the “Broadstairs Life-boat” in the particular instance of the “Northern Belle” will stand forward as another evidence of her superiority over the so-called Life-boats, and the pleasurable reminiscences which it must necessarily create in the minds of our “cousins” across the Atlantic, will be “a happy return of the season” for the compliment they have recently paid to our government.

This circumstance alone, were we not acquainted with the antecedents of the “*Mary White*,” justifies us in making particular refer-

ence to her, and that description of Life-boat. The various scenes in connexion with the gallant rescue of the crew of the American ship *Northern Belle* have already been sent forth to the public through the Illustrated papers of the past week, and therefore we have selected for our engraving a fac-simile of the "Broadstairs Life-boat" following our observations with the narrative of the heroic conduct of the crew, as presented through the columns of the *Times*, in the letter of Mr. John Lang, a resident at Broadstairs.

Broadstairs, Jan 6th, 1857.

"Sir.—I crave a space in your columns for the publication of the following particulars:—On Monday the 5th inst., at 3 a.m., an American ship, the *Northern Belle*, of 1,100 tons, bound from New York to London, with a general cargo, came to an anchor off Kingsgate, and distant from the shore about three-quarters of a mile.

At 6h. she rode very heavily, and the sea at times broke completely over her: at 6h. 30m. the crew cut away the mizen and main masts. The ship then rode easier; but as the day advanced the gale increased in violence, and the sea ran proportionately high.

At 8h. a.m. it was feared that the ship would part from her anchors and come on shore, and a message was despatched to Broadstairs to that effect. The Broadstairs boatmen, who are renowned for their alacrity, immediately harnessed themselves to the truck on which the life boat—the *Mary White*—is always ready, and proceeded to drag it from Broadstairs to Kingsgate, a distance of two miles, over a heavy and hilly country.

At 9h. a.m. the boat arrived at Kingsgate. By this time the news of the ship's dangerous position was spread throughout the neighbourhood, and by 11 o'clock the cliffs were crowded by persons of all ranks from Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs. Some hundreds of persons were present.

At 11h. 30m. the multitude assembled were destined to witness a very painful sight:—a Margate lugger, called the *Victory*, was hovering about the ship in the hope of rendering her some assistance, when a huge sea struck her, and she suddenly disappeared from our sight. She and her crew (from 12 to 15 in number) went down, and were no more seen. Another lugger, the *Ocean of Margate*, had at 6h. put five hands on board the *Northern Belle*.

At noon, it was expected every moment that the ship would come on shore upon the rocks beneath the cliff; but she held on, the crowd remaining until dark, anxiously watching the vessel, despite the hail, sleet, and snow which began to descend.

Between 10 and 11 p.m., the ship parted with her anchors and drove up the rocks. At this hour it would have been utterly impossible to launch life boat, for the hail, sleet, and snow prevented the men from seeing any object whatever; and the spot whence it would be necessary to put off was distant more than half a mile. When day broke, at between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning (Tuesday), an awful sight was revealed to those on the cl

and on the beach. With the naked eye we could discern 23 men lashed to the rigging of the only mast left standing. What these poor creatures must have suffered during the night the reader will readily imagine.

At half-past 7 a.m. the life-boat, the *Mary White*, was manned. Since July 1850, when this boat was presented to the boatmen of Broadstairs by Mr. Thomas White, of Cowes, she has saved many lives, and her crew have encountered many dangers; but never has she been engaged in a matter of such peculiar peril as that of this day. Wrecks and the saving of life are such common occurrences in this part of the country that an ordinary case scarcely creates any comment; but this was a very extraordinary case, and it has elicited the wonder and applause of the many who witnessed it.

Ten brave men pulled through a boiling surf and raging sea, which several times hid them from our sight, and filled us with alarm for their safety.

When seven out of the 23 men upon the wreck had been got into the life-boat it was found necessary to cut her adrift and disentangle her from the ship. With these seven men the boat returned to the shore amid the cheers of the many persons assembled on the beach.

A second life-boat, which had also been wheeled from Broadstairs, to be ready in the event of the first life-boat being lost, was now launched, and went off to the wreck. She succeeded in bringing away fourteen. The two remaining were the captain and the pilot, who had been taken in at Dover. The former declared that he would rather die than leave his vessel, and the latter expressed a desire to remain and perish in the old man's company,

After an hour and a half had elapsed the life-boat for the third time left the shore in order to persuade these two men to save their lives. After much difficulty, the crew of the boat succeeded in inducing them to come off the rigging and go to the land.

To describe the scene on the beach when it was known that all hands had been saved is beyond my power. A more affecting scene was seldom witnessed. There were tears of gratitude shed by the Americans, and tears of joy and of pride by the Broadstairs boatmen.

Benumbed as the shipwrecked men were, they could scarcely partake of the refreshment which was provided for them in the little warm parlor of 'The Captain Digby,' the solitary inn which stands upon the cliffs at Kingsgate.

There is a little episode connected with the saving of these men's lives which I am tempted to chronicle:—At 3 p.m. this day, the *Mary White* was dragged upon her truck by three horses into Broadstairs. In the boat sat her gallant crew. Tied to an American oar was the American standard, which was so recently hoisted as a signal of distress. The tattered flag fluted over the broken bows of the *Mary White*. It was thus that the boat sped through the streets of Broadstairs, amidst the joyous shouts of the inhabitants of the town.

It was not in war that those heroes of this day captured that banner which still waving over the bows of the *Mary White*. That banner is not an emblem of a bloody victory. It is the emblem of a deed of daring worthy of

being recorded in the largest type of *The Times*—a deed of daring which the Recording Angel will dot down without a sigh, or without shedding a single tear of sorrow.

In your issue of this day you record the names of thirteen brave men who perished on the 4th inst in a life-boat at Rhyl, in attempting to save the crew of a ship. Would it be too much to ask of you to record the names of the brave men who, at the peril of their own lives, were this day engaged in restoring to America the lives of 19 of those seamen of whom she is so justly proud?

Nearly all of them are married men with large families of small children, and there is not a man among them who has not assisted in saving life, and who has not lost a father, brother, or cousin in the same glorious cause.

I have, &c.,

JOHN LANG.

This eloquent letter instantly called forth substantial marks of sympathy for the men who had so nobly risked their lives in the performances of this gallant and humane act. The United States Consul has appealed to his countrymen to contribute to a fund for their benefit, and which we know will be liberally responded to.

A letter, which we have received from the spot, immediately following the occurrence, states "On Monday last the 5th, about 8h. a.m., a cry was raised that a ship, off the North Foreland, was driving ashore, it was then blowing a full gale from E.N.E., with a tremendous sea breaking into the harbour (Broadstairs). The two life-boats (built by Mr. White of Cowes, and presented to our town,) accompanied by their crews, were promptly drawn overland by horses to the scene of the wreck, which proved to be the American ship *North-ern Belle*. On reaching the Foreland every effort was at once made to rescue the crew, but that was found to be impossible owing to the violence of the gale, it blowing dead on the shore, and the heavy sea. A lugger of Margate foundered near the wreck, and all hands perished. A bitter cold and tempestuous night closed upon the doomed ship and her helpless and despairing crew. About 10h. p.m. she drove on shore and filled. When daylight returned her crew were seen in the fore rigging, where they had passed the night. Another bold and daring effort was made by the two Life-boats of Broadstairs to rescue them. The sea was rolling in mountain waves, and the gale had increased, if possible, in violence: but Life-boats' gallant crews put forth their strength, and with brave hearts and strong arms strove to reach the expectant crew, but in vain owing to the violence of the wind and sea. At length by means

their canvas they sailed to and reached the wreck. Nothing could more certainly have tested and proved the sailing qualities of the Life-boats, which were frequently and entirely buried by the sea. After making three perilous trips, they succeeded in saving all on board, to the number of 24, including the crew of 18, and five Margate boatmen, who had got on board, and the pilot. The shore was lined with spectators, witnesses of this, as brave and desperate an act as ever has been recorded among the many life-saving services rendered by the crews of the Life-boats now mercifully stationed around our sea-girt coast."

Another letter from an eye-witness states: "We lost sight of our little Mary White twice coming in, but she came rising on the top of the sea like a bird, I can assure you it was a time when no other boat could live."

Here then we have recorded the one thousand and one testimonials of the superiority of that class of Life-boats over others, inasmuch as to use the crews own expression—"we felt no danger while having such a boat under us."

As everything in connexion with the Broadstairs boat may prove interesting, we have before us many proofs of her efficiency. On the first adventure, the Lieutenant of the Coast Guard relates: "that on the 6th of March, 1851, at 5h. 30m. A.M., a brig was observed on the North Sand Head, it was blowing a hard gale from the North. The life-boat gallantly put to sea under full sail, and finally reached the brig. No other boat, though many were on the spot dared or could approach the wreck, over which a tremendous sea was breaking. The life-boat ranged up alongside, hove on board the life-line with a buoy, which was carried away. The crew, then, in a seamanlike manner, let go the anchor—down masts—manned oars—pulled alongside, and succeeded in getting into their boat seven of the ten of her crew, and would have saved all hands, but, for the disinclination of the master and two others to leave the brig, notwithstanding George Castle and Solomon Holborne the life-boat got on board, and pressed them to leave, but they would not, those two gallant heroes, were then obliged to jump overboard to save their own lives and swim to the life-boat, which was carried to a distance, and down went the brig Mary White, and master, Captain White, and two of her crew."

It is a remarkable circumstance that this brig was on her first
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voyage, and this was the first trip of the life-boat. In consequence of this incident her crew named her the "Mary White," a name which they may be justly proud of, inasmuch as it is singularly appropriate to that of the wife of the constructor.

It would be trespassing too much on our columns were we to give serially the reports of the coast guard on the efficiency of that class of life-boats—enough as to their merits: "I have towed her full of water, running before a sea, and have luffed to suddenly, and tried every means to turn her over but without effect. However, to tow her full of water (as such an expression would imply,) you cannot, for she always frees herself to the thwarts; and with that quantity of water in her, she is ballasted and will carry sail well. This principle of life-boat for all practical purposes is superior to any thing of the kind I have seen, and until practice shows me otherwise, I shall believe it has the best claim, and to be the nearest approach to the important desideratum—A LIFE-BOAT.—*Vide Report to the Comptroller General on the qualities of this Life-boat.*

In another report to the same authority, "we filled her with water with thirteen hands in her, and endeavoured to capsize or roll her over, but could not, and had I not have seen the good qualities of the boat, I could not have supposed such a thing, and it is my opinion that were the boats of the coast-guard so fitted, they would be very safe in any sea."—*Extract from Letter of Commander of H.M. revenue cutter Scout.*

Yet with all these reports and testimonials the recommendation is suffered to rest. For we find that in the case of the Tyne, now on Kimmeridge Ledge, near St. Alban's Head, "The life-boats (Lamb and White's) had to do all the work, and thanks to their efficiency, passengers and crew were all got safe on shore, and mails and specie landed with little loss, but the poor coast-guard boat was swamped and one poor man was drowned, which, thus far, we are pleased to say has been the only casualty; but had the coast-guard boat been a life-boat this would not have occurred."

Here then is another life sacrificed notwithstanding the favorable report made to head-quarters on the subject. "If the boats of the coast-guard were so fitted they would be safe in any sea." But such is the fate that awaits the genius of the civilian, unless he has friend in power, and plenty of cash at his command to back him it would be useless to contend against "routine."

In justification of our remarks, and in melancholy contrast to the foregoing pleasing narrative, we have the painful intelligence conveyed to us through the press, almost in the same breath, that "as the Point of Ayr life-boat was proceeding to a wreck off Rhyl on the morning of the 4th inst (January) she capsized. The entire crew, thirteen in number (nine of whom were married and have left large families) *were drowned*;" and in a subsequent paragraph "we are assured by a competent authority that the whole of the life-boats of the Liverpool Dock trustees are of a very imperfect description, and are only partially fitted as life-boats; in fact, that they are in every respect inferior to the improved class of life-boats which are now being placed on the coast." It may, however, be some consolation to the bereaved widows and orphans to know that the public have manifested sympathy for their losses, and to lessen the pangs of grief have swelled the subscription list to upwards of £2,700, a sum which with a little forethought might have obtained some two or three dozen boats similar to the *Mary White*, and been the means of averting such a melancholy calamity.

We have in our "Wandering Notes" been induced, rather largely to embody in this Article, many passing observations in connexion with our subject, in the hope that our feeble pen will assist in the several appeals made to obtain the most approved plan to be adopted as the Standard of perfection. And if it be thought that we have dilated more on the utility of one plan than another, the affair of the Broadstairs boat in connexion with the Northern Belle is of sufficient importance to warrant us in saying that the merits of the Life-boat by which the rescue was accomplished ought not to be passed hastily over. Again if we refer to the report of the recent loss of the *Tay Royal Mail Steamer*, we shall find that the same class of life-boat, (Lamb and White's) was, under Providence, the sole means of saving the lives of the crew and her passengers. It appears from the letter of her commander that the *Tay* was provided with two of those life-boats of the medium size, in addition to five others not life-boats. After the ship struck, one of the life-boats was sent away with the sails and passengers for the purpose of proceeding to Tampico, but in pulling for 36 hours against a strong current, and the crew coming exhausted for want of fresh water, it was decided to beach the boat; this was a dreadful alternative, as the surf was breaking furiously for three-quarters of a mile from the land, and on the beach

with terrific violence; but thanks to the buoyancy and beautiful formation of the boat, she was "beached" with perfect safety, indeed scarcely a drop of water was shipped, and after the swell abated, she was relaunched and brought to Tampico with but little damage. That life-boat did all the work, with a crew of 10 men, she laid out a 12 cwt. kedge with a 9-inch hawser attached, and a 10 cwt. kedge with a similar sized hawser, and when none of the other boats could approach the ship." Moreover, the captain adds: "that I feel certain without such a boat there would have been but few of us left to tell the sad tale." But no sooner was that account received than we have one from Lord Colville, the owner of the R.Y.S. yacht *Sultana*, in his recent cruise in the Mediterranean; in which he states that, "We have lost the life-boat that you built for me a few months ago, but in losing her she was the means of saving a man's life, who under any other circumstances must have been drowned. On the night of the 21st instant, when on our passage from Algiers to Malta we experienced very heavy weather, the *Sultana* was struck by a sea that came in over the bows, the gig was secured very strongly to the deck, lashed to ringbolts, but the sea forced her up and over the side, carrying away our starboard bulwarks and rail, and at the same time washed overboard Edwin Warden, one of the crew. It was pitch dark, and the man could not swim, but in rising to the surface he found himself alongside the gig and got into her. After an hour day broke, and providentially we saw the boat and the man in her, and after considerable while, we got him on board having been an hour and a half in the boat: of course she was full of water. The starboard quarter and air tank were stove in, but she floated by the port tank, which was uninjured, although she was full of provisions, oars, and all sorts of odds and ends, including a heavy boat's davit. Had it been any other than a life-boat the man must have been drowned, I am sorry we could not save the boat, it was blowing too hard, and a very high sea running. * * * You may depend upon it I will never sail from Cowes again without getting you to build me one similar to her."

Here we have another instance of one side of the life-boat having been stove to pieces, yet her qualities were preserved. A similar instance occurred with the *Broadstairs* boat, on that occasion, while rescuing a crew from a wreck on the Goodwin, she was stove in, the other half of her became equally a life-boat. In the *Sum*

November 10th, 1855, there is a lengthened notice on the Broadstairs Life-boat, from which we are only enabled to extract a portion which is worthy of note. "That within 36 hours from the builder's hands she reached the haven of her future adventures, and was the means of rescuing eight persons from the brig Hope, of Portsmouth, from the dangers which seemed to await them, either to be engulfed in the breakers, or to perish in the flames which shortly after their rescue destroyed their vessel."

This circumstance attracted the attention of the harbour-master at Ramsgate, in which the Prize boat is stationed, and who appears to have issued an Appeal to "the Boatmen of the Downs," in nearly the following words:—"Have you seen the Broadstairs Luggers?"—"Why should not the Luggers employed on salvage services be as she is, more or less, Life Boats?" An appeal to the owners was thereon made to appropriate only one shilling in the pound on all salvage money received, and draw a lot for the luggers in turn to be converted by Life-boat fittings. This had reference to the Dreadnought—a lugger built on the lines of the Deal boats, but with Life-boat fittings. The humane appeal does not appear to have been responded to, or we should not have to lament that a Margate lugger in attempting to render assistance to the Northern Belle shipped a sea, and down she went with her crew? Had this lugger been provided with a small Life-boat as in the case of the Dreadnought, we should not have been pained with that melancholy disaster.

In laying before our Nautical readers the foregoing notes of the life-boat, we trust that the subject and importance thereof may induce those in power to give the same their serious attention, and that it should be a *sine quâ non* that the boats of all sea-going vessels should be Life-boats after an adopted plan, and so provide for the Sailor as the Act provides for the Passenger: the life of the one being equally as valuable as the other.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

THE fault of all Treatises on Naval Architecture is, that they are too learned to be practically useful. They require as much mathematics to understand, as would enable a man to go through Newton's Principia. Nobody with a less knowledge of fluxions than would enable a man to rank as a Senior Wrangler has a chance of catching a glimpse of the authors' meaning. Their pages covered with algebraical equations of the abstruse kind are equally offensive to the eye, and unintelligible to the mind of the general reader. On the same absurd principle which leads medical men still to write their prescriptions in barbarous Latin and hieroglyphics, which nobody but themselves (except sometimes, and that rarely, the apothecary's apprentice,) can understand, the writers on maritime construction have sought to involve their art in mystery, and so keep the profane vulgar from prying into the secrets. We trust this absurd humbug is coming to an end, and we hail Mr. Marett's excellent work as a step in the right direction. Yet even he is scientific over-much. We had ourselves assisted (we use this phrase in the French sense,) when some of the fastest yachts now afloat have been designed, and although they were not constructed on the wave lines of Mr. Scott Russell, the dividing lines of Lord Robert Montague, the parabolic lines of Mr. Chapman, or the cycloidal lines of Mr. Anybody else, these vessels have achieved, and are still likely to achieve greater triumphs than any craft yet built in conformity with any of the foregoing learned and ingenious theories. The designer of the able and eminently successful craft to which we have alluded knows as much about ordinates, co-ordinates, abscissa, or other jargon connected with conic sections, or the other transcendental curves above mentioned, as he does about the wheels of the Prophet Ezekial. He trusts to his great experience, and his correct eye, makes his model, constrasts it carefully with other successful models, thinks over the midship section, meditates about the form of the entrance, and dreams over the fullness or fineness of the lines of the delivery; keeps his model always by him, during the process of incubation, as it may be fitly called. In his workshop, in his house, it is always present with him, he lives with it, he eats with it; it is his companion and his friend, for weeks before it attains that perfection of shape which he knows by intuition will gain him new triumphs in the race fame; and then, and not till then, it is reduced to paper.

* *Yachts and Yacht Building*, by P. R. Marett, Esq.—Hunt, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N.W., London.

There is no royal road to success as an architect, a painter, or a sculptor. Books have been written to prove, (and for what foolish purposes have not books been written?) that success in all these branches of high art is to be secured by following certain geometrical proportions which infallibly lead to grace and beauty. Like the alchymists of old, the authors of these books describe how a thing is to be done, but the gold of the one, and the buildings, pictures, and statues of the others are equally wanting. So with our mathematical yacht builders, the rules are given, but where are the clippers?

We do not mean to say that Mr. Marett's rules and calculations (all very distinctly enunciated) would not enable an amateur draftsman who had arithmetic and algebra enough to master them to produce a much more creditable vessel than he would without them, and to any yachtsman having time and a turn that way we strongly recommend this modest and unassuming, yet able work. But we would advise our friend after he has mastered Mr. Marett's work not to rush to the building yard, let him confine himself to paper. The sheer, half breadth, and body plans will not cost him much; but parabolic curves reduced to wood and copper are expensive experiments in applied mathematics, as some of our friends have known to their cost.

To prove to our readers in what a pleasant way Mr. Marett discusses yachting matters we would quote a passage from his chapter on Measurement, where he gives a very correct description of the gradual alteration late years have produced on the form of racing yachts. Whilst quite agreeing with what he says in praise of the services of Mr. Wanhill to yacht building, we think he hardly does the Poole yachts justice when he says there is in them "comparatively little room below for the owner." So far from this being the case, their depth gives them great advantage in this respect; and for her size we have rarely been on board a more commodious vessel than the *Heroine*. As to their performances at sea, which he also seems inclined to disparage, the feats of the little *Pet* speak trumpet-tongued in their favour.

"For many years after the establishment of the Royal Yacht Squadron yachtsmen seem to have been afraid of anything new, and to have deferred to the notions of sea-going and 'experienced' men. The full bow and fine run were the peculiar characteristics of the fastest yachts of each class, and though improvements of form were gradually effected, yet the 'cod's head & mackerel's tail' was the only admired construction. From experience it was found that such vessels measured by any standard were deficient in nearly every essential for speed. The hull above water was ponderous and large, thus rendering the vessel crank, and exposing a large surface to the wind. At sea the full bow is very detrimental to speed, each successive

wave nearly stopping and frequently striking the hull with dangerous violence. The only thing to be said in favor of this form is that vessels so constructed are comparatively dry, but this dryness is invariably purchased at the cost of velocity, as a vessel moving slowly can hardly be expected to throw the water over herself. These vessels had a midship section more resembling that of the *America* than of the narrow clippers which succeeded them: the greatest width was considerably above the water line; the stern-post was upright, or nearly so, and the deck very round forward. On a modification of this type the *Arrow* and *Alarm* were built, and the very decided improvement effected in both these yachts by being lengthened forward affords a convincing proof of the march of improvement in the form of fast vessels made latterly. The *Alarm* for many years was looked upon as the champion yacht, until a new class of vessels constructed upon diametrically opposite principles appeared; and the fact of the *Heroine* of thirty-five tons beating the *Alarm* in a race at Cowes, drew general attention to the yachts built by Mr. Wanhill, of Poole.

"To Mr. Wanhill must be awarded the praise of originality. He saw the errors of the match-sailing system, and profited by them. It is unfair to place the vessels built by him ten years ago in comparison with those now built; but they stand out in strong relief from those that immediately preceded him. In fact, it is not too much to say, that the introduction of the Poole vessels made a far greater stride towards an improvement in speed than was made by the *America*. Immediately upon their appearance a revolution was effected in the form of every yacht intended for racing, and spread itself insidiously into nearly all classes of yachts. Mr. Wanhill was the first builder who had the courage to build vessels much sharper at each extremity than any then existing; and, knowing well that speed depends in a great measure on size, he raked the stern-post, and increased the depth, thereby obtaining a larger vessel without increase of tonnage, according to the old law; and seeing that breadth was the principal element in the tonnage, he decreased the breadth; at the same time, by increasing the depth, and employing lead for ballast, he both lowered the centre of gravity, and increased the capacity for ballast, thus enabling his vessels with small hull to carry a large area of sail.

"The chief characteristics of the Poole vessel were then the raking stern-post, great fineness of the water-lines at both extremities, great draught of water, a reduction of breadth, lead ballast, and enormous sails. Although the object of speed was attained by these means, it was met by serious counterbalancing evils: there is little comfort at sea in such vessels, the great weight of ballast makes them plunge heavily, they are wet, require a numerous crew to work the sails; and there is comparatively little room bel for the owner. However, where speed was the object these vessels found particular favour, and many yacht builders, following in Mr. Wanhill's wake, designed vessels on similar principles, if not with similar success.

"On this system our clippers were constructed until the arrival of the *America* made a third era in yacht building. She differed from the Poole

vessel in every respect excepting the large sails; she had little ballast, was rather shallow than otherwise, had an upright stern-post, great breadth, remarkably sharp water-lines, and her main breadth was much further aft than was then general. This gave her a great advantage at sea, as from her small displacement, she was not only lively, but affected by the action of the waves less than a vessel with a fuller bow and greater weight. But it was not only at sea that the *America* was remarkable; she gave convincing proof of her speed on more than one occasion, and hence arose an almost superstitious admiration for anything American applied to yachting. That the *America* was a vast improvement on our yachts in many respects, no one will deny, but she has generally been measured by one standard and admired by another. The idol has been admired for her speed as compared with our schooners, and measured for her accommodation as compared with our clippers; or rather in admiring the talent of the Americans in designing their craft, we have forgotten to blame ourselves for placing a barrier against improvement in the construction of large yachts. With our miserable tonnage laws, we could never hope to compete with the untrammelled American; our fastest vessels were such small cutters as were able to avail themselves of a shuffling evasion of tonnage. Applied to larger craft this evasion was inadmissible, hence little or no improvement is to be traced in the construction of large class yachts for many years prior to 1851. However the *America* set our builders to work, and nothing was to be seen but long bows, or lengthened bows. In many instances this has been carried to an absurd extent, proving how little science has been brought to assist the naval architect. The success of the *America* is to be attributed to a far more intricate combination of qualities than those, who see nothing remarkable about her except the sharp water lines, imagine. She had evidently been constructed with great care, her centres of gravity were well adjusted, the sails balanced with considerable skill, and what was probably of still more importance she had an excellent crew. In the majority of those yachts built in England since 1851, the *America* has been adopted as a model, but instead of analyzing the elements of that vessel before attempting to copy her, our builders have dashed blindly at the long bow, and omitted every other part of the original; yet the builders are not altogether to blame, they have to supply vessels built in accordance with the prevailing taste, and thus, in many instances, yachts were constructed which differed materially from what the better judgment of the builder suggested."

We also highly approve of what Mr. Murett's says at page 79, as to the measurement of tonnage for racing purposes by the area of the sails.

are not quite sure but the dimensions of the spars might afford a very good basis for ascertaining the actual power of a vessel. Few boat owners will carry sticks they have not cloth to cover, and spars are more easily measured than sails, and do not afford the same ground for squabbling and disputing. There may be many objections to this

mode of measurement, we merely throw it out as a hint and have not bestowed much thought on the matter.

Our author seems to incline to an opinion which has long been our own, that the length and sharpness of bow has in many cases been overdone, and that a most dangerous and useless class of vessels has been the result. For seagoing purposes these craft are utterly useless. We have in our eye, a schooner of some 150 tons, beautiful to look at, swift as an arrow in smooth water, and the favorite production of an eminent builder, which was lately obliged to seek shelter, when a little old fashioned schooner of 40 tons kept the sea and made her passage. This attenuated craft shipped water in tons, had her men washed down the fore hatch, and when brought to the wind would not lie to. If you hauled her sheets taut she gathered stern way, if you give her sheet she forereached like a race horse.

In conclusion we would call our readers' attention to the admirable and interesting drafts of famous yachts attached to Mr. Marett's work: the fact of so many different designs being brought into immediate juxtaposition enables a comparison to be easily made, and adds much to the interest. The execution of these diagrams stands in no need of the apology Mr. Marett makes as the artist.

J. A. L.

EFFECTS OF OIL IN BECALMING A HEAVY SEA.

BY TOM TUG.

Most of the readers of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* have, I doubt not, heard or read of the effect of oil poured on the "troubled waters" in producing a temporary calm, but like myself, few, I imagine, have met with so striking a case of its effects as the following; as related to me by the first engineer of a steam vessel (whom I have known for many years,) and corroborated by others of the crew.

At 6h. 30m. a.m., November 9th, 1856, the screw steamer "William Beckett," of Goole, 300 tons burthen, left Copenhagen very deeply laden with corn, principally in bulk: when off the Skaw, the evening of the same day, she experienced very heavy weather, and began to take large quantities of water, which gradually increased till 2h. a.m. on the 11th, when the water extinguished the fires, and the engines ceased working. Amer.

Every exertion to keep her afloat was used till 9h. a.m. on the 12th, when a Danish schooner was descried laying to, about eight miles to leeward, and the boats were ordered to be got in readiness.

The master had learned the effect caused by oil in producing smooth water, (which he had previously mentioned to the first engineer,) in the following manner:—an old fisherman had told him that when running before a heavy sea, he had made a practice of towing a loose bag or net filled with fish bones, skin, and other greasy garbage, which had a considerable effect in becalming a following sea. Where the old man got his idea from I was not informed, and it would be interesting if any of the correspondents of the Magazine could meet with and point out any similar instance.

Acting upon this suggestion the master ordered the long boat and the life-boat, to be each provided with a five-gallon can filled with oil, and at a quarter-past 9h. a.m. the boats were launched with a very heavy sea running: the long boat containing the master and eight men, and the life-boat, the mate and four men, making up the complement of the crew of fourteen hands.

On board the long boat the master kept a sharp look out for the heavy following seas, the engineer being furnished with the oil bottle, and whenever an "extra" sea within 20 yards of the boat threatened to swamp her, the master sang out to the engineer, who "bobbled" out from a gill to a gill and a half of oil, when immediately the wave "seemed to divide and fall off on each side."

When the steamer sunk, and went down stern first, about five minutes after the crew had quitted, attention was naturally directed to her, and the oil was for a few seconds neglected, the boat was nearly swamped; being the only sea they shipped in her run (pulled before the wind) to the schooner, which she reached in about an hour and a half, having still a little oil left.

In the life boat the mate reported similar results, but as on board of her they had not been equally careful in the use of their oil, it was all expended a short time before they reached the schooner, and some of the crew in her, had already conceived such a high opinion of the use of the oil, that they almost gave themselves up as lost, and called to the other boat for a supply, which however was not to be had.

When the poor fellows boarded the schooner she was about 200 miles off the Skaw, and after beating about in the North Sea for seven days they were safely landed at Cuxhaven.

MY CRADLE BOAT.

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER IX.

THE case, *Murray v Listwell*, having been called on, the Learned Counsel for the plaintiff proceeded to open the case.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said Sergeant Spout, "the plaintiff in this case is the daughter of a poor widower fisherman; whose entire hope in this world is enwrapped in that of his only daughter. Without her, his home would be cheerless, lonely, and devoid of comfort; the plaintiff by her cheerful manners, lively disposition, and tender care for her father, has been the life, the light, and sunbeam of their homely cottage, and it will be no difficult task to prove to you, that the plaintiff's life has hitherto been one of innocence, unsullied reputation, irreproachable conduct, and untainted virtue. Therefore the libel which is the subject of this action, is most cruel, wicked, and unfounded. I shall be enabled to prove to you by undoubted testimony, that this libel has been invented and published I regret to say by a Lady, who occupies a distinguished position in society—Miss Lucy Listwell, the only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Roland Listwell of Wrangold Park, in this county. The action is therefore the more painful to all parties, concerned, but not the less excusable on that account. It is only surprising how such a lady should so far have forgotten herself as to have stooped to listen to the tittle-tattle of her servants; and then fan the flame of that tattle to a cruel and malicious scandal. Gentlemen, I shall be enabled to prove to you by evidence uncontradictory, that the originator of this libel is no other than this Lucy Listwell. In so doing I shall bring before you witnesses on whom you may rely, and amongst them a gentleman from the native village of the plaintiff! who being unfortunately a bachelor, and having with kind and charitable motives befriended this poor girl from her cradle: his kindness has been mistaken and cruelly slandered by the defendant, as done through interested motives of a base sort. I would therefore warn you, gentlemen of the jury, to pay particular attention throughout this case to the real intention of the witness Mr. Bluffbow, in extending the hand of kindness towards this poor girl and not mistake his acts of charity for anything else. The plain Gentlemen, although a cottage girl, has a noble mind, is of amiable

position, and unblemished character, save this scandal. She had won by such, and by her fair and beautiful face, the heart of a worthy, honest and respectable sailor, and was about to be shortly married to him, when this scandal reached his ears; he then immediately withdrew his attentions, broke off the engagement, and left the disconsolate girl to weep in sorrow for her loss and disappointment, her hopes of marriage for ever blighted : and if such scandal be not proved false, her character for ever gone. The case is one of extreme hardship on the part of the plaintiff, and her aged father : the only mystery about it is, what on earth could have induced the defendant to circulate so calumniating and libellous a report about a poor girl, a native of her own village. Was it because the plaintiff was possessed of abundant charms of beauty, and had many admirers, although no wealth ; whilst on the contrary, the defendant had wealth, horses, carriages, and servants at her command ; but could boast of neither beauty nor admirers ? Was this any pretext for the scandal ? What other motive this wealthy maiden lady could have had in circulating so scurrilous a report, I am at a loss to conceive. But, Gentlemen, it neither behoves you nor me to look at the motive of the defendant, we must look at her actions, her words and deeds : and if you are satisfied in your own minds that there is no foundation for such reports as she has raised ; and that they originated with the defendant, it is your duty to look at the losses sustained by the defendant ; not only those of a husband on whom she doated : but at the life of disappointment and clouded unhappiness before her, on the temporary loss of her character, the pain inflicted in the breast of her aged father : and, though last not least, you must look at the exalted position of her accuser, and visit her with the only punishment in the power of the law—that of awarding liberal and remunerative damages.”

The learned Sergeant then proceeded to detail the evidence he proposed bringing before the Jury : and at the close of his address, which occupied two hours, he proceeded to call the witnesses.

The plaintiff was first called, and at the conclusion of her examination by the Counsel for the plaintiff, was submitted to a severe cross-examination by defendant's Counsel, Sergeant Snarl.

“ Do you remember visiting Mr. Bluffbow in man's attire ? that is to say in trowsers and jacket ? ”

I did so on one occasion. ”

Never but once ? ”

I think twice. ”

You think *twice*. Now just think again, and try if you cannot remember going three times. ”

"I may have gone three times, but certainly not more."

"Now just think again will you? I do not wish to hurry you. But on your oath have you not visited Mr. Bluffbow *four* times in that pretty jacket and trowsers?"

"On my oath I never have."

"But did you never visit any other person besides Mr. Bluffbow in that attire?"

"Never!"

"And how long used you to stay with Mr. Bluffbow when you went to his house?"

"Sometimes but a few minutes."

"And sometimes longer I suppose?"

"Never very long."

"What do you call long?"

"I mean that I never staid more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at any time."

"At what time in the evening used you to go to Mr. Bluffbow's?"

"When I have been in the evening it has generally been about seven o'clock."

Sergeant Snarl having concluded his cross-examination, Sergeant Spout asked the plaintiff "What was her object in going to Mr. Bluffbow's in disguise?"

"I went on the first occasion at a time when my father was in trouble; and being very anxious to obtain an interview with Mr. Bluffbow which I thought would be denied me if it were known who I was. I disguised myself and succeeded in seeing him."

"Do you remember what was your object in going a second and third time in disguise?"

"It was similar to that of the first visit."

Sergeant Snarl then proceeded to question the plaintiff as to what conversation took place between herself and Mr. Bluffbow on the occasions of those visits; but Sergeant Spout objected that it was not evidence; and such questions were irrelevant to the case. The court being of the same opinion, the plaintiff was ordered to stand down, and the next witness was called.

The case occupied the court two days, during which upwards of twenty witnesses were examined, amongst whom were Miss Arabel Bluffbow, who made no very favorable impression in court.

Sergeant Snarl made an eloquent and powerful appeal to the jury on behalf of the defendant, but failed to remove the impression from their minds that the libel was originated by Miss Lucy Listwell; for .

was clearly proved she had written two letters to ladies in the village, which letters were of libellous import and formed the ground of the action. The jury therefore after patiently and attentively listening to his defence, retired for a few minutes, and returned into court amid the breathless anxiety of an eager public, with a *verdict for the plaintiff—damages £1,500 !*

The announcement was received with such a burst of applause as has seldom been heard in court, and which for several minutes it was impossible to quell.

The two maiden ladies, Lucy Listwell and Arabella Bluffbow, immediately left the court; but were followed by a mob of some two hundred persons, who hissed and hooted them down the street. They applied in vain for the protection of the police; that body was too feeble and unwilling to assist them. When arrived home, they found the village roughs equally insulting, and the following week the two ladies quietly left the neighbourhood for some distant part, and have never since returned. And strange to say—no one appears to regret their absence. My aunt is still living; but whether she has altered her will or not, since the trial I shall probably not know until her death, should I outlive her. I have reason to believe that she continues to live with her bosom friend Lucy: and that they may sometimes be seen walking out on fine days in the neighbourhood of Bath.

About six months after the event of the trial a circumstance occurred affecting Kitty's father, which well nigh terminated in the old man being again taken for smuggling. Murray had been a smuggler from boyhood. He pretended to follow the honest trade of a fisherman, but in reality was extensively connected with lawless adventurers at sea. His last run was from a remote town in the Netherlands, when he and three others, all considerably younger than himself, had crossed the sea at night with a valuable cargo of contraband, proceeded to trawl for fish during the day in company with other vessels, and towards afternoon run boldly for the harbour, which they passed through unsuspected: and later in the day the greater part of the goods were safely landed and conveyed away. About a dozen tubs of Hollands, however, were concealed in a small copee near the water's side, and one of the crew of the vessel was left to watch them. Murray being engaged aboard the vessel endeavouring to escape her from the strong smell of contraband goods. The man in charge of the tubs drank too freely of the liquor, and rolled down on the beach, dead drunk. Whilst lying on the ground in this state, a Coast Guard cutter passed by, and endeavouring to raise him discovered the cause of his prostrate condition, by the strong fumes of Hollands which hung

about him : and on searching the copse found the tube, which he immediately seized, and took the drunkard prisoner. On questioning him as to who else was engaged with him in smuggling, he muttered, "You—hic-hic—must ask—hic-hic—Mur—hic-hic—Murray—hic—about it."

Murray's cottage was therefore searched but nothing found. The officer, however, took him into custody. The vessel was searched, but beyond the slight smell of spirits there was no appearance to prove it had been used for smuggling purposes. When the drunken man became sober, he denied mentioning Murray's name ; said Murray had nothing to do with it : and there being no other evidence against him, Murray was discharged. The other was fined £80, which he paid, and was then liberated.

Within a year of this adventure, Murray died rather suddenly, of a diseased heart ; and it was found he had left a Will, by which he bequeathed all his property to his "beloved and only daughter Kitty," whom he appointed sole Executrix. The property was found to consist chiefly of money in the Consols, amounting with its accumulations, to nearly Four Thousand pounds. Kitty was as much surprised at her unexpected fortune as were the people in the neighbourhood. She could scarcely believe herself possessed of so much property, until she had proved the will ; which she placed, by my advice, in the hands of Mr. Weasel, who went with her to the Bank of England and had the money transferred into her own name.

Kitty afterwards, under the advice of her friends, obtained the services of an intelligent and talented governess, as her companion and tutoress, with whom she lived very happily upwards of a year and a half ; was noticed by all the principal people in the village, and moved in the best society : she was beloved and respected for her daily acts of charity and kindness to the sick and aged. She had a string of admirers, but gave no encouragement to any. In a short time her natural talents and quick perception, had enabled her, under the careful instruction of her governess, to become tolerably accomplished, and altogether a pleasing and entertaining girl in country society.

My friend Hart in the meantime had married his favorite Fanny, and they appeared as happy a couple as it were possible to imagine. It was at an evening party at his house that I arranged a summer day's sailing for the ladies ; Hart and his wife were to go with us, Kitty Murray her governess, two other young ladies and one or two gentlemen. ' adventures on that occasion must be the subject of my next chapter.

MY LOG FOR 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As you have many times invited yachtsmen to contribute to your Magazine, and I notice that this invitation has been now and then responded to (though not so frequently as I should like to see it), I venture, though with many misgivings, to follow the example of those bolder spirits among us, who have for a time at least, exchanged the pen for the tiller, and as I have kept a log regularly for the last five years, I send you some extracts from “My Log of 1856,” omitting of course those portions of it that are merely personal, and which are not mine to publish.

I must, however, bespeak your indulgence and that of your readers, for the following pages, as this is my “first appearance on any boards,” or rather *between* any, for, like your contributor, Mr. Berncastle, I fancy I would rather have a three-reef mainsail, and a “dead muzzler” before me than the task I have proposed to set myself.

H. B.

It was the evening of Tuesday the 20th of May when, with my two friends R—— and E——, I found myself to my much contentment on board the N——, for the first cruise of the season, and right glad were we, after the long winter months to find ourselves once more ensconced in her snug cabins,—every thing fresh, clean, and airy; dinner on the table; and comfortably at anchor for the night in Kingstown harbour.

Our destination on the morrow was Carlingford Lough, where we proposed staying a few days, having friends stationed at Newry barracks. We sat late after our coffee that night as we had much to talk over and discuss, and it was past two o'clock before we retired to our “state-rooms,” consequently we did not turn out in the morning, when we got underway at 5h. a.m. On going on deck at eight, the Carlingford mountains loomed through the morning mist right ahead, and at nine having picked up a pilot, we were bursting through the broken water on Carlingford bar, between the lighthouse and Greenore, passed Green Island, Carlingford, &c., and at 10h. a.m. anchored off Rosstrevor in as pretty a landlocked bay as I ever saw. This loch is very beautiful, especially between Rosstrevor and Warren Point, and reminds me more of Scottish lake scenery than any other place I have visited.

The rest of the day was devoted to visiting Newry, about six or seven miles away, where we were most hospitably received by our gallant ds of the 4—th, who not only fed us, but on ascertaining we were not aared with dinner garments, clothed us also. Finding Rosstrevor so ant we staid several days, and enjoyed ourselves much. One little ent I will just mention by the way, that struck me as being some ingenious, tho' rather sharp practice:—we had a party on board one
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day, and as it was blowing fresh and squally, the ladies preferred remaining at anchor, until after dinner was over, when they waxed bolder, and although I had no inclination to move without a pilot, of course their requests must be obeyed: we hoped with the help of the lead and by using ordinary caution, to keep off the ground somehow. We were just tripping the anchor when a revenue cutter (which had been cruising about all day with a party of gentlemen on board,) bore down towards us, a four-oared gig put off from her side and pulled for us, and in a few minutes an officer, in all the glory of gold lace and naval uniform, jumped on board us, and introduced himself as Lieut. S—— of the C—— revenue cutter. He very politely informed us that it was a bad time of the tide to get underway, &c., but that if we had no pilot he would have great pleasure in taking charge and acting in that capacity himself. Of course such unwonted attention on the part of the Queen's officer was warmly acknowledged, and we gladly availed ourselves of his services for an hour or two; before leaving us however the cause of his affability, was discovered over a glass of champagne in the cabin. It appeared that his party had observed our preparations for getting underway, and several bets were made by the gentlemen that we should be ashore before we had been half an hour under sail. The lieutenant quietly took all the bets, and then won his money in the way I have shewn. We did not hear whether he ever got paid or not.

Noon next day found us floating placidly out of the Lough, with little or no wind, having previously, with some difficulty captured a native, clad in a cowskin jacket and a pair of unmentionables apparently made of seaweed, who with his mate in similar attire (only with less of it) we prevailed upon to pilot us: the charge for his services being a glass of whisky and a pair of old boots. He took us out safely nevertheless, and indeed it is not a place to trifle with, for the channel is narrow and full of blinders, and though we did not experience any of them, (the wind being southerly all the time of our stay), I am told that the squalls from the high lands with the wind at N.W., are fit to blow one out of the water almost. Dismissing our "aborigines" at Green Island, we laid our course for Dublin Bay, and anchored in our old quarters in Kingstown Harbour at 2h. next morning.

Sunday was passed quietly, and on Monday night after a pleasant day in Dublin we sailed for Douglas,—Isle of Man; wind at N.W. d right ahead; but we hardened our hearts, and though we were e time obliged to douse everything in a squall from a thunder-clou, e made all snug and settled down for a steady beat to windward. T t morning at 7h. a.m., we were off the "Calf": the island as is after e

case being invisible in the fog. We had taken our bearings, however, and could every now and then catch a glimpse of the line of white surf on the rocks, and just as we were discussing the probability of our having overrun our distance and passed Douglas Head, the fog slowly rolled away, and house after house, and rock and field gradually shewed itself like a dissolving view, and at 11h. a.m., we were safely moored to the red buoy in Douglas Bay.

A few pleasant days were spent, pleasant, as they always are about this jolly little island, and I do think more delightful quarters for a yachting man could not be desired. Ramsey, and other places were visited, and as we could always get a pleasant party together, no wonder that we were loth to leave; but it would not do to spend all the summer idling about one place, so on Tuesday, 24th June, I again "dropped my madhook" in Kingstown Harbour, in time for the fun at the Irish Regattas, which as they have been described in your pages long since, I need not say more about, except that they certainly are the best and pleasantest regattas I ever see anywhere,—and the warm welcome and true kind heartedness every stranger finds on his arrival in Irish waters makes him feel at home at once. As I have myself, as a stranger, experienced this true yachting spirit more than once, I am glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the kindness that was shewn me.

Every one visiting Kingstown should by all means ascend Killiney Hill. Easy of access (for you may drive up to the very peak,) you are rewarded by a most charming view of Dublin and the surrounding country; southward are the blue mountains of Wicklow, and stretching far out to sea on the other side the bold promontory of Howth lies before you, while far away in the distance is Lambay Island, the scene of the ill-fated Tayleur's disaster. On a clear day too the Morne mountains, the Isle of Man, and the Welch land may be plainly seen. To the early rising yachtsman I would say, go to Killiney Hill and see the sun rise, but warn your steward first that he may be prepared at breakfast time, for it gives you a fearful appetite. I remember starting one morning at four o'clock with four friends, and pulling right on end from Kingstown harbour to Howth and back again before breakfast, (a pull of about 12 or 14 miles,) and the consumption of edibles in consequence was a "caution" as the Yankees have it.

I only staid at Kingstown two days as I was anxious to return to Douglas where I was to meet my party who were accompanying me to the island, and going straight on board from the regatta ball at Dublin, as usual we had no end of "divarshion," I at once got under way and arrived in Douglas that night.

My next cruise was with two ladies and one gentleman; and when one can have the society of ladies who really enjoy yachting, besides enhancing one's pleasure very much, it has a very humanizing effect in preventing us from getting careless and indolent: you have to shave every day, and pay proper attention to your toilet, troublesome perhaps, but at any rate far better than the too *degagé* style yachtsmen sometimes fall into while cruising, and when associating only with the rougher sex.

Leaving Douglas on the 1st of July, and calling for a few hours at Ramsey, we hove to off Ailsa Craig the next day at noon; hoisted out the gig and went ashore to explore (none of the parties having been in Scotland before.) On landing, we noticed a tent and a number of "red jackets" about, which I could not quite make out as I knew there were only three established inhabitants of this lonely rock. It appeared however that a party of Sappers and Miners were surveying the place afresh, and a serjeant and half a dozen men were thus employed. The serjeant was very civil and obliging, and shewed us all his plans and drawings, which were most beautifully executed. He spoke of the many difficulties they had to contend with from bad weather, &c., only two days in a fortnight in which they could take a survey; and had been obliged to make a well, as they had nothing but water and salt meat to exist upon, and had been short of the former.

After staying a couple of hours we went aboard, as it was dinner time; but at the request of the ladies I sent the boat ashore again with some wine, spirits, and other creature comforts to the serjeant and his people. I fancy from the manner it was received, and loud cheers which greeted us, that our healths had seldom been more heartily drunk.

Ailsa Craig, the property of the Marquis of Ailsa, is a basaltic rock uprising from the sea upwards of 900 feet, and is popularly known as "Paddy's milestone." There is only one small hut on the north-east side where two men and a woman live. The latter is a new importation, having only been a bride some two months; but seemed quite content in her isolated situation. The men are stationed there to watch the place and collect the feathers of the seafowl which breed in myriads there. It was the custom formerly for passing steamers to fire a gun, for the amusement of their passengers to startle the birds, when the air was literally darkened by a dense cloud of them. The Marquis however objects to having the birds disturbed, and the practice is now discontinued. There is some good wild goat shooting to be got on Ailsa, I was told that permission could at any time be procured from his ship on application. On the south-east side, about half way up

diff, is the remains of a tower said to have been the refuge of Robert Bruce at one time. We anchored that night in the pretty bay of Lamash, and retired to rest early, determined to be up with the lark, and make the best use of our time.

The morning of Thursday, 3rd July, broke calm and lovely, and the echoes from the land floated over the placid water towards us with that soothing and dreamy effect that is only noticeable I think when afloat. At 10h. a.m. we resumed our course up the Clyde, and after a delightful sail we arrived at Rothsay at 3h. p.m., and went ashore to enjoy ourselves and have a "constitutional" walk before dinner. The town is neat and prettily situated: we rambled about, visited the castle and all the picturesque views we could hear of, and right well tired were we before bed time. As the next morning began wet and gloomy we did not hurry for an early breakfast. This was a thoroughly Scotch day—mist, wind, and rain incessantly, so the awning was set with the weather curtains down. We betook ourselves to squaring up our correspondence.

We were favoured with a fine evening, which we immediately took advantage of, and went ashore till dark.

On Saturday, 5th July, at eleven we started for Inverary and Loch Fyne, through the Kyles of Bute, and were joined by a friend with his yacht, who was also bound our way.

(To be continued.)

ORAL TRADITIONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

BY CAPTAIN K. B. MARTIN.

PART III.

Much curious speculation was excited on opening the ground, in the construction of the canal and military redoubt at the time of Napoleon's threatened invasion. The line of canal crossed the eastern side of the Portus Lemanus, groins were cut through, and remains uncovered which would certainly indicate a sudden inundation, in lieu of anything like a progressive change. Among other discoveries were the poles of nets similar to those used in the present day, and called kettle nets; and to these poles much of the gear was attached in an extraordinary state of preservation, and buried under a mass of shingle many feet below the surface. It was justly remarked at the time "how terrible must have been the change, which did not allow the poor fishermen time to remove their only property, and their only means of obtaining subsistence." It is likely they would passively behold a gradual encroachment of the

sea, and not remove their gear and nets, which were thus found attached to the poles, indiscriminately associated with the spoils of the land, and the wreck of the sea.

The majestic and stupendous cliffs now present a bold barrier to the tides ; and Dover, my native place, next arrests our attention. It was here I first drew my breath, and rambled among its castellated and romantic scenery, first imbibed a veneration for relics of antiquity, and carefully preserved any tradition of historic record which fell in my way. I had a maternal uncle whose name was Gallant Hampton. He was a man of extraordinary intelligence for his day ; was descended of a noble Kentish family ; and, uniting the ancient library of his father's house with periodical publications, supporting himself by reading and lending books, and established the first circulating library in Bench Street, Dover. My grandfather, also was fond of reciting to us all he knew of ancient tradition from his father, who was a doctor and a scholar ; and, as my venerable ancestor was born in the reign of Queen Anne, and remembered Dover before the innovations of the first American war, which levelled some of its old ruins to erect batteries, we were highly interested by his descriptions. These, and an old eccentric gentleman, Tommy Pattenden, were my authors, from whose antiquarian researches I obtained the following traditions of Dover localities.

The castle, built by the Romans soon after their invasion of Britain, was no doubt intended as a defence for a much more important harbour or haven, than Dover at present possesses. In a survey ordered during the administration of the Right Hon. William Pitt, then governor of Dover Castle, it was proposed to cut a passage through for the river which flows from the valley, and thus enable it to pass, in a straight line to the bay, and into deep water ; by this means a capacious harbour would have been formed, after the description which tradition has handed down to us of its first and ancient port, the proofs of which are many. The houses in Bench Street, were built on the parallel lines of piling, which formed the old pier on the bank of the river. The old three-gun battery was erected upon the commencement of its stone mole, which, curving a little to the west, terminated in the bay, where its ruined head, now covered with the deep, is still recognised in its foundation stones, which are to this day called the Mole Rocks. The battery was a play ground for myself and schoolfellows, till the present bridge leading to the rope-walk (now the Marine Parade with its splendid terraces) usurped its place, and was a great improvement to that part of the town. From this point (which was the mouth of the port) the river flowed in an uninterrupted course up the valley to Water's End, pas

through where the villages of Charlton and Buckland now stand, and evidently navigable to Crab-hole (now called Crab-ble,) as the remains of Naval Architecture have been found in that bottom, and heavy anchors dug out of the meadow lands. It is supposed by many that the priory and Le Maison Dieu were erected on the ruins of Roman fortifications, which then stood on the bank of the haven. Be that as it may, the magnificent baths which were discovered beneath the vaults of St. Mary's church in the seventeenth century, showed by their arrangement that a river or aqueduct had been in the immediate vicinity for their supply; and whoever has observed the Roman baths, in the Italian dominions, will immediately perceive that the ancients had not the slightest knowledge of hydraulic power, and chose for the site of their buildings situations where the water could be conducted through without any difficulty.

Hence it is plain that St. Martin's, St. Mary's, the Priory, and Le Maison Dieu, were on the western side of the haven. Le Maison Dieu has for many years been called the Victualling Office; a brewhouse, a butchery, and a bakehouse having been constructed by the government under cover of its lofty ruins; and I have often seen the tars filling water from the pure limpid stream, which issuing from the walls of this once splendid nunnery, is still called "Our Lady's Well." St. James's Church is the only one remaining, on the eastern side, out of the seven which Dover once possessed; and we now come to the consideration of the remote, but probable cause which here, as in the other parts occasioned so extraordinary a change. Had a gradual recession of the sea taken place, the river would still have ebbed in an uninterrupted line to the bosom of the deep, and the moles and bulwarks lifted their heads still loftier than before, in lieu of being hid beneath a mass of shingle, or covered with the turbulent waves. Whoever in the present day, has observed the effect of one heavy gale upon the mouth of Dover harbour in a few hours, and the moving bar of shingle which will block up its passage, will easily reconcile to their minds the manner in which the Portus Lemanus was overwhelmed, and the different havens on our coast destroyed; when most probably, in addition to the tempest the earthquake heaved from the dark chambers of the deep the loosened sand and pebbly bottom, and hurled them to the shore; and although from some natural cause that awful visitation is now less frequent, still in our own series it has been experienced in a slighter degree.

my boyhood, about the year 1797 or 98, a sharp shock of an earthquake took place at midnight, and the generality of people being at rest, as little appreciated; it awoke me with a noise resembling that of

shooting coals from a cart into a deep cellar ; in the morning we were surprised at the altered appearance of Shakspeare's Cliff, many thousand tons of its crest were precipitated, and formed a chalky promontory, stretching into the sea at its base. The cliffs between Dover and Folkestone all bore evidence, more or less, of its effects ; but the most remarkable change occurred at the Folkestone signal station. The land there had subsided considerably, while upon the shore beneath, a bank of soil had been lifted above the waters. It had the appearance of lead-coloured paint, and, when rubbed between the palms of the hands, gave out a strong sulphurous smell. A very heavy gale of wind succeeded this slight convulsion, or earthquake, and lasted two days, in which time it threw up such a quantity of beach between the piers of Dover harbour, that for several tides it was rendered unnavigable, till the powerful backwater of the sluices cleared a passage through to the sea. Now the whole of the strata in the valley from the Marine Parade, through the streets and market-place, is intermixed with extensive patches of this sea beach ; and how clearly the derivation of names will prove the traditions of our forefathers. The sea having in some extraordinary state of agitation, thrown up an immense barrier of beach and sand against the mouth of the river Idle, or Stream Brook, turned its course along the base of the western cliffs, till, labouring for vent, it issued forth where the present harbour stands, and, being diverted from a straight line to an acute angle, prevented the free ingress and egress of the ocean tides. The sand and soil, accumulating by degrees, would soon occupy the space of a capacious haven or harbour—this may be seen by artificial operations ; the rapidity with which land is gained from the sea, when the scouring of the currents or wash of the tide cease, is almost incredible. As a case in point, the sunk island in the Humber is one ; and that scientific man, Mr. Smeaton, informs us, that at Ramsgate, in five years, while the works of that harbour were neglected, an accumulation of soil took place in an area of twenty-five acres, equal to 260,000 cubic yards. Similar causes produce effects corresponding, or varying only with local circumstances ; hence the derivation of the name of the upper basin, or " Old Pent," forming that part of the port contiguous to its former or ancient entrance, from the word " Pent", shut in, or shut up, and in contradistinction to the Paradise Pent, which is now covered with streets, but which I remember in high tides an expanse of water: however it had become a receptacle for all kinds of filth and rubbish, it about the year 1805 levelled and built upon.

Round Tower-street still points out the spot where Henry the V. caused a tower to be erected for the preservation of the shipping ;

in this anchorage ; and Bulwark-street, formerly a part of the ramparts and fortifications, which terminated at the base of a rock on the strand, now called the Black Bulwark, or Bulwark Rock. Under shelter of this ancient wall, protected from enemies and storms, the seaman, grateful for the security afforded him, called the anchorage "Paradise Pent."

In the years 1805 to 8, many excavations were made, and a canal dug out from the upper part of the Old Pent, to the foot of the Castle Hill. In this line many interesting remains were discovered, imbedded in the sea beach, which had been thrown in upon them ; and piling of a foundation was cut through, parallel to the line of Bench-street. Many other proofs identify the position and existence of the Old Harbour, and may be traced in the names of different localities in the venerable town of Dover. In Domesday Book, this harbour is described, and particularly in the reign of Edward the Confessor, as being a port of magnitude and worthy of the most distinguished honours and privileges.

Proceeding from hence along the coast, we find the next assailable point to be the entrance of the river Stoure at Sandwich. Here the sand-hills, piled upon each other, occupy a large space from the north-east end of Deal to the mouth of this once fine river ; which formerly communicated with the Wantsumn, and formed the large estuary already mentioned, affording an open channel from Richborough Castle to the Reculvers, between the Isle of Thanet, and the main land of Kent. The smiling villages which occupy this fine level are all upon a loose sandy strata, interspersed with marine substances, covered by a fertile soil, the deposit of many ages. Shells, pieces of wreck, anchors, &c., have given evident proofs of their once proximity to a navigable channel, which their names evidently testify, Sand-wicke, Stonar, or Estanore, Fleet, or Ebb's Fleet, Stourmouth, Fordwick, &c., &c.; Sandwich, upon the sandy or sea-shore, Stony-shore ; Fleet, where Harold is said to have anchored his navy, Stour-mouth ; where the Wantsumn waters joined ; and Fordwicke, where, at low water, the river might be forded or crossed. This then was the estuary ; and let us examine the tides, and see how improbable it will appear that a gradual recession of the waters took place:—it is high water in the Downs an hour and twenty minutes earlier than at the Reculvers, and, consequently, when the tide was at its full height upon their shores, it must have fallen several feet in the Downs, and entrance of Sandwich Haven. With what rapidity must it have retrograded through the estuary upon the ebb tide, what would be the effect if a channel were again cut through where it formerly existed? The natural anticipation would be, that the outlet of land waters from the haven, aided by so powerful a stream, would

again form the Brake and Goodwin into an island or islands. The flood which falls with such violence upon the chalky cliffs of Ramsgate and Broadstairs would partially cease, and be diverted into its ancient channel between Thanet and Kent, flowing in nearly a straight course from the South Foreland to Shepway and the Nore.

It would be amusing to the antiquarian to sketch upon a chart or map, the probable boundaries of these ancient Roman ports, havens, and estuaries, and he will be struck with the perfect coincidences between their ancient localities, according to tradition, and the known effect produced by natural causes. He will, I think, be convinced that the change was sudden and not progressive. The mouth of the Wantsumn is now crossed by a bar of soil much higher than the Levels, and its bed filled up with a chaos of chalk, flints, oyster shells, and sand, intermingled with each other quite different to the formation of any natural strata. The sea having thus shut itself out to the north, an accumulation of soil would soon take place, as every tide flowing into the haven of Sandwich would leave its deposit: mud banks in a few years would be formed, enclosed, drained and put into cultivation, all of which most probably we should have had records, but that the destructive wars continually changed their owners. The conquerors, mindful only of getting the lands in possession by their own swords, would bury in oblivion all former and more praiseworthy exertions.

Returning to the mouth of the Haven, Richborough Castle, the Rutupium of the Romans, once flanked the southern entrance of the estuary and channel, and proofs are recorded of the sea having washed its walls, and also that its mass has subsided considerably; and there appears to be no doubt as to its insulated situation. Most historians agree that there was a swamp or morass between it and the Isle of Thanet. The backwater, or land waters of this estuary must in their primitive state have been greatly increased by the hamus or havens branching away from it into the interior of the county of Kent. Such were Irkham or Haven, Wickham, Wingham, all of which in ancient maps appear to discharge themselves into this once extensive estuary, and as they laved the massive walls of Richborough, extending as they did on the verge of a sandy stratum, it is natural they, its walls, should subside, before any disturbance of the looser soil, which, together with the circumstance of that island being covered with wood, rendered it almost inaccessible. This accounts for the number of villages at present in the island that are named after enclosures of forest-land now no longer in existence but as corn-fields and gardens. Upon the open shore, between Richborough and Deal, Cæsar landed, and the difficulties he

experienced are best portrayed in the annals of himself and his noble followers. He narrowly escaped losing his whole fleet, and his galleys suffered so much that he was obliged to send Labienus into Gaul for a reinforcement. The shores of the Portus Rutupensis were strewn with wrecks, and, as Romesgate or Ramsgate, must have formed one headland of the port or haven, at a distance of only four miles from their station, it is very rationally conjectured that some of them first landed upon Thanet in that opening. That it was formerly called Romansgate, and Romesgate, corrupted by the Saxon language into Ramesgate, many historians believe; and that it had a harbour time immemorial, Mr. Lewis, although piqued at its rising importance, contrasted with Margate, readily admits in his history of the Isle of Thanet.

It is not a pleasant occupation to analyze the discrepancies of ancient authors, inasmuch as they are not here to vindicate themselves, or to be open to conviction: but we should pervert the truth if we did not correct mistakes which proceeded from their entire ignorance of their subject, added to some little amiable prejudices in favour of their own particular locality. Such I shall prove is the case with "Lewis's Isle of Thanet," a work, the authority of which has been quoted by Hasted and others, as an authentic history. I claim to be considered a disinterested evidence, my sympathies will remain through life with my native town, Dover: but as a lover of impartial antiquarian research I condemn Lewis as a partial historian, and proceed to my proofs—proofs which were accepted by the English reviewers in 1832, and yet in a history of Kent, published in 1848 the same egregious blunders are copied. So much for histories in contradistinction to Oral Tradition. Let us at once bring them to the bar, and a history of Kent, recently published has copied from Hasted or Lewis, I prefer the latter quotation—"Ramsgate a sea port, &c., &c. The name appears to be derived from the way here, which leads through the chalk cliff to the sea, though some have supposed it to be derived from Romangate, but it does not appear that it was ever so written, and it was doubted whether during the time of the Romans frequenting this island, there was here, any gate or way at all to the sea, and it seems plain it was dug first through the cliff, as the rest of the sea gates were in this little island for the convenience of the fisheries. It does not appear that any Roman coins have ever been found here, as y have at Braidstow, where the Romans (if they had any at all) ht have a station on this island."

'Might have a station!' What? a highly civilized and intellectual ple, have possession of a kingdom five hundred years, and not have tation immediately opposite, and only four miles removed from one of

their noblest fortifications at Richboro', and on the opposite side of its estuary. But first let us examine its geological features, and see how many fishermen it would have employed to dig such a gap through the chalk cliffs. The width of the Ramsgate valley (or chalk basin as called by geologists) is more than a thousand feet. The surface of the alluvial soil is five hundred feet in width where it crosses the sea line; from the shore upward a beautifully inclined plane extends to the village of St. Lawrence rather more than a mile, the substratum in its centre is as follows:—two feet vegetable earth, one to three feet of loose boulders and shingle, being a marine deposit, two feet sea sand, containing many human skeletons and animal bones, leaving no doubt as to the struggles which took place with sea rovers in this natural valley! then a substratum of stiff clay to a depth of thirty feet from the surface and deposited upon the chalk, which in this basin contains also the fossil remains of the mammoth. These also rest below the clay immediately upon the chalk. Specimens of them are in my possession. The old paintings of Ramsgate exhibit a beautiful little valley skirted with gardens, without a gap or precipitous entrance, and although it is covered with houses in our day, yet Rose-hill, Clover-hill, Pleasant-place, the Orchard-houses, and other derivations still remain in the names of the streets. I have traced the records of its harbour in the State Paper office as far back as the reign of Henry VII, and it is there stated to have had a harbour Time immemorial. In all the old deeds it was written Romangatt, and I have a copper coin in my possession, dug out of the foundation of the Block-house at Gravesend of "Romangatt, Isle of Tenet."

Proceed we now to prove the facts of Roman occupation beginning at the sea shore, where as we stand, we look upon and face the ruins of Ruechboro'. The masonry of the present port encircled the ancient pier, which was of timber and capable of sheltering upwards of forty Baltic traders, the owners of which resided at Romangatt, and carried on an extensive trade in timber and hemp; their names as Pier wardens are to my knowledge registered at Romangatt, Isle of Tenet. In excavating down to the solid chalk to lay the foundation of the Patent Slipway, many coins and relics were found, and at twenty feet below the surface the timbers of an ancient pier were uncovered. Between these timbers Roman brick and fragments of pottery were exhumed, together with the small coins of the consulate so well known to antiquarians by the Wolf and Twins, which I purchased and preserved, and forwarded a drawing of those discoveries to the Antiquarian Society. In the rear of the harbour house a sewer was discovered in digging out a foundation, the material of which was principally the wet

shaped, ward red Roman brick, a proof by-the-by that as to drainage they were as far advanced in civilization as ourselves. A vessel's bottom was also exhumed, the plank of which was of extraordinary width, and between the timbers was rammed rock sulphur, which remained in a very perfect state. Sicilian vessels often adopt this plan to preserve them from worm, and assist to steady them as ballast.

There is no doubt this had been a Mediterranean vessel, perhaps one of Caesar's auxiliaries. That conqueror's historian states, that he lost so many of his galleys by the autumnal equinox, that Lebius was sent into Gaul for a reinforcement. Now as the strand upon which they lay was on the Richborough side of the estuary west of Romansgatt, and the equinoctial gales prevail from that quarter, this would be the shore to receive them, and upon which they would inevitably be driven in such storms. Thus its present geographical position identifies it with the estuary, more especially if we take into account the waste of the headland cliffs since Caesar's invasion, which Mr. Fairholm estimated at 4000 feet. This extension would account for the names of the nearest shoals to the shore which are called the outer and inner dykes, and the valley and port of Romansgate would then be more extensive than it is even at present. During the last forty years, the waste of the East Cliff Lodge estate fully averages two feet annually; the garden wall is now falling over the precipice. During the Admiral Lord Keith's residence there, and the Princess of Wales' visit (Queen Caroline,) the troops paraded between that wall, and the edge of the cliff, and marched past by companies. A short distance farther on, about a mile from Ramsgate pier, at Dumpton stairs was also the remains of a Roman wall, which is now entirely gone, but Roman coins are to this day occasionally found between that point and Ramsgate harbour, and fragments of Roman pottery also.

Turn we now to the discoveries made in excavating for foundations to modern buildings; about a mile from the pier or harbour on the western cliff, a most perfect barrow was opened, containing urns with ashes and calcined bones, also fibulæ, buckles, the head and horns of a ram, and a perfect and beautiful specimen of Patera or sacrificial plate of Samian ware with the Lotus wreath. Major-General Beevor, secured the greater part of these relics. I have some of them, but I also, as in the last instance, forwarded drawings of the whole to the Antiquarian Society, and they formed the subject of a highly interesting lecture by Brandreth. These barrows are perfect, because scooped out of the stratum, in which the flints are naturally deposited in regular like masonry, and the barrow is filled with loose chalk rubble. The skeletons lay in this barrow, in a singular position, their feet being

towards each other, and their heads towards the urns, two of which were at each head of a skeleton. Some antiquaries supposed they had been mortal combatants. However this hill had doubtless been a station from which the line of estuary was visible, and its fortresses at Richborough close at hand.

Another barrow was dug through upon the hill near St. Lawrence about a mile north of the harbour, and similar remains were exhumed, together with a heap of stones chiselled into irregular spheres or balls, and the country people humorously called them cobblers' lap-stones. I always regretted not saving one or two of these, for a remarkable coincidence has occurred since: my friend, Captain Bullock, in his examination of the Pan Sand by means of divers, (which shoal is named from the quantity of pottery found around and about it,) brought on shore specimens of stone shot exactly similar. It is not very probable that these were missiles used by the Romans with the balista, before any artillery had been invented? However to return to our position, here are three decided stations encircling Romansgatt, one west near Pegwell, one at St. Lawrence, and one at Dumpton Stairs, and as near as possible equally distant, a mile, all producing indisputable evidence of Roman occupation, together with the remains of the ancient pier and its coins; and yet work after work is published, professing to be historical, which the geologist and the antiquary, must pronounce to be deceptive! While such histories are palmed upon the public, it is far more safe to give credit to oral tradition. Here are registers not to be mistaken, that the ancient name of this town and port was Romansgatt. It is singular enough, that Mr. Lewis writes Margate, and declares its proper name to be Mer-gatt, thus substituting one vowel for another. He writes Ramesgate for Ramsgate: now as the A has been substituted for the E in our neighbour's case, may it not have taken precedence of the O in this, and restore them both to their proper origin, and we have Mer for Mar, and Rome for Rame; thus giving to both places their most natural derivation. Margate being open for many hundred miles to the wide spread German Ocean, and having no land to bound its horizon, itself first greeting the sight of the rovers of that sea, was very naturally called Mer or Seagate, while Ramsgate being then within the headland of the Roman estuary, and presenting the nearest point of access in Thanet, to the encampments of the invaders, would naturally enough receive the appellation of Romesgate, or Romansgatt.

In thus disputing Mr. Lewis's authority, and exposing his mistake by the aid of recent discoveries, I have no desire to depreciate the claim of other places to antiquity, but rather to establish them also upon more open and rational views. Can it be supposed that Roman legions would

occupy any one of these places, and know nothing of the rest? Such never could have been the confined scale of military operations. Mr. Lewis ridicules a publication previous to the date of his own, because the author had stated "That when Cæsar conquered this nation he landed at Romansgatt." Here he affords us another proof that such a tradition was current and believed by some ancient authors, for the individual who had thus written half a century before Mr. Lewis's time must have had some authority, now the alteration of one little word in the narrative would reconcile this matter. In lieu of nation, we read people, tribe, place, or island, then we should understand, what tradition informs us, "That when Cæsar's legions passed over from the opposite shore of the Rutupian Estuary to invade and possess Thanet, they landed at the nearest valley or port, and called it Ramansgatt."

The detachment of an invading army, at a period when the strength and resources of the country thus invested were yet unknown to them, could not take a more skilful position than a line stretching from Romansgatt to Mergatt, thus occupying a space of only four miles, and covering a peninsula whose sea line was nine miles with three points of embarkation in the event of their suffering a defeat. It is impossible they could have possessed themselves of either of these points for a week without extending their operations to the other two, and there can be little doubt that Mergate and Broadstairs were also Roman stations. The Romans soon sent their victorious cohorts far into the centre of the kingdom. Is it likely they left the Isle of Tenet untouched? the shores of which on one side formed the estuary where their fleet was anchored, and on the other required defence against the Sea-King pirates of the North.

The encroachment of the sea upon the chalky barrier between Ramsgate and Broadstairs is gradual and severe. The deeds of some of the estates will give an average of more than a foot loss upon the edge of the cliff every year, some by actual admeasurement seven feet in ten years, and the headlands (as before stated) at least a two feet annual waste.

CLIFFORD'S PLAN FOR LOWERING SHIP'S BOATS.

Since we last noticed this excellent invention, it has been tested by the most scientific and nautical talent the country can boast of; and is pronounced by them the most efficient system ever produced for lowering boats, especially in stormy weather; and notwithstanding nautical men have brought forward plans for a similar purpose,—a landsman has succeeded in gaining the patronage of the whole maritime community; and

he has achieved a glorious triumph in perfecting a means of saving life, which, when it becomes the "Law of the land" that *all* steam and sailing craft shall carry a Life-boat, will, in connection therewith, preserve from a watery grave many a human life.

The *Lords* of the Admiralty have ordered trials to be made, and as will be seen by the following extracts with perfect success :—

"A severe test with Clifford's invention was made (in a gale then blowing) from H.M. store-ship *Dee*, Master-commander Pullen. Shortly before she was brought to anchor, and while she was steaming at full speed, her starboard cutter which had been fitted with Clifford's lowering apparatus, and was hanging immediately abaft the paddle-box, manned with her full crew (nine in number,) was instantly and safely unlashd, lowered, and entirely freed from the ship by one hand only of the crew in the boat. It was scarcely possible to subject the plan to a more severe trial, from the severity of the gale blowing at the time, and which was expressly chosen. The result was extremely satisfactory, scarcely a single drop of water having entered the boat."

"Mr. Clifford the Patentee, exhibited at Devonport his invention for speedily lowering boats. A skiff fitted with his apparatus was suspended from the davits of the *Zephyr*, 3, which steamed several times into Hamoaze, and, on returning under full power, dropped the boat in front of the dockyard, in the presence of Port-Admiral Sir William Parker, Admiral Superintendent Plumridge, Mr. Mills, Captain Wise, flag-ship *Impregnable*; Captain Jerningham, *Cambridge*; Captain Hay, *Indus*; Mr. Thompson, Queen's harbour-master, and others. The trials which were entirely under the control of the naval authorities, appeared to give great satisfaction: the *Indus*, 78, now fitting at Devonport for the West India station, is to be supplied with Mr. Clifford's invention."

Extract from minutes of the Seaman's United Friendly Association, held at Aberdeen on the 11th of December, 1856.

"Mr. Batten of Aberdeen, at the request of this fraternity, attended the meeting, and exhibited a working model of Clifford's Patent Lowering Apparatus, which was repeatedly tried in presence of this meeting, who are all practical seamen; and this meeting unanimously approve of this simple and much wanted invention, and they are of opinion that every foreign-going and coasting ship should immediately adopt it, in case of need, such ready means of saving human life be at hand. And this meeting earnestly hope that Government will make such arrangement with Mr. Clifford, that every coasting craft shall be able fit her boats. And it was resolved that a petition be prepared and sent to Parliament next session."

MEMORANDA OF MONTHLY MEETINGS.

The Clubs generally commence this year with the most brilliant prospects and ample means to carry on the forthcoming season with liberality; and it is gratifying to notice that the members of the principal Metropolitan club are impressed with the conviction that the "Sanitary move" will cause the Below-bridge Yacht Clubs to abandon their present sphere of action, or be subjected to the inhalation of a pestilential atmosphere when assembled on the bosom of Old Father Thames. Mr. Wilkinson's speech will be read with much interest, and we would suggest to other clubs the necessity of co-operation with the R.T.Y.C. in the endeavour to avert this evil, which, if carried out will be destructive to their annual sports.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The first meeting for 1857 was held at the Club house on the 7th ult, James Hutcheons, Esq., the Treasurer, in the chair.

The financial report showed that the club funds on the 31st of December, 1856, were upwards of £2,050. The announcement of which gave general satisfaction.

The Chairman in the course of the evening said he was anxious to bring under the notice of the club a matter most seriously affecting its interest. It was generally understood that the Metropolitan Board of Works had sent up for Government approval, a plan for the drainage of the metropolis, by which it was proposed that all the filthy sewage of London should be discharged into the Thames at Erith. Now, Erith had become of late years their favourite rendezvous for matches, and he apprehended such a proposal would utterly spoil the place for such a purpose, not only so, but the whole stream of the river would be so disgustingly impure and poisoned as to render sailing upon it not only unpleasant, but absolutely dangerous to health. Let them conceive the horror of drifting down from Erith to Sea Reach, on such a hot breezeless summer day as sometimes occurs on their matches, with a mass of the thickest London sewage floating under their bows and around them. He saw present among the members Mr. Josiah Wilkinson, who was not only an old member of the Club, but also a member of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and he thought the club would be much obliged to that gentleman if he would state how the matter really stood, and what prospect there was that the drainage scheme would be so carried out.

Mr. J. Wilkinson, felt much obliged to the Treasurer for giving him the opportunity of assuring the Club, that he had not been so unmindful of the national sport, in which they were so deeply interested, as not to oppose to the utmost in his power at the Board a project which he thought must be attended with the most prejudicial results, not only to all frequenting the Thames for purposes of pleasure, but to the mercantile marine who used its stream for the purposes of commerce. For the information of those

members who had not been sufficiently courageous to wade through the dreary debates of the Board of Works, he would state shortly that, by the plan adopted by the Board, and sent up to the Chief Commissioner, it was proposed to concentrate all the sewage of the north side of London at Rainham Creek, and at the south side at a spot about seven-eighths of a mile above Erith, and to discharge the accumulated sewage into the river each tide, at or near high-water. It was contended by that portion of the Board which supported the plan, that the excessive dilution of the sewage consequent upon its being discharged into such a bulk of water, would effectually deodorize and render it innocuous. He (Mr. Wilkinson) could not acquiesce in this. He found it proved in evidence before the House of Commons that the daily sewage of London—twenty-four hours sewage only—would, if spread over the surface of Hyde Park, cover that large space seven feet deep; or, if in the form of a river, would constitute a stream equal in bulk and depth to the Thames at Kingston. He did not believe it possible that the discharge of such an enormous mass of filth, concentrated by accumulation, could be otherwise than noxious and offensive in the highest degree, and even if the effects of the first discharge were neutralized, no answer had yet been offered to the objections which he had repeatedly urged before the Board, that the solid matter in suspension would be gradually deposited on the shore, and when exposed to the action of the hot sun, would form perfect hot beds of malaria and disease. He strongly deprecated any discharge of sewage in its foul state into the river at any point between London-bridge and Sea Reach. The only alternatives were to carry the sewage right away through Essex to the German Ocean, or to deodorize it, and thus deprive it of its noxious qualities. He had advocated the latter alternative as the most effectual and economical, and had convinced himself by personal inspection of the works carried on at Leicester, both that the process of deodorizing might be carried on without offence or injury, and that the results, both liquid and solid, were perfectly free from smell, inoffensive and harmless; but he would not invite the club to a discussion upon the merits of deodorizing. All they had to do was to keep their own noble river sweet and clear, and to protest against and oppose any plan which they believed would poison it and render it impure. The subject was one which well merited the deepest attention of the club, and he thought that the mode in which they could express most effectually their sentiments would be either by a deputation to the Chief Commissioner, or a petition to the House of Commons. So far as the Board of Works was concerned he considered their power of interference was at an end. As a member of that Board he must decline to take the initiative in any course of action which the club might think it right to adopt, lest his so doing might be misconstrued into an act of rebellion against a decision of the majority of the Board; but, if the matter were taken up by the club he should make point of attending in his place, and giving such information as might guide them in coming to a right decision.

After some further discussion, notice of a motion was given, that the subject might be again taken into consideration at the next monthly meeting

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

At the January meeting of this club, which was very numerously attended, in consequence of a motion that had been given at a previous meeting, relative to the establishment of a permanent club-room, with a regulated tariff for the accommodation of members, on a similar principle to that adopted by the R.T.Y.C., which has been found to work well. By adopting this the non-resident members have the opportunity (when business or pleasure call them to London,) of enjoying a friendly chat with their compeers, which now they are deprived of. We know several members of the Royal Thames who gain much useful yachting information in the club-room from these *reunions*, and therefore we should hail with pleasure the adoption of permanent club-rooms in each of the Metropolitan Clubs.

The meeting commenced by the Treasurer's half-yearly account being read, which specified that after every claim had been settled the funds in hand amounted to £320. A vote of thanks was unanimously awarded to Mr. Eagles, the Treasurer.

Mr. Eagles having acknowledged the compliment, proposed the re-election of Mr. T. Gregory, the Secretary, whose valuable services and general kindness of disposition entitle him to the eulogistic terms in which the proposition was made. The re-election was carried with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Eagles again rose to introduce the report, recommending the establishment of a permanent club-room, for such members as wished to enjoy the privilege. He said, when the subject was first mooted a circular was sent to every member of the club, inviting his opinion, and inquiring whether he would belong to it; and the majority of replies that he had in the affirmative indicated the strong feeling of the club in its favour. The Committee are most desirous that this matter should be fully considered, as we have only one object in view, that of complying with the wishes of the members. It will afford to all who are desirous of availing themselves of it an opportunity of meeting in their club-room, where daily papers and other periodicals will be provided, and where they may obtain any refreshment they may require at moderate charges, including attendants and the usual requisites. If it be your wish that a permanent club-room should be established, as proposed, the Committee will feel much pleasure in undertaking the arrangements, having a due regard to the interests of the club; but they would be sorry to prepare themselves for the task without the unanimous vote of the body. It has long been talked of, and the time has now arrived, when it is to be put in shape for your reception or rejection.

Mr. Crockford seconded the motion.

The Commodore (J. Goodson, Esq.,) stated it was not their intention to run into a large expenditure, but to see that this be done on something like reasonable terms. He had no wish to depart from the old principle of subscription, but this is to afford to such of the members who wish to avail themselves of it, extra advantages upon payment of an additional guinea per annum. If the club is to maintain its proud position, and have that friendly

association so essential to its continued progression, the meeting once a month is not sufficient. He had no desire to incur extra expenditure, but he must express his opinion that the institution of a permanent club-room will increase rather than diminish the funds; and the most strenuous advocate of economy, who considers the difficulties the club have had to meet, and looks at the balance in hand, must feel that the committee have exercised a careful guardianship over the funds.

After a very animated discussion the motion was unanimously carried, and there is no doubt the club will be greatly benefitted by the arrangements.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The commencement of the monthly meetings of this club for the year 1857 augurs well for its future success. The Commodore, R. Hewett, Esq., took the chair.

Mr. P. Turner, the Treasurer, submitted to the meeting the state of the funds up to the end of the year 1856. The receipts were £148. 17s. 7d., and the expenditure £113. 1s. 8d., leaving a balance of £35. 15s. 11d., the club having paid every expense. In addition to this, there were the whole of the subscriptions for the current year to come in, and with the Challenge Cup and presents from several gentlemen towards the prizes for this year, the Treasurer was of opinion that the Prince of Wales club would prosper.

A vote of thanks was then given to the Treasurer, who in reply expressed the pleasure their approval of his services gave him, but still he had only done his duty by the club. As long as he remained their Treasurer it would be a gratification to him to augment the funds as much as possible. He felt confident that at the next audit the funds would be more flourishing than they even now were.

Mr. A. Turner rose to acknowledge the vote of thanks given to himself and brother auditors, for which he sincerely thanked the members; but he must say they scarcely deserved them, for the Treasurer's accounts were kept in so efficient a manner that the auditorship was unattended with any trouble to himself and brother officers.

Mr. Fenner said he had heard that their late Commodore, Mr. Berncastle, was Commodore of a Yacht Club in Australia. That gentleman had been most strenuous in promoting the prosperity of the Prince of Wales club, and he therefore proposed that a congratulatory address should be forwarded to him. This was agreed to.

The Annual Ball.—This took place on the 21st ult., and was well attended by a numerous and fashionable company, who enjoyed the merry dance, enlivened by the delightful music of Adams' band, until near one o'clock, when they adjourned to the supper room, where a splendid repast was set forth at which the Commodore and Vice-Commodore presided. After the supper the dance was resumed, and spiritedly kept up till near daylight.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

Since our last notice of this thriving club, there has been a great addition to its members, and the last audit account gives a favorable idea of the liberal manner in which the proceedings are carried out.—The sum of £86 was expended in prizes, steam boats attending the matches, and general business of the club.

This club has met with extraordinary success since its formation; it is termed a Model club, and upholds its name by producing some of the prettiest specimens of naval architecture that ever breasted the briny wave.

The following gentlemen constitute the governing body for the year 1857, viz.:—Commodore, E. Haigh, Esq.; Vice-Commodore, G. Harrison, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, J. Watkins, Esq.; Treasurer and Honorary Secretary, W. Scott, Esq.; Auditors, T. W. Tetley, Esq. and T. H. Bowen, Esq.; Measurers, J. Watkins, Esq., M. B. Wade, Esq., and J. Morrison, Esq.

JAMES H. SMITH-BARRY, ESQ.

We regret to announce the death of this gentleman, who was Admiral of the Royal Cork Yacht Club for nearly twenty years, having succeeded the Marquis of Thomond. The bad state of his health debarred him, for a lengthened period, from participating in the duties of the club, or the pleasures of aquatic sports; but he was always a liberal subscriber to the regattas. The ground upon which the beautiful club-house is built, and the promenade quay attached, he gave to the club, free of rent, for ever. On the tidings of his death reaching Queenstown the admiral's flag was hoisted half mast high on the flagstaff belonging to the club, and on the 8th ult., the day of his interment, minute guns were fired from the club battery. His eldest son, a youth of about fourteen years of age, will succeed to his extensive estates.

The office of admiral will be filled up at the general meeting in May next.

ADMIRALTY COURT.—COLLISION.

This was an action brought by Lieut.-Col. Sterling against the owners of the barque James Holmes, for running into his yacht, the Viking, off Beachey Head, on the 22nd of August last. According to the plaintiff's statement, the Viking, a schooner-rigged vessel of 110 tons, was proceeding from Dover to Cowes, when her crew perceived the barque at the distance of about three miles. The weather at the time was fine, and the sun had gone down an hour. The Viking, therefore, immediately exhibited a light, and reported her helm, so as to lay her as close to the wind as possible; that is, say 4½ points, the yacht being rigged like the celebrated America. The barque answered by also shewing a light, but she continued her course.

Then within two hundred yards the Viking's crew hailed the James Holmes

to port her helm, but she took no notice, and ran into the yacht, cutting her down to the water's edge. The damaged vessel was however, got safely into Newhaven harbour.

The barque (a vessel of 300 tons) was on her way from Barbados to London, with fourteen passengers, and a cargo of rum, molasses, and sugar. On her part it was alleged that the vessels would not have struck each other if they had kept their respective courses, but that, when within two hundred yards of each other, the Viking suddenly ported in order to cross the James Holmes's hawse; that the helm of the barque was then ported with a view to lighten the blow, but that the accident had become unavoidable.

The Trinity Masters decided that the blame entirely rested with the James Holmes, and Dr. Lushington pronounced for the damages.

ONE! ONLY ONE!!

One, only one! the busy crowd press on,
Nor, in their hurry, miss that unit gone.
One, only one! (what matters it,) no more
The stream of life flows onward as before;
But one light bubble less its bosom bears
Of its vast myriad throng of joys and hopes and cares.

One, only one! a mother's first-born joy;
One, only one! a father's bright-eyed boy;
One, only one! the snowy shroud enfolds,
One, only one! the grave's deep silence holds!
But, ah! that one may be home's sweetest flower,
Perchance the single bud that deck'd a widow's bower.

One, only one! a sister 's passed away,
A cloud is on the place her presence made so gay;
One, only one sweet face at eve we miss
With radiant smile and ever-ready kiss,
And baby brother prattling by her side,
'Tis only one we've lost, our darling and our pride.

One, only one! a mother's gentle eye
Is glazed by death, her lips last quivering sigh
Breathed forth; one heart is stilled, 'tis only one,
Glad childhood's faithful friend and truest guide is gone.
Young hearts, where joy should reign, are sorrows thrown,
One less in the wide world has made them feel alone.

One, only one! a father's head is bow'd,
And whispered tones succeed the laugh so gaily loud,
Alas! death's icy hand has press'd his brow,
His eyes are closed, life's struggles over now.
One, only one! the prop and staff is gone,
And famine's haggard form his vacant place has won.

One, only one ! life's common path reveals
 None of the bitter truths its gaudy veil conceals ;
 One link is broken in affection's chain,
 One hasty word has snapped love's cord in twain,—
 One moment lost an empire can't redeem,
 One flitting thought may mar the spirit's fairest dream.

Then speak not lightly of an unit's power,
 The fairest wreath we wear was woven flower by flower ;
 Moment by moment centuries onward run,
 The world's vast multitude commenced at first with one.
 And oh ! one heart the less to beat below
 May steep a dozen other hearts in woe.

Nugent House, Ryde.

FANNY.

Editor's Locker.

THE ZULNIKA.

London, December 22nd, 1856.

MR. EDITOR.—Perhaps you, or some of your correspondents, will furnish a "true and particular account" of the performances of the yacht *Zuleika* which Mr. Ceeley seem so anxious to hold forth as the pattern yacht. That she has won several prizes we all know, but that she showed any extraordinary qualities, I for one am not aware of. Mr. C. states that she now belongs to a relative of Mr. Richard Green, by this we are led to expect that she will make her re-appearance in the racing world during the forthcoming season ; and then we shall have an opportunity of judging whether she is deserving of the high character now assigned to her. There is one thing to be thought of—the clippers of the present day are far superior to the past. Still I hope she may be successful, and so will every one who has the pleasure of knowing her late possessor.

I am, &c.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

MERCURY.

January 10th, 1857.

SIR.—I read with much pleasure "Argonaut's" letter in your December number, and agree with him that, however "twice-laid" the accounts of regattas are, when we take into consideration that the Magazine is devoted to yachting affairs, can there be any more legitimate place for preserving such reports. As "Argonaut" truthfully states, *Bell's Life* gives all the regattas, and that most probably you cull from such reports, yet in all this we can be no objection, for unless those persons who are interested in the details of their regattas send you reports, it is not too much to say, they would not be inserted in the Magazine ; and, therefore, if a "twice-laid" report does appear, yachtsmen should feel thankful that you have given them an opportunity of "showing to their country cousins the doings of their white craft," bound up in a neat and emblematical cover.

"Argonaut" very anxiously enquires after certain contributors who have began articles in the Magazine which they delay the conclusion of, whether the fault rests with you or them it is impossible for the patrons of the Magazine to judge; but whether justly or unjustly, it is attributed to you. But, sir, from the repeated appeals to yachtsmen it is evident you are not supported sufficiently to remunerate you for the anxiety, trouble, and expense, which must attend an isolated work. However, for the perseverance you have displayed, I hope yachtsmen generally will give you their support, and as a proof that I practice as well as preach, I forward the names and subscriptions of six friends, with my own; and I hope others will follow my example.

Your sincere wellwisher,

To the Editor H. Y. M.

E. G. T.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR FEBRUARY.

High Water at Lon. Bridge.			The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
morn.	after.					
h.	m.	h. m.	h.	m.	h. m.	
1	6 25	6 45	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56
2	7 10	7 35	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough.....	3 23
3	8 5	8 35	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast.....	4 2
4	9 15	9 57	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29
5	10 45	11 30	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47
6		0 15	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes.....	3 22
7	0 45	1 20	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55
8	1 45	2 10	Dudgeon Light...	5 23	Dungeness.....	3 17
9	2 30	2 50	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone.....	3 37
10	3 10	3 30	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North...	2 22
11	3 45	4 0	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South...	2 47
12	4 15	4 30	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37
13	4 45	5 5	Guernsey Pier....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20
14	5 15	5 30	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich.....	2 37
15	5 50	6 5	Hamber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour...	2 59
16	6 15	6 35	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23	Ipswich.....	2 7
17	6 55	7 15	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock...	2 37
18	7 35	8 9	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft.....	3 37
19	8 50	9 35	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate.....	2 2
20	10 15	11 0	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 58
21	11 45		Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth.....	2 27
22	0 25	0 55	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness.....	1 28
23	1 20	1 40	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton....	2 27
24	2 5	2 25	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead.....	4 37
25	2 44	3 5	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads..	5 27
26	3 25	3 40	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais.....	2 19
27	4 0	4 20	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe.....	3 2
28	4 40	5 0	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace...	4 15
			Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende.....	1 12
			Hamburg.....	3 53	Honfleur.....	4 37
			Brest.....	1 39	New York.....	5 7

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Gleanings alongshore," and several other Communications received, which will appear in our next number.

Erratum.—In page 41, 4th line in note, for "owners of large yachts" read "owners of yachts."

Secretaries are requested to forward accounts of Clubs Meetings, &c.

All Communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road, N. W., London.

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1856.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

By an unforeseen accident we were prevented furnishing in time for our last publication the drawing of the "Mary White," which should have accompanied the "Wandering Notes" of our esteemed correspondent, Summooa Juga. "Out of evil comes good," for we have since obtained through the courtesy of the constructors, Messrs.

White, of Cowes, four distinct drawings, which we are now enabled to present to our readers, at the same time, to show to our nautical friends that the principles on which the life-boat is constructed, may be applied to boats of any dimensions. In confirmation of which the following is a copy of a letter from the Superintendent of works at the Needles Rocks, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, where it appears those "benefactors to man," have presented to that station a small boat, which no doubt has been exposed in the tremendous gales of the past winter. On one occasion we are informed the men proceeded in it to a vessel ashore on the treacherous "Shingles. We need hardly remind our readers of the exposure these men are subjected to in their operations—the construction of a light-house on the outer Needles Rock, as a safeguard to the mariner.

Needles Rock Light-house Works,

December 6th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN.—You will be glad to learn that the small life-boat does it—work well.

I wished to remove the workmen from the rock before the storm which is now on, increased, especially as the barometer shewed this to be likely, and accordingly went down yesterday morning to take them off; there was a very heavy ground swell on, and much surf, but it made safely more than a dozen trips between the rock and the large boat moored off, and which I am satisfied a common boat could not have done.

My boatman had a prejudice against it, but that, the experience of yesterday morning has quite removed.

I am, &c.,

THOMAS ORMISTON.

YACHT CREWS.

A FEW months ago we placed before our readers what appeared to us to constitute the principal requisites of a racing crew; but to the general yachtsman there is a far more important class of seamen, as without a good captain and crew what would otherwise be a pleasant cruising voyage may be converted into a very disagreeable and disgusting expedition. We therefore propose to say a few words on the selection of a good crew for a cruising yacht.

First as to the captain:—In the selection it will be necessary to obtain a man of good character for honesty, sobriety, and ability; and here we should not rest satisfied with a few lines scribbled on a sheet of paper, stating that "John Smith has been in my employ as Captain of the yacht Barnacle, for two seasons, and I found him a civil, honest, and sober man, and an excellent seaman." Before engaging the captain we should like, if possible, to see his former master, and ascertain more about his late skipper, because in the course of a *side-à-side* conversation a man is more inclined to be communicative, and will state other matters than he chooses to submit to paper.

There are captains of very many descriptions, and fortunately there are owners ready to engage them, otherwise many would be shelved. There is the grand gentleman, who is a proficient navigator,—wears a suit of superfine blue cloth with an infinity of brass buttons, and a cap surrounded with bullion. He is mysterious, civil, sober, neat, understands his business, and will keep your yacht in perfect order.

He is always gracious and condescends occasionally to take you out for a sail, though his great point is to keep the vessel at anchor and to have a boat's crew constantly rowing to or from the club-house steps. The brass and copper on board are of a brightness wonderful to behold, and the sails are furled and coated to perfection. He seldom leaves the yacht, and is always to be found at the gangway with the side rope ready for your hand, at whatever hour of the day or night you chance to come aboard.

There are many captains of this stamp, and they are specially to be found in the large class of schooner yachts. Just notice Captain Smith on the day of the schooner race at Cowes; his master has entered the Nonsuch for the match, though this goes for nothing as his skipper repudiates the transaction *in toto*; consequently the Nonsuch is seen to get underway at 12h. 40m. and proceed toward Ryde, but meeting the contending vessels she turns, and gets as far as Lepe when Captain Smith suggests the propriety of returning to the moorings, whence an excellent view of the finish can be obtained. The day's cruise thus terminating at about 3h. p.m.

Captain Smith is somewhat expensive to his owner, for although the yacht is seldom seen more than ten miles from her station, still the quantity of new rope and sail required is astonishing, and would lead to the idea that the vessel had been a winter voyage to New York and back,—beyond this little failing he is a harmless fellow enough; but for any ability as a seaman which he exhibits, he is no more entitled to be dubbed "captain" than any other of the crew. He may be pretentious and mysterious, but it will generally be found that your Captain Smith knows very little of the pilotage of the Solent, and still less of the Channel.

We now come to Captain Brown, recommended by an eminent yacht builder. He has a more weather beaten countenance than Smith, and his gilt band and buttons show the damaging touch of salt water, whilst a faint line of white salt is to be traced along the edges of his coat. He is what his looks betoken him to be—a sailor to the backbone. He has been round the world two or three times; has been up the Straits with Lord This and through the Sound with Lord That. He hopes you are bound for Iceland, or Owyhee, or anywhere rather than staying at home. He is rather in the rough, and gives his orders from the quarter-deck in a voice which makes the glasses in the pantry ring again. The yacht pre-

sents rather a slatternly appearance under his superintendence ; the copper and brass are spotted with green, and the sails are uncoated ; but this may arise from the hurry and confusion in preparing for a trip to Madeira into which he has persuaded you : his arguments being couched somewhat in the following style,—“ If I was you, sir, I wouldn't stop humbugging about here ; as soon as ever we're fitted out I'd be off for a cruise to Lisbon or Madeira. Bless your soul, sir, there's no preparation wanted. All that's required is to make up the water, we can fill the tanks, and take four of the biggest casks on deck. If you only say the word, sir, I'll be bound to be ready to start in three days from this.” His great mind sees nothing between his water tank and Madeira,—no obstacle, no ocean intervening between his ambition and its accomplishment. All hail to Captain Brown ! for of such stuff surely were the Vikings, Columbus, Baffin, and others made, who overlooking oceans, saw, afar off, lands hidden from the limited vision of less dauntless spirits.

The captain is perhaps a little nervous till he gets clear of the land, but then seems more at home ; unshackles the chain cable, stows the anchor below, and is evidently bent on nothing short of Madeira. If a gale of wind springs up in the Channel, and you suggest running for Portland, he knows nothing of Portland, and sees no pilot at hand : in vain your delicate wife appeals for mercy—Captain Brown cannot take the vessel into Torbay. As the sea increases you insist upon bringing up at Plymouth—he has never been there, and will listen to no reason or argument : the only consolation he offers is a lay-to for a few hours “ till the height of the gale has blown over :” and those who with delicate stomachs have layed-to under such circumstances know what sort of relief they are likely to gain from this proceeding.

Ultimately you are glad to get your captain a good berth in some yacht about to proceed abroad, and with a satisfied smile hand him a character to the following effect :—“ J. Brown sailed for the greater part of the past season in my yacht as captain ; he proved himself an excellent navigator,—a thorough seaman, sober and trustworthy ; and I can confidently recommend him to take a vessel on a foreign cruise.” All which is true enough, for apart from his roughness, Brown is generally a good fellow—honest and sober ; but sometimes he is found rather deficient in these essential qualities ; and this reminds us of Captain Jones, who is an excellent yacht captain, keeps the ves-

sel in good order, is a good coaster and can navigate tolerably well on a long voyage, but when in harbour is constantly ashore with a friend, and on his return always brings with him a strong smell of bad rum; but the worst of the fellow is, that he persists in "doing his duty" when he gets into a muddled condition, he will sit up and wait for your arrival at night, when "he hopes you've spent a pleasant evening," and finally gets his dismissal through offering to shake hands with the ladies as he assists them up the side ladder. After this you are tempted to promote the mate to the vacant berth because you have noticed his great activity; but you will be fortunate if you do not find that the man who was so efficient in a secondary capacity is a signal failure when placed in command: he is either too diffident and reaches the vessel about in the strength of the tide, fearful of getting near the shore; or too rash, and perpetually ending a day's cruise on the mud, to your own disgust, but to the great amusement of your more fortunate friends. Or, you get a fisherman captain who knows the ground well enough, but has not the slightest idea of how to keep the yacht clean, or the crew smart. These are trifles compared to the dishonest captain who manages to disgust every owner he is employed by, and does more harm to the cause of yachting than fifty Browns or Smiths; he is a complete pest and the wonder is how he manages to find a second employer.

It may well be asked who can enjoy the pastime of yachting, if these are fair specimens of the *genus* captain. We reply that we have omitted the real captain,—the man who bears a good character, is cleanly, honest, sober, civil, active, and intelligent: he may not always be a navigator, but he should understand coasting. Such a man is as valuable as he is rare; he makes yachting pleasant and amusing, but it is nearly impossible to procure his services as he is always in one employ, and is handed down as an heirloom from father to son, in fact it is not unusual to see the old captain doff his cap, and show his silvered head, as he welcomes his still more aged master at the gangway for the thirtieth or fortieth season.

To the captain frequently belongs the credit of retaining the master in the ranks of the yachtsmen; had the latter fallen into the hands of some Brown or Smith when he commenced his yachting career he would in all probability have retired after one or two seasons. Frequently fault, if fault there be, lies as much with the master as with the captain, in many instances the former does all in

his power to spoil the latter,—by over-indulgence, by permitting too much freedom and familiarity, or in many other ways a good captain becomes drunken, dishonest, or impudent, till at last the master is disgusted, and gives up his amusement, while the spoiled captain is passed over to some other, who in turn is driven from the water by his worthless skipper.

Before closing this part of our yarn we would give one word of advice to yacht captains in general,—let them bear in mind that their interest lies in increasing the number of yachts and yachtsmen, that to gain this end yachting should be made as agreeable as possible, and, therefore, the captain should spare no pains in attending, not only to his own duty, but to the comfort and amusement of his master. When a drunkard is among the number of captains let his more reasonable fellows drive him away like a pest to their cause: if they occasionally administer a dose of tar and feathers to such men it will lessen their number, and although such strong measures may possibly thin the ranks of the officers it will in the end be found to strengthen and increase the number of good owners, to the great advantage of the cause of yachting, and the manifest gain of the captains themselves.

EFFECTS OF OIL IN BECALMING A HEAVY SEA.

DEAR HUNT.—In your last number "Tom Tug," gave you a yarn under the above head, and after relating the anecdote of the old fisherman towing a bag of greasy garbage, which had the effect in becalming a following sea; states "that it would be interesting if any of your correspondents could meet with and point out any similar instance."

Now, although travellers, be it said, are entitled to draw on the credulity of landmen, I venture to assert the following circumstance which occurred within my own knowledge and observation, lest "Tom Tug" might be thought to be an isolate case, I will relate a fact with reference to oil and salt water:—In 1824 I was bound from Manilla to Singapore, and in the month of July, instead of pursuing the vain attempt in those days of beating down the China Seas against the South-West Monsoon, I took the Eastern passage through the Phillippines, passing out of them by the Straits of St. Bernardino, thence to the westward of Magindanado, passing through the Straits of Macassar, Bornean Sea and Straits of Banka, until I reached Singapore, only taking 80 days on the

passage! A brig called the *Armador* sailed some time before me, laden with cocoa-nut oil for Batavia, and had 88 days passage.

A few days after my departure the following occurred; fortunately I have my Journal to refresh the memory, "commences with strong breezes and a nasty sea, all at once the sea became smooth as a millpond, yet carried the breeze." Wondered the cause of this sudden quietude; we were then abreast of the once celebrated volcano of Albay, which once burst forth and buried 6000 souls, and covered the country round for a depth of 15 feet of lava; and by digression, I would say, here grows the best Manila hemp, called *lupis* by the natives; however fancied some subterranean phenomena was about to occur. On looking over the side observed we were sailing through a sea of oil. It then forcibly struck those on board that we were either in the track of the *Armador*, or that she had foundered. *Credat Judeus*. We continued on the "oil track" for three days, reminding me of the notions of the "down easters," who when proceeding to the southward, invariably threw overboard, every quarter of an hour, a shingle, in order to find their way back. However, eventually we got out of the track and arrived at our destination, but never fell in with the *Armador*. We ascertained that she arrived safe at Batavia, with several casks of her cargo stove, and that they were continually pumping up oil on the passage. On her return compared logs and found that when the first symptoms warned us we were not 200 miles from her, but that we passed her in the night some days afterwards.

Now we are told that the Pacific Ocean derives its name from the quietude of its water, Jack argues, therefore, that it is owing to the number of south seamen who frequent those seas in search of the sperm whale, for they after securing the head matter, send the blubber adrift the consequence is that the ocean becomes so thoroughly impregnated with blubber, and as water and oil will not mix, the oil is the occasion of keeping the sea down.

I am, &c.,

SUMMOOA JUGA.

YACHT CLUB REGATTAS.

In our respected contemporary *Bell's Life*, a "Poole Yachtsman" has addressed the editor upon certain points connected with Regattas, which we have times and oft pointed out to our readers, requesting them to give a "helping hand" to remedy the evils attendant thereon, but what appears to be "everybody's business is nobody's," and with the excep-

tion of a slight improvement on the eastern coast of England last year, the old clashing of places was still carried on. "A Poole Yachtsman" has hit upon the right time to introduce the subject for the better observance of the regattas of 1857, and we hope he will not be the only writer whose opinions we shall see recorded.

Although thousands read the leviathan yet there are many who do not, therefore we shall give a few extracts from the letter of "A Poole Yachtsman." In alluding to the decline of regattas he says:—

"I attribute this falling off to three principal causes, viz.—first, the length of the courses over which the yachts have to sail; secondly the want of union amongst the several yacht clubs, the faultiness of their different laws of measurement, and some of the sailing rules; and thirdly, the unsportsman-like conduct of some of the racing yacht owners themselves. Firstly, at every regatta the constant complaint of the spectators is that (although it may be very interesting to the initiated), it is no great amusement to them to see one yacht reaching the mark-boat half an hour or so before the second competitor is in sight. In nine cases out of ten the same results would have been gained, if instead of sending the yachts round a course of 30 miles, the distance were halved, and 15 miles made the maximum. I think that regatta committees would find their meetings looked forward to with much greater interest by the inhabitants of watering-places, and the sums collected for the prizes and general expenses much greater, if they could manage that the yachts should never go out of the sight of the port at which the regatta takes place, and were not to be so long in completing their course."

The proposition contained in the next paragraph we should hail with much satisfaction, but we cannot hold out any expectation of its being carried out. There is a spirit of self reliance in every regatta committee which tends to destroy, rather than promote yachting, and it will require a long period to eradicate the evil.

"How much more would it be for the convenience of yacht owners, if at the beginning of every season the several yacht clubs would agree to hold their regattas in some sort of order which their geographical position may suggest. Thus, let yacht clubs on the Thames and those in the eastern counties hold their regattas in May, June, and the beginning of July; next in order should come Dover, since it would afford a resting place for the yachts migrating from the Thames to the Isle of Wight, instead of the regatta being held there, as it was last year, in the beginning of September, when the yachts were all away in the western ports. Then the meetings at Cowes, Southampton, and Ryde, would occupy the rest of the month of July and the first fortnight of August. Next would come Poole, then Weymouth, Teignmouth, Torquay, and Plymouth. By adhering to some such rule as this it would be perfectly possible for a racing yacht to be present at every regatta."

On the different systems of measurement he justly complains, but why

does he not (for he is evidently a yachtsman) attach his name? One or two genuine signatures would call forth a host, and this bane to yacht racing would be removed.

"As regards measurement, nothing can be more annoying than the present system, since almost every club has a different method of ascertaining the tonnage of a vessel. The following instance which came under my notice, is a good example of the inconvenience which is caused by the variations in the rules of the different clubs. At the regatta at a port on the east coast of England, the yacht that first passed the mark-boat did not happen to belong to a member of the R.T.Y.C. The owner of the second yacht protested on the score of measurement. The regatta committee declared they adhered to the Thames Club rules. So the winning yacht had either the option of going up the river to be measured, or to divide the prize; although everybody well knew that, even if she had been measured, she was an easy winner of the cup."

The writer considers it prejudicial to yacht racing to restrict vessels to certain sails or the prohibition of shifting ballast, unless the clubs adopt a different system to that now in force; and he advocates the plan of having the owner or some influential person on board during a race to prevent the crew from using unfair means to obtain the prize.

A CRUISE OF THE YACHT NIMROD.

I LONG had a great desire to explore the Western Islands and Highlands of Scotland, and although in 1849 I visited the Clyde and the neighbouring lochs, &c., the yacht I then owned being only a small vessel of some fifteen tons, I did not consider it prudent to venture in the heavy seas and bad weather, one is almost sure to encounter one time or other, north of the peninsula of Cantire, where you are exposed to the full force of the westerly gales of the Atlantic; but the glimpse I then got, for the first time, of the beauties of the Scottish coast, made me determine, if ever I had the opportunity that I would proceed further; and as I now (1854) possessed a vessel in whose qualities as a good sea-boat I might have every confidence, preparations were soon made for carrying out my intention of visiting the Isle of Skye, Staffa, Iona, and the intermediate islands and lochs; and moreover, being invited to join a couple of other yachts bound on a similar excursion, a better opportunity of thoroughly enjoying the cruise could not be.

It had been agreed some weeks previously that we were to rendezvous

Loch Campbeltown, on Thursday the 19th of June, '54, and thus in pursuance of this arrangement the Tuesday prior found my brother-in-

law, E. J. B—— (who had agreed to accompany me,) and myself on board the Mona's Queen steamer, on our way to Douglas, Isle of Man, to join the Nimrod yacht, where I had dispatched her a week or two previous, to refit and lay in stores. Nothing particular occurred on our passage in the steamer, which was pretty well crowded with passengers, and therefore not any the more comfortable. There were the usual number of unpleasant "gents" taking possession of the paddle boxes and other prominent situations, loudly calling for brandy and water and cigars, (which, before they were half-way across the "herring-pond" they very much regretted having taken,) and looking down on the rest of the passengers quietly seated on the quarter-deck with a contemptuous, hard-a-weather, old salt, style of air that was very gratifying. There were unprotected females without end, and there were of course some dozens of children who had systematically gorged themselves with gingerbread until they were sick to begin with, and more than usually unpleasant. By the way, why is it that the basket men and women that infest the steamers at Liverpool always appear to think it necessary for every passenger to provide him or herself with one or more packets of bilious Omskirk gingerbread? (for they never offer anything else). The sight of it is always enough for me.

The day was showery, cold, and windy,—dinner on board was out of the question, indeed the steward did not provide any, and though he told us individually we could get "something to eat below if we wished," one look at the cabin was sufficient, crowded as it was with wretched victims, indulging in every imaginable noise and groan, &c., under the personal superintendence of the steward and stewardess, so we ensconced ourselves as comfortably as might be on deck, under the lee of the captain's cabin, tucked ourselves up in our rugs, and began to think that after all we *wouldn't* sail that night for Scotland as we had talked of doing.

All comfort is comparative, and I dare say the gentleman, who had just contrived to crawl on to the pile of luggage in front of us and cover himself up in his cloak, thought he had got into a very snug and commodious berth, even though he *was* obliged to lay like the letter Z to avoid the sharp corners of the boxes, and was moreover in continual danger of sliding off the slippery "tarpaulin;" and so no doubt thought the fat old woman who very coolly, and without saying a word, *re-* moved his cloak and poked her daughter, a great blowsy girl of fifteen, and who had evidently been outrageously ill, right across his body, covered him up again, and then, by way of making all snug and comfortable deliberately established a seat on his legs for the rest of the passage. I sat

never forget his piteous look of appeal to us, as he turned up the whites, or rather, the "greens" of his eyes, and faintly moaned out "What *am* I to do?"

There was no help for it, so we told him he must make the best of it; but we got him a carpet bag for a pillow, and shoved a portmanteau on to the fat old woman by way of a hint; and advising him to lie still, we retired into the captain's cabin, at the invitation of the worthy man himself, to have a glass of grog and a biscuit.

"All that's bright must fade," and so likewise all that's unpleasant must come to an end some time, and when the smoke had cleared away from the gun, fired by the steamer on rounding Douglas Head, and the anchor let go, every body had revived most wonderfully. The "gents" were beginning to talk as loudly as ever,—the unprotected females found friends who had come on board to meet them,—the children were a shade less unpleasant, and all the gingerbread was *gone*,—the fat old woman straightened her bonnet, got up off the gentleman's legs, lifted the blowsy daughter on to hers, and the gentleman himself once more free, rose, shook himself (how he ever got *his* legs straight again is a wonder to me,) and turning round to us with a sprightly air remarked, "Well how do you feel, capital passage, eh?" and was as lively as a cricket in no time.

We, for our parts, were industriously breaking our shins and grinding the toes of our unfortunate neighbours in attempting to collect our own proper share of the confused heap of luggage scattered on the deck of the steamer, and were just about giving it up in despair, when a voice under my elbow cried, "Hallo! here at last, old boy? where's your luggage? Here's Roberts and another hand to look after it; so you come ashore at once if you like." Thus spake our jolly little friend, "The Admiral:" and acting on his suggestion we quickly descended the gangway ladder, and stepping into one of the swarm of boats hanging alongside waiting to convey the passengers ashore, we soon found ourselves trudging along Douglas pier to the Royal Hotel, where we ordered dinner, and some of Hill's old '20 port "to follow," with a strong conviction that, (seeing we had been some ten hours without food,) a good dinner would not be thrown away upon us, and it was therefore with very comfortable and satisfactory feelings that we concluded our dinner; and with the assistance of "The Admiral," (the best of caterers, the most skilful concoctor of "egg nogs" and the like, and the most obliging of fellows,) who was going with us to the Highlands of course, we commenced the discussion of the first bottle of the '20 port, and our future plans.

After duly consuming our quantum of port, we adjourned on board the Nimrod, lying alongside the quay at the top of the harbour. Here

we found no end of bustle and confusion, the carpenters and upholsterers were hurrying on their work in order to finish to-night, if possible. Boys with baskets full of every condiment, hampers of bottled malt, jars of spirits, and dozens of wine, covered the deck and filled the cabins; there was fresh meat and bread, salt meat and eggs, these latter by the way being plentifully laid in, so as to give "The Admiral" every scope in the production of his celebrated "nogs;" and really it is a sight worth seeing to watch him retire into the steward's pantry, and there surround himself with three or four black bottles, two or three jugs, ten or twelve eggs, and "screws" of paper innumerable, (containing spices,) knives, forks, spoons, plates, glasses, tea cups, and a variety of other paraphernalia, preparatory to commencing proceedings—"cockfighting is a fool to it." It puts me in mind of the casting of the charmed bullet in "Der Frescheutz;" and then after it is finished, the impressive air with which he re-enters the cabin, with the "result" in his hand, followed by the steward in solemn procession, with the glasses, it heightens the effect very much, and increases your appreciation of the "nog." *How* it is made I don't pretend to know, as 'The Admiral' makes a mystery of his mode of mixing the ingredients. For, tho' we often press him to reveal his secret, he declines positively, putting us off generally, by saying "he never makes it the same way twice! that it is morally impossible to lay down a rule! in fact, that it is an inspiration!"

I have been led into this digression, because, by way of keeping us quiet, "The Admiral" prevailed on us to retire into the after-cabin to be out of the way, and then favoured us with a nog apiece. After which we left him to expedite matters as much as possible, and went ashore again: but, before leaving, let me just give a slight sketch of the vessel.

The Nimrod is a fine little cutter of 40 tons o.m, full and broad in the beam, yet fine withal below the water-line; a first-rate hardy sea-boat, and able to take her part in any weather; a fast vessel though not a racer, being rigged with a due regard to comfort; consequently when other vessels were burying themselves, our little barkie was "as stiff as a crutch, and as dry as a bone."

Her accommodations are ample, consisting of main-cabin or saloon, 13 feet wide; good after-cabin with two berths; state-room for myself aft, and one forward; steward's pantry and berth; and (what is too o' n sacrificed,) and I think selfishly so,) an unusually large and airy fore-castle for the men. We who go out only now and then, solely for pleasure may surely afford to give some thought to the comfort and health of the crew who work the vessel, wet or fine, fair or foul; and though I

admit, in most yachts the men fare far better than in many merchantmen of many times the size, yet I do not like to think that they are cramped and uncomfortable, while aft we have every comfort and convenience. Treat your men well, and depend upon it, you'll soon find your advantage by an increased attention to *their* duty and *your* pleasure; more cheerful and willing at their work, they won't be in a hurry to leave you, and mutual confidence and goodwill is the result. There is nothing more unpleasant and galling, especially if you have friends with you, than to find, when you are returning on board, after a run ashore, that two or three of the crew are away, no one knows where until they turn up "drunk and disorderly," one by one, at all hours in the night or rather morning, quarrelling and disturbing all hands. Often and often have I seen this, but with a properly appointed crew of good men and true, well paid and well treated, I have never had any trouble, and after enjoying oneself ashore you find the gig waiting at the landing-place at the appointed time; the watch on deck alert, every thing snug and comfortable;—and the next Saturday night you order the steward to serve out grog to the forecabin, to drink "Sweethearts and Wives," with extra satisfaction.

But unless I freshen my way a little I shall never get fairly afloat, suffice it to say therefore, that we returned to the "Royal," where we had arranged to stay for the night, and next day, after paying sundry "duty" calls, and seeing our friends, we finally established ourselves on board the gallant Nimrod at noon on the "glorious 18th of June." Of course, in honor of the day we were obliged to remember the heroes of Waterloo in champagne, and drink success to our cruise; but for all that the morning's tide left us still in Douglas harbour.

We *have* got a step nearer tho' as we have all our traps on board, and therefore we very contentedly strolled about the place, and in the evening recollecting an invitation to a tea-fight we had accepted conditionally, we suddenly made up our minds to go, and arrived just in time to assist in "cloaking the ladies" and say good-night. However we made something by our motion, for a sympathising relation gave us an infallible receipt for preventing sea-sickness, which I regret to say we did not fully appreciate, for it struck us, the cure was even worse than the disease; and at any rate it would have been very inconvenient to y the least of it to have attended strictly to the directions for three or 11 weeks, viz. to lay perfectly still, with the head low, not to take any 12 hot, and avoid all stimulants and solid food!

At last—we are onboard in earnest, the sails uncoated and glistening in the moonlight; the boats on deck, and half-past one p.m. sees us

leisurely dropping out of the harbour in tow of a four-oared harbour-boat; breeze light from E.S.E., and a pretty considerable swell on. Round the pier and jetty we slowly creep, and are clear of the harbour, so "Up peak and throat, sweat on the jib purchase, my lads!—Shore boat, ahoy! cast off the line there.—Steward, a glass of grog to all hands." And now we really *are* fairly off, light flaws of wind carry us clear of the bay, slipping through the water fast with the assistance of a strong flood tide; so after seeing ourselves off Laxey Head and setting the watch, we go below and turn in, and despite of the novelty of our first night on board we managed to lay in a pretty fair amount of slumber.

"What's the meaning of this? there's a nasty roll of a sea, isn't there?" was B——'s first exclamation on awaking next morning.

"Oh!" said I, "it's the race off the Mull of Galloway. I know it well, no mistaking this spot;" and shuffling on my dressing gown and slippers I went on deck, "Why what the deuce is this!—it can't be Douglas bay again!" but so indeed it was, and on enquiry it appeared that, altho' we had the night previous actually got as far as Maughold Head, the wind failing and the tide turning, we drifted back and were once more where we started. Determined not to anchor we whistled vigorously for a breeze until about nine o'clock, when our perseverance was rewarded, and at noon we were crossing Ramsay bay with a nice leading breeze and a lovely afternoon before us. Being now sure of a departure we began to consider how we were to beguile our time and employ ourselves, for spin it out as we would, breakfast, dinner, and supper wont last for ever; but we could settle to nothing definite.

I always notice that the first day or so of a cruise, we are very restless, and unable to give our attention to any fixed plan; sometimes rushing down below and snatching up a book perhaps, then suddenly impressed with the idea there's more fun on deck; now seized with a frantic desire to arrange one's wardrobe and other traps in the most convenient drawers and lockers, and now wishing it was dinner time: but one settles down in a short time and everything goes on regularly and pleasantly, yet not monotonously, and time never seems to hang heavy on our hands, as some men fancy it must. Certainly one *does* get into rather an indolent habit of living, in fact you can hardly help it, and on a fine sunny day at sea with a nice breeze and pleasant companions, to loll on the clean white deck with plenty of cushions and books, is the perfection of lazy enjoyment.

This was our case to-day, for we basked in the sun "laughed and quaffed and drank good sherry," and as among other things, we had laid in a quantity of fruit, (not having the fear of cholera before our

eyes,) we applied ourselves to the consumption of the greater portion, thereby laying the foundation of a severe stomach-ache apiece, which gave us something to think of, most of the night.

As we wished to make the most of the breeze, we did not call at Ramsay as we passed, but we observed the shipping in the harbour with their flags "half-mast," in consequence of the death of the harbour-master—Old Charley Vose. He was a decided "character" in his way, and many a good story I have heard of and from him. He was at one time master of a schooner trading between Douglas and Liverpool, and as the captain of the Manx steamer was an old friend and fellow apprentice of his, he sometimes gave Charley a tow out of the harbour and round the head. Now it fell out one day that this affable skipper agreed as usual to tow Mr. Vose into the bay, and furthermore to lend him, contrary to his wont, one of the steamer's hawsers for the purpose.

This Charley coiled in liberally before making fast, and the captain being in an extra good humour perhaps, not only took the schooner out into the bay, but some three or four miles out to sea. Then came the hail—"Schooner ahoy, cast off the hawser there!" No reply. Again Vose was hailed, but deuce the bit would he hear:—No, he had "the right end of the stick" this time; the hawser was a new and valuable one, and he knew the steamer's people would be loth to lose it, so actually the schooner was towed half-way across to Liverpool before the captain, fairly beaten and out of all patience, ordered the hawser to be cut, which was done, with sundry bad expressions and improper language not necessary to repeat here; and Charley went on his way rejoicing, having gained many hours on his passage and 30 or 40 fathoms of a capital new hawser.

Much did we wish for such another friend as Charley's to assist us on our voyage for after passing the Point of Ayr and sighting the Mull of Galloway, the wavering breeze, unable to make up its mind whether to blow or not, finally retired for the night, and left us wallowing and rolling in the very Race I had so *confidently recognised* in the morning, so we went to bed early and paid as much attention to our sleeping as we were able.

Friday morning, the 20th of June, found us drifting with the flood tide towards Corsewill Point, with as little prospect of a breeze as the day before. This was provoking as we were to meet our consorts at Campdown to-day; but we comforted ourselves with thinking that the vailing calm would prevent *them* making that place much before us. We had also, now settled down into our regular routine, that is, we were content with anything that turned up, and determined to take

things easy. What a lovely morning it was, how quiet and smooth and placid everything appeared, it was only by observing the oily-looking patches on the glassy water that we saw we were moving at all. There is something peculiarly pleasant and soothing in a morning like this as we emerge from the "companion" to sniff the morning air, and have an extemporaneous "douche bath" on deck. The sun not too powerful as yet, is making the deck smoke, and the sails and rigging are still wet and glittering with the dew. The sea-parrots and divers, generally so "perky" are still asleep, or else too lazy to move, and merely raise their heads to look round at us as we pass within a few yards of them, (tho' some of the more "early birds" are already hovering about on the look out for any little tit-bit that the steward, who is sitting on the windlass forward, preparing the fish, just caught, for breakfast, may throw over-board,) while further in shore the faint echoes of the sea-gulls' cry are strangely blended with the bleating of the sheep, and the lowing of the cows on the hills, and are very suggestive of mutton chops and fresh milk for breakfast: (which we don't get.) The morning passed lazily enough as we lay under the shade of Ailsa—

"As idly as a painted ship, upon a painted ocean."

Not a breath out of the heavens had we all day to waken our little bark, which was fairly "boxing the compass," with her bowsprit first pointing to one place and then another. We brought up the rifles to have a shot or two, but really the day was so peaceful and still, and had such an influence upon us, besides the birds were so confiding, that we could not make up our minds for slaughter, so we merely took a crack now and then at those great snorting beasts the "herring-hogs," as they are called about here, and which are a sort of grampus.

At last the evening's tide began to ebb, and had we allowed it to have its way we should soon have been carried round the Mull of Cantire, whether we would or no, so it was "Man the tackle and out gig to tow!" Here was an opportunity for exertion, and (tho' I believe both of us would rather have staid where we were,) B—— and I gallantly volunteered to take a couple of the oars, ostensibly by way of exercise, but really with an idea of showing how we *could* pull, he especially professing to be a crack Oxford oarsman.

Really, I do think there is nothing more trying to a fellow's patience than this "towing," however good tempered he may be. Here we have been tugging and jerking for an hour, with no perceptible effect, except springing an oar or two and dragging the lazy lump of a yacht into a manner of zigzag courses, and how easy and comfortable those fell

look on deck there, I've no patience with them; there they sit as if there was the finest breeze in the world, whilst we four are fretting ourselves to fiddle-strings,—besides, all the beer that the steward so carefully stowed in the stern sheets of the gig is done (I'm afraid we were rather too prodigal of it when we first began) and if we sing out for more it will look like giving in,—so for the honour of Oxford “give way” and make the best of it. Halloo! there's a ripple stealing over the water, see, the yacht's picking us up,—“'vast pulling boys, let her drop alongside, jump aboard and hoist the boat on deck again.”

What a pity it is by the way, just as we were getting nicely into stroke that the breeze should come and interrupt us. However, we mustn't complain (and to say the truth we didn't, although we *did* insist that we could have kept it up for two or three hours more.)

As the sun went down the breeze gradually freshened, and we were soon bowling along in a style that was the more exhilarating after the previous calm. The water was pretty smooth too, and we were fast closing in with the land, although it was a dead beat for us to Campbeltown Loch. The sun set angry and threatening. The night began to gather up in dark heavy clouds, and the sighing of the wind through the rigging, and a glance at the sympiesometer warned us to lower the top-sail and make all snug for the increasing wind.

An hour or two brought us up to Sana Island, the bright flashing light upon it shewing us glimpses every now and then of the black iron bound coast as we boldly stood in, with a confidence we should have been very chary of shewing if it had not been a weather shore.

About midnight we were abreast of Deva Island, the entrance of Campbeltown Lough, and here it took all our eyes to look out for the numerous fishing boats lying at anchor. The lighthouse on the island just built, was not yet lighted, though it had been finished some time. I am surprised the entrance to this anchorage has been left so long without a beacon, as the want of it must have been much felt; and the entrance to the blind sound is most deceptive, to vessels coming from the southward and eastward, being to all appearances a fine open channel and far more inviting than the true one, but has not more than three or four feet, and hardly that, on the bar.

The town of Campbeltown is about three or four miles from Deva, and approached by a narrow and winding channel, through which we had to pass our way with the lead, keeping a bright look out for the buoys, till at 1h. A.M. we dropped our anchor off the pier in 6 fathoms, and the sails and turned in.

had not been in bed many hours, when the steward came to tell
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me a gentleman wished to see me, and on going into the main cabin I found Mr. R—— of the C—— (which, with the A—— had arrived the night before). He said they were about to start immediately for Islay having appointed to meet a friend there, and as I had to engage a pilot, &c., it was arranged that I was to follow them to the island of Taxa where they would wait for me. However, (as I predicted) the weather was too bad to go round the Mull and both the C—— and A—— wisely remained at anchor. Strong wind and heavy rain lasted all day. Campbeltown looked dreary enough as we "slopped" about the place purchasing sundry necessities and luxuries. In the evening we were enlivened by a visit from a Captain M——, an old navy man, who had turned whisky distiller, and who certainly sang Dibden's songs better than any man I ever heard, except Old Braham. The owners of the C—— and A—— also dropped in to supper, and we were therefore enabled to give all due honour to the regular Saturday nights toast—"Sweethearts and wives".

Sunday morning was wet and blustering again. We were greatly afraid the weather had broken, and that we were in for a regular spell of it. There was no inducement to go on shore, and as we carried a chaplain we had service on board. In the afternoon the weather cleared up and the wind abated. A yacht was reported coming through the Sound, which turned out to be the Orion, the R.N.Y.C. Club yacht, with a party of ladies and gentlemen. After leaving a card B. and I went on board the C—— to dinner where we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the owner's lady. Certainly the C—— is the perfection of a vessel: without a rival as to speed, (as she has since proved by winning every race she started for) the magnificence of her furniture and fittings and the style of her accommodations altogether are unique, and I may safely say she can challenge comparison on any point with any vessel afloat. Her worthy owner and Mrs. R. are the most hospitable of people, and their kindness on all occasions contributed in no slight degree to the enjoyment of the cruise throughout.

At 4 o'clock on Monday morning, a lovely bright day as need be, Campbeltown harbour was echoing the sharp click click of the windlasses of the three yachts; ourselves being the first to get underway (with a nice little air from S.W.) in company with a lot of greasy fishing boats and tubby old coasters working to windward like so many stacks.

When outside Deva the sheets were eased up, and we laid our course through the Sound of Sarra for the Mull. In a short time on came

C——, and I think I never saw a prettier sight in my life, as she gradually overhauled us with all her big canvas set, every stitch drawing, and lying gracefully over to the breeze, she scarcely appeared to disturb the water, so easy was her progress.

We soon gained the somewhat dreaded Mull of Cantire, but the sea was as smooth as a lake, and we stood on for the Isle of TARA, where we arrived about 10h. a.m. Here we were all hove to, as R——, our commodore, had gone ashore for a friend, a Mr. G——, who proved a very pleasant acquisition to our little party. We had plenty of sport,—fishing, and at noon we were all again underway. The breeze is failing us however, and we are not making much progress: our large topsail is doing all the work, and he's not breaking his back over it, but what's the odds, we were in no hurry, and there's plenty to see and enjoy.

Our plan being to anchor every night if practicable, and our pilot suggesting a small bay in Jura, near the Small Isles, we signalled after dinner to the C——, "Where shall we anchor?" on which she lowered a boat and R—— coming on board, the bay abovenamed was agreed on, and we as pilot were requested to "lead in," which we did after an exciting race with the A——, for it was stem and stem for some miles,—now the A—— getting ahead, as the breeze lulled, and now the Nimrod as she caught the puffs off the high land. We were all anchored before dark within a few fathoms of each other in a snug little green bay (Lullimuns or Lowland).

We Nimrods turned in early, intending to be up "with the anchor" next morning so as not to miss any of the scenery. It was past seven however before we were up, and we had been underway some three or four hours, but when we *did* come on deck we blamed ourselves extremely for being so lazy, and missing so much lovely scenery, and only eased our minds by blaming the steward for not calling us earlier; and made the most of the landscape before us, which was really magnificent.

The Island of Kerrera lay before us—on the port hand the dark frowning mountains of Mull, and on the other the mainland of Argyleshire. Having a fine leading breeze, we were reeling off close upon 9 knots, and as we opened bay after bay, and headland after headland, (beautifully wooded down to the very water's edge,) I thought the beauty of such scenery could not be surpassed, certainly I never saw any like it before.

We went foaming and roaring through the Sound of Kerrera, our boats lying over pretty considerably to the squalls off the high lands. (Lying below to breakfast was out of the question when we had so much to see, (tho' it was eleven o'clock,) but we were well content to postpone

it, and were further rewarded on arriving at Oban a short time after by finding a shoal of boats, which surrounded us the moment we had let go our "mud-hook," offering fresh trout and salmon for sale; so we ran breakfast and luncheon into one, and to increase our satisfaction we received a whole budget of letters from home.

The afternoon was devoted to strolling about the place and looking up the lions. A nice little place is Oban, and beautifully situated; and tho' "slow" no doubt, for a continuance, it was lively enough to-day, with the numerous tourists who had made the place their head-quarters, it being a very convenient starting point to the various places of interest in the Highlands.

In the evening, after dinner we made a party to walk to Loch Etive and Dunstaffnage Castle, formerly, as we are informed, a royal residence, but certainly at the present time by no means a desirable abode, and one Her Majesty would rather object to exchange for Balmoral, I fancy. The magnificent view however may challenge comparison with any other, and notwithstanding that the rain (of course) came down in torrents it did not damp our appreciation of the scene.

We had to cross Loch Etive to Dunstaffnage by boat, and the ferryman told us of a melancholy event that had occurred only the day before at this very place. A younger brother of Sir Angus Campbell (whose seat is close by,) had occasion to cross the ferry, taking with him his servant, who, by the way, was strangely averse to going, and nothing was known of them until next day when the boat was discovered, keel up, and after some searching, the body of the servant; but up the time we were there, the unfortunate young Campbell had never been heard of, and indeed the boatman told us that unless found immediately, there would be no chance of the body ever being recovered.

He was, as I understood one of two sons of Lady Campbell, an especial favorite among the people about, and as may be imagined in this land of clanship, the lamentation was general and sincere.

The boat no doubt had been upset in one of the sudden squalls that rush so furiously down the mountain gullies, and is another sad instance of the danger of small sailing boats in these lochs.

The story told most feelingly, as it was, by the Highlander, an old servant of the family, on the very spot itself, (and to us now, a more gloomy or cheerless one can hardly be imagined,) could not fail to have its effect, and we returned to Oban in certainly a more subdued and melancholy mood than we came, as we pictured to ourselves the widowed mother in the midst of that dreary solitude behind us, and I may venture to say all our party felt for some days, the influence of that sad story.

To be continued.)

A YACHTSMAN'S VALENTINE.

*To Jane W * * * * in Ireland.*

1

We've roamed the world together,
Among Antarctic isles,
In frowns, and gloomy weather,
In sunshine, and in smiles.

2

We've trod a pleasant measure,
On many a tropic night,—
And walked and talked with pleasure,
When ice-bergs were in sight.

3

But evil tongues were round us,
They leered, and whispered low,
And pride or prudence bound us
To seem each other's foe.

4

'Tis sad to think the scorner,
Could fetter hearts so free,
For in mine there was no corner,
That would harbour harm to thee.

5

But when at last we landed,
And *they* were scattered far,
Thy brows again expanded,
And, we were—as now we are.

6

For different realms we parted,
Thou for thy father land,
And I, once more lone-hearted,
For Afric's burning strand.

7

Since then I often wander,
In my thoughts from those around,
On that voyage and thee, to ponder,
When we were outward bound.

8

Whate'er have been thy sorrows
Between those days and this,
May he who gilds our morrows,
Requite them all with bliss.

9

And if I soon may greet thee,
I care not where it be,
On any land I'll meet thee,
Or—"Far, far, upon the sea."

London, 14th Feb., 1857.

ARGONAUT.

ORAL TRADITIONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

 BY CAPTAIN K. B. MARTIN.

PART IV.

Mr. FAIRHOLM, (while preparing his work "Scripture Geology") made some very interesting remarks.

I have conversed with old fishermen who remember the cliff at Broadstairs nearly one hundred feet further out, in a sufficient projection to shelter the harbour in south-west gales. The sea wears it into arches. About the year 1826, one of these formed a cool retreat from the heat of the sun at low water, and added much to the romantic appearance of Broadstairs' bathing sands; but three years afterwards it was washed away in a heavy gale, and the land must have lost considerably at the same time: thus it is easy to foretell that, without an artificial break-water is run out to the beacon, Broadstairs harbour in fifty years will be quite open to south-west gales, and afford no shelter whatever. And we may also perceive that the sea is encroaching in lieu of receding, along the whole of this line of coast. The shrine of our Lady, and the broadstairs leading up to it, are washed away, and the mariner no longer lowers his sails in token of salutation and religious devotion as he passes. At Kingsgate the arch formerly dedicated to St. Bartholomew is gone. The public-house which, in the memory of persons now living, had a garden in front, and a carriage road past, now exhibits a very singular spectacle; the front of the house is gone, and the part remaining peers over the precipice as if anxious to follow its better half into the world of waters: 1850 not a vestige now remains.

If then, our own age shows us the remains of antiquity melting away around us upon our coast, while in other countries, not far distant, islands and volcanoes rise into existence, and cities are devastated by the convulsions of nature, reflection should teach us not to be too sceptical as to the traditions of our fathers; and we will now, for our amusement, consider the accounts which have been handed down to us relative to the Godwin Sands.

The Belgic writers assert that Godwin's Isle was swallowed up by the sea. It is also a very curious fact that some of our own historians cavil about the elevation of the Isle of Thanet, and thus confirm in a great measure oral tradition. Mr. Lewis writes "I differ from Bax" the author of the *Glossarium Antiquitatum Britannicum*, where t

learned author names the island thus:—‘Pro-Tamatide Sue Taniatides, deberet esse Tanatines, Vel Tanch Inis, quod est Infera Insula.’ (The Inferior or Low Island). On the contrary,” adds Mr. Lewis, “our old historians call it Ruochim Inis, or the Richboro’ Island; and assures us that this was the name given it by the Britons: Ninius calleth it Taneth.” But why should the Britons call this island the Low Island, when it is well known to be high land, and that its cliffs are visible to our neighbours on the opposite side of the channel. Mr. Lewis forms a very natural conclusion here, for Thauet never could have been named Infera Insula, or Low Island; but it increases the probability that it was called Teneth. Teneth, from the fire beacons then said to exist upon its hills, while the Infera Insula, or Low Island; was the Godwin’s Isle so described by Camden and others. The isle was fruitful, and had good pastures situated lower than Thanet, from which there was a passage for three or four miles by boat. Again “Without the mouth of the Thames eastward before the Isle of Thanet, lies a long shelf of quick sands, where, in the year 1097, an island belonging to Earl Godwin was swallowed up, according to our annals.”

Some of the early writers in describing our coast, mention two distinct islands near, or forming the mouth of the Portus Rutupium, and Cæsar himself describes the place of his anchorage as embayed, and distinctly states that his galleys rowed into an estuary, where they made good their landing, and afterwards entrenched themselves by constructing the Urbs Rutupia, or Richborough. Now, had the Godwin Sands been under water, and the sea laving along the shore of Richborough, it must have been an open road without any shelter, and if he rowed into an estuary, he must have gone some miles beyond that point; but historians whose writings mention the existence of Tanatos, or Low Island, could not allude to Thanet, which is surrounded by chalky cliffs of considerable altitude. The Low Island must have been the estate, afterwards Earl Godwin’s domains, and now the Godwin Sands; and that many other islands of this kind existed in the Northern Ocean, we have the testimony of most respectable writers. Marcus Flaminius, when portraying disasters, which befel the fleet of Germanicus, after leaving the river Amicia, on the Breman Coast, thus expresses himself: “a wide and unknown sea was before us; around were hostile shores, or *uninhabited islands, &c.*” There are no islands but the solitary rock of Heligoland, present in the North Sea upon that coast; but the Belgic traditions, speak of a cluster of islands which were inhabited, and that a terrible inundation of the sea destroyed them, together with several others upon the coast of Britain, and that some thousands of the miserable natives,

were succoured by Edward the Confessor, and colonised in Britain. As to the sea receding from our coast, because it encroached upon theirs, it is a ridiculous and confined idea.

Earl Godwin, it appears, was a sea king, and a desperate warrior; and the number of depredations laid to his charge, has led some to suppose that there were two or more earls of that name in successive generations. The palace of the King of Kent was burnt down by Earl Godwin, in his attack upon the town of Milton, in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and we also find an Earl Godwin, with his son attacking Hythe, in the reign of Henry II., and carrying away and destroying all the vessels lying in the roads. This could not be the same person who so treacherously occasioned the murder of Alfred, brother of Edward the Confessor, and of whose tragical end, while feasting at that monarch's table, history has given so interesting an account. We find that the first earl mentioned, retired into Denmark, to mature his plans, when in difficulties: hence it may be presumed the herald is correct in denying his ignoble extraction; and that the Earl Godwins, were a race of piratical and powerful chieftains, to appease and conciliate whom the Saxon kings granted lands, and bestowed appointments of trust and confidence. They had always great power and influence at sea. The tower in Dover Castle, built by one of them who was guardian of the ports, still retains his name; but that he, or any of his family, should have a sand in perpetuity is not probable. No honour or emolument could have been derived from such a circumstance.

History being so vague and unsatisfactory on this subject, no reliance can be placed upon it, some ascribing the changes which took place upon our coast to Edward's reign, a few years previous to the Norman conquest, and others declaring that it was during the life of William Rufus, the second king of the Norman line: both accounts may be partially correct; the island might have been rendered untenable in the first instance, and totally destroyed in the second.

An old, and very curious tradition, has been handed down through successive generations, and is often repeated as a tale to puzzle, and fill the minds of children and peasants with conjectures, namely:—That the erection of Tenterden church was the cause of the destruction of the Godwin Sands. The story is related in a variety of ways, but treating it as a fable, the following is the favorite and the most amusing legend:—“Earl Godwin, in one of his predatory excursions, had penetrated the weald of Kent, which was at that time a thinly inhabited and woody country. Here he was placed in great jeopardy by a superior force; lying in concealment, made a vow, that should he return in safety,

would erect a steeple at Tenterden, to the honour of the holy saints :— that he being a vacillating believer, neglected to fulfil his vow, and that the vengeance of heaven was inflicted upon him for his sins, in the destruction of his sea-girt domains." Such was the monkish legend to impose upon the credulous and superstitious. Another version was of a very opposite tendency; that "anxious to fulfil his sacred pledge, he neglected the dams and sea-walls of his island, which thus, in an overwhelming tempest, fell an easy prey to the destroying elements." Treating them both as matters of conjecture, still they prove that our ancestors believed that such an island had been in existence; and, as the former was the most amusing, I have rendered into verse for the entertainment of my youthful friends, who may, in mature age, cultivate a fondness for intellectual pursuits, from an association of the ideas which interested them in their youth.

The sparkling mead, with riot crown'd,
Beams high in Godwin's Hall;
The chieftain's lofty roofs resound
With triumph, shout, and brawl.

The bold sea-rovers, there reclin'd
Their daring prowess boast,
Whose unfurl'd pennon to the wind
Oft awed the neighbouring coast.

And all was joy and revelrie
Around the feudal board,
When stranger sounds of minstrelsie
A silence deep restored.

Unseen the hands which touched the chord,
By holy music fill'd,
Whose well known strains, to Godwin's lord,
His heart with horror thrilled:

"Break we the feast!—my minstrel slain
In battle by my side;
Foul perjured vows awake the strain,
Which with him there had died."

The music ceased, the clan dispers'd,
Their several dwellings sought;
The chieftain's anxious mind rehears'd
That vow with horror fraught.

O'erwhelmed with grief, his couch he press'd
His heart with anguish riven;
Deep wrongs, to man had stain'd his breast,
His faith was broke with heaven.

Prophetic fears, and haggard sleep,
 Around his pillow form
 Such shades as rest beneath the deep,
 Or rise upon the storm.

The tempest comes—its midnight roar
 Fell on the warrior's ear,
 The bursting surge assault the shore,
 Strange voices ride the air.

As noises from some found'ring craft,
 They sigh upon the gale;
 But to Earl Godwin's soul is waft
 Their melancholy hall.

"Rise, valliant Earl! whose daring arm
 The power of man defied;
 The northern spirits ride the storm!
 Now be thy prowess tried!

Thy plighted faith to mortal man
 Hath ofttimes been forsworn,
 Now rise! the might of heaven to scan,
 Despairing and forlorn.

Thy plighted faith at Tenterden,
 Was not to Oden* given;
 When, ambush'd in the forest glen,
 That vow arose to heaven.

Thou to a righteous God appealed,
 And thy new faith was tried;
 His mighty arm was there revealed—
 Thy steel with crimson dyed.

When beaming in the doubtful fight
 His angel rescue came,
 What was thy promise to his might?
 What to enhance his fame?

In yon fair realm a beauteous spire
 With pious zeal to raise,
 And found of holy mass, a choir,
 Incessant to his praise.

In this sea-girt domain to place
 His cross upon the strand,
 That there thy vassels should embrace
 His ever just command.

Thy heart, with pious fervour then
 Invoked the awful form,
 The dreaded scourge of faithless men,
 The angel of the storm.

* God of the Saxons.

Behold, I come! the 'whelming seas
 Beneath my footsteps roar;
 Hark! fearful sound!—thy destiny's
 No more! Fair Isle, no more!

A dreadful shadow points thy doom,
 Thy day of glory's past;
 To wandering barks henceforth a tomb,
 Where sailors shriek their last."

Amazed, Earl Godwin starts from sleep,
 While horrors round him close;
 Too true the visions of the deep
 Which broke on his repose.

Haste! Man the barks! the tocsin ring!
 A deluge pours around;
 The billows o'er the ramparts spring,
 And burst above the mound.

Hoarse shouts are heard along the strand—
 Launch!—Launch! The storm-sail try!
 Resistless seas invade the land!
 Haste! to the vessel fly!

Swift to the islands leeward side,
 Borne by his vassal band,
 Earl Godwin launches o'er the tide,
 And quits his father's land.

Amazed he sees through shades of night,
 His ruined castle fall;
 And when the morn revealed the light,
 No trace of bulwark'd wall.

Too late, he cries! my broken vows,
 The ruined fields deform;
 No more shall rovers there carouse,
 And shelter from the storm.

On Stour's fair banks retired he dwelt,
 And found a refuge there;
 And daily with contrition knelt
 In penitence and prayer.

Then let our children's children learn
 A Holy God to fear
 Whose jealous ire will ever burn
 If vows are not sincere.

Such is the traditionary legend of Earl Godwin ; but of what date
 is the historian ? That we cannot determine : the Danish as well
 as British and Belgic history makes the Earl a companion of Canute,

leading the Anglo-Saxons to the protection of Denmark when invaded by the Swedes ; and the circumstances already mentioned of his prowess as far down as the reign of Henry II. cover a lapse of nearly two centuries. Here, then, we leave it to the researches of our Antiquarian friends ; in their comparisons of historical records with tradition, and of the probable causes which have produced natural effects, which are still open to investigation, they will have a fund of amusement.

Leaving the Godwin Sands we find an effectual barrier to the sea, as respects any common cause, in the chalky cliffs between Broadstairs and Margate. Mer-gate was certainly very properly named, for, by an inspection of the chart, it will be found to be completely open to the German Ocean for an extent of many hundred miles, and our Norman conquerors doubtless called it the Sea-gate from that circumstance. It has suffered very much from tempestuous weather, agreeable to its history, the dates of which in the Cinque Port records shew it to have been a considerable place for many centuries, and its geographical position with London and the Thames gave it great advantages previous to the introduction of steam navigation.

The prevailing winds in these latitudes are from south to west. A sailing vessel leaving London had a weather shore and smooth water all the voyage to Margate, but the moment she opened the North Foreland her farther progress was against both wind and tide upon flowing water, and thus Margate was for a long period the metropolis of the Isle of Thanet to the citizens of London, and the public spirit of its inhabitants was proverbial.

The promontory called the Nose (or Naze)—a familiar term with the northern nations for a headland, as, for instance, the Naze of Norway, and others, is by us called the Long Nose, or North Foreland, and we consider it the point forming the entrance to our noble rivers, the Thames and Medway ; and shaping a westerly course from this along the land, we soon arrive off the Reculvers, in a most intricate and interesting navigation. We will now examine a little more closely the changes which have taken place here upon the site of the ancient Regubium of the Romans. This then was the northern entrance of the channel which, according to the best accredited historians, Bede, Solinus, and others, was three miles wide, and is stated by Antoninus, Tacitus, and Ammianus Marcellinus to have been defended by a castle, similar in its construction to Richborough.

I have already described in a former page the nature and appearance of the embankment thrown into the mouth of the Wantsumn or Richborough channel, and mentioned the Reculver Rock, or Regubium

the Romans, where tradition states the Saxon kings occasionally dwelt, and that the Romans, before them, had a mint and armoury : part of this rock has been seen at very low tides during the last century, and has been described as a platorium of solid masonry. Stormy weather washes up Roman coin, and broken pottery ; fragments of warlike accoutrements, &c. This favours the opinion of some awful catastrophe, as no people would allow their riches and utensils to be buried in the waters, who had time and opportunity to withdraw them. The sea then has converted this renowned fortress into a sunken rock—advanced upon the shore and taken away dwelling-houses—exposed the half-claimed graves of our ancestors, whose remains protrude from the bank and church-yard of Reculvers, and would have taken the sister spires themselves, but for the care of the elder brethren of the Trinity House ; and yet while our historians in one page admit all this, in the next they tell us of a recession of the waters at the same place. They have rejected the traditions of our ancestors, to reconcile easy and received opinions, and neglected to examine into natural effects, which (as certainly as the water will find its level) confront them in proof of the testimony of our forefathers, and their decided, though romantic, oral traditions.

Could they invent these ? Why then are the villages thus named, which are now miles from the sea ?—holding up to perpetual remembrance, water-wades, wickes or arms, roadsteads, bridges, and causeways. Let us now go afloat, and examine those parts which have become sands and shoals in like manner with the Godwin. In recent explorations by divers these remains are said to be prostrated uniformly in the same direction as if swept down by the pressure of a flood, bursting suddenly in upon them. Some historians tell us that the Sisters, or Reculvers, were originally three miles from the sea ; and all admit that they must have been a considerable distance. That which was once land, in advance of them, is certainly very singularly named. It appears curious that the sands should be called The Horse, The Last, The Woolpack, The Hook, The Land, The Whitstable street, &c., &c. What does tradition say of these ? The Horse was the horse-market ; at the entrance of the Scheldt there is a similar shoal called the Piedmart, or horse-market, and recorded in history to have once been such. The Woolpack was the ground on which the article was deposited, in exchange for the produce brought by the Norksmen, which, agreeably to present custom of their country, was measured out by the last, orible ton. The Hook, when the mouth of the Wantsumn existed, should be very similarly situated to other points of land thus named ; as instance, the Heuk or Hook of Holland. What are we to infer

from the every day assertion we meet with? Those vessels are, or that vessel is, going *overland*; it astonishes landmen, but seamen, from habit, take no note of it.

The long flat called the Land, having from four to six feet only upon it at low water, was an extensive pasture, extending from the Shepway or Sheepway, towards the mouth of the river Medway, and the rising ground was covered with forest trees. Beautiful petrefactions and fossils of which were dredged up for many years, and by a peculiar process converted into Roman cement. When a terrible inundation swept away these fertile sheepways, or sheepwalks, and the rising point of the island itself, it was natural enough that our ancestors should say, when their first keels crossed it, "We are sailing or going over land," or that which was once land, and thus it is likely to be called through succeeding ages. Whit-staple, or White-staple, now Whitstable, was a town in the entrance of a haven, formed by the influx of the sea to the river Swale, and called Favers-hamm, or Faversham, now an inland town, but time immemorial a limb of the Cinque Ports. The sand called Whitstable-street, was the site of the old town of Whitstable, which, according to tradition, was swallowed up by the sea, in like manner with Hastings, Winchelsea, and others:—and here let us once more observe the impossibility, that the levels of Sheepy, and the street of Whitstable, should remain under water while a recession of the sea took place in the sister Isle of Thanet. It is here worth while to contemplate the usual effects of earthquakes as observed in recent convulsions in other parts of the globe.

I have before noticed that agreeably with my own observations upon Consul Reade's estate in the Azores (St. Mechial,) the undulations remained, and the features of the surface were those of waves in an agitated sea. What had been a mound was a hollow, and what had been a hollow was a mound, where a subsidence had taken place the contiguous surface was raised in wave-like uniformity, and this is supposed to have taken place in Holland when the islands were submerged, of which the little Rock of Heligoland is the only relic. The adjacent estuaries were raised; the industry of the Saxon race secured them by embankments and canals, and in a few centuries the abode of eels and crustacea became a powerful kingdom. Von Humboldt in his *Cosmos* justly observes "The boundaries of sea and land, of fluids and solids are thus variously and frequently changed; plains have undergone oscillatory-movements, being alternately elevated and depressed." "Thus in following phenomena in their mutual dependence, we are led from the consideration of the forces acting in the interior of the earth, to those which cause eruptions on its surface."

MY LOG FOR 1856.*

THE northern yachtsmen are peculiarly fortunate in their cruising ground about the Clyde, for no matter how it blows, large or small yachts can always make good weather of it in these sheltered waters. You may start on a cruise from any port in the Clyde and anchor in a fresh place every night, smooth water, no danger but what you may see, and as for varied scenery it may challenge Great Britain.

We had a boisterous day on Saturday the 5th of July, when we started for Loch Fyne, rain and wind, and a dead beat before us, but we made the craft snug under a two-reef mainsail and second jib, and were soon through the Kyles of Bute and round Lamont Point, into the open. The ladies having now become excellent sailors, quietly employed themselves below with their needles despite the heavy squalls that sometimes heeled us over nearly gunwale under, and by the time our usual dinner hour had arrived we were running with a free sheet past the Point of Otter, and up Loch Fyne,—our little consort the *S*—preceding us as pilot. Passing Otter Point, the breadth of Loch Fyne contracts to two or three miles, inclining slightly eastward, and the scenery becomes tamer until approaching Inverary when it again expands into a lovely bay, surrounded by vast mountains, and is, as Sir Walter Scott describes it, "one of the grandest scenes in nature."

This Loch though perhaps the finest in point of wooded scenery, of the sea lochs, is without doubt not over safe, for more than once I observed our mast buckling as if it would go over the side, and we had to lower the foresail and trice up the tack repeatedly. Each gully has its own particular squall, you carry on through one, the sails flap idly against the mast, and then another vicious gust roars suddenly upon you and down goes the barkie again, till you have the whole lee side of the deck floating before she gathers way again.

Night was fast closing in on us as we sailed up the last reach of the Lake, and it was 10 o'clock before we brought up opposite the town of Inverary; its glittering lights being our only beacon as we glided into the dark shade of Dunnaquoich. The breeze had now departed leaving a soft balmy air, and we reluctantly left the deck and retired at last, wishing it was morning.

Like arriving at a new place at night above all things, to don my wing gown at break of day, and quietly steal up the companion beam any one is stirring, so as to have the deck to myself for a time,—first glimpse of a place is everything in my opinion.

* Continued from page 77.

My earliest impression of Inverary on Sunday morning was that, without exception it was one of the sweetest spots a man could well fix upon to end his days in; but I am bound to admit that a subsequent acquaintance with the town itself, altho' it is a royal burgh, induced me to modify my opinion in some measure. The present castle of Inverary was begun by Duke Archibald in 1745, and tho' to my taste not a very sightly pile, yet the blue stone it is built of, harmonises well with the dark woods which surround it, and with the bridge of the Aray, immediately below, it forms a very striking picture. We were content with viewing the hill of Dunnaquoich from a distance tho' I believe the ascent is not difficult, and the prospect from the watch tower in the summit must be very fine.

This tower stands in the place of the gibbet mentioned in the "Legend of Montrose" on which hung five dead bodies, two of which from their dress seemed to have been Lowlanders, and the other three were muffled in their Highland plaids—a spectacle apparently of too ordinary occurrence to have much interest for the inhabitants at large: the guide describing them to be three gentlemen caterans—"God sail them (crossing himself)—twa Sassenach bits o' bodies that wadna do something that Maccallummore bade them."

Inverary is surrounded by some of the finest forest trees that I ever saw, they clothe the margin of the lake for miles round, completely refuting, by the bye, Dr. Johnson's rather ill-natured remark that "there wasn't enough timber in all Scotland to make a wooden leg."

As may be imagined an early breakfast was quickly dispatched, and we were soon landed at the little pier and commenced our survey. This being Sunday morning, however, we went to the Scotch kirk, and were treated to a sermon about two hours long—I can speak for one of the party being thoroughly tired of it, and longing to be out and away in the fresh green woods and fields: the sun moreover was shining in a most tantalizing manner through the windows and on the waving branches directly opposite me: but the preacher was relentless,

"We could not move for his eye was upon us."

At length we were allowed to depart, and were soon roaming through the magnificent avenue of trees, than which, I never saw a finer.

At noon next day we chartered a carriage to drive to Loch Awe notwithstanding it was pouring with rain, but the ladies nothing daunted determined to go, and collecting all the available waterproofs, we made a start. I have noticed more than once, that ladies are more energetic in sight-seeing than many yachtsmen that I know.

The first part of the road to Loch Awe (and which was first made

by General Wade, though subsequently of course much improved,) is very barren and rugged, and comparatively uninteresting for the first six miles, but this very lack of beauty enhances the effect of the matchless prospect that opens out on the beholder all at once on surmounting the ascent of Glen Aray, it is worth a pilgrimage of a 1000 miles to feast ones eyes on the panorama that lies before you. The vale of Orchy with the river Awe, now swollen to its utmost, the hills of Morven, Loch Awe with its richly wooded banks, and the lofty Cruachan Ben, towering above all. This has been long known as "Burke's view" from having so vividly impressed the author of the *Essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful"* with its matchless beauty.

Loch Awe, in the district of Lorne is 30 miles in length, and for about two thirds of its length is often less than a mile in width ; but at Cladich where we staid to dine it widens considerably, and is studded with small islands (the largest one, Innishail meaning literally Isle of Beauty,) which are the resort of vast numbers of sea-gulls and other wild fowls who find here sheltered breeding places for their young.

Of course in these wild solitudes where the love of the marvellous is fostered by the natives, young and old, every island and crag has its legend, but these we could not stay to hear. I met with an old friend however, in the shape of the "Legend of Coalchairn Castle," or the "Castle of the Rock" at the head of Loch Awe.

"One of the lairds of Kilchurn, (a Campbell I believe,) went to Palestine, his ladye was fair, and a neighbouring chief having murdered all the messengers sent by Campbell to his ladye, persuaded the latter she was a widow, and won her over to wed him. The Christian knight having been warned in a dream, returned to Loch Awe just in the nick of time, and disguised as a palmer from the Holy Land, penetrated to the hall where the clans were assembled for the nuptial feast of the morrow, claimed the 'guest's cup' but refused to take it from any hand but the lady's, and on returning the emptied cup he dropt therein a ring. Of course he was instantly recognised by his astonished spouse, and the traitor baron was ignominiously kicked out ; a striking exemplification of the old adage, 'there's many a slip between the cup and the lip.'"

The weather continuing so unfavourable, we returned to Inverary immediately after dinner, and got on board the yacht about 6h. P.M., the wind, which had been gradually increasing since morning, was now settling into a hard gale from N.W., the waters of the loch looked black and gloomy, and even in the short pull we had from the pier, the heavy qualls dashed the water in whirling eddies over us, and only that we were wet through already, would have been sufficiently uncomfortable.

We found our little vessel straining and jerking at her anchors as if she would burst her chain, but I warped her up to a mooring buoy, shackled the chain to it and made all snug and secure ; the short crisp seas produced that quick uneasy motion of a small vessel at anchor, and every thing was creaking and straining, while high above all, could be heard the mournful rushing of the blast through the rigging. It was therefore with a very comfortable sense of security that we went below, and congratulated ourselves on being fast to a good mooring, instead of thrashing it out at sea, on such a night, and in such a gale : (which as we afterwards learnt was very severe in the Irish Channel, especially about Dublin Bay, being the cause of several wrecks.)

Although it was anything but pleasant on deck, I could not resist remaining there to see the sun set, and a wild sight it was ; the hard yellow glare struggling through the watery clouds, was tipping each mountain, and lighting up valley after valley with strange and ever varying effects ; while the dark shadowy bay itself was thickly sprinkled with numerous little specks of fishing boats, beating up to the harbour with the merest rag of canvas set, and as each little vessel carries a light on the fore-stay they looked like so many " Will-o'-the-Wisps " flitting about.

These boats are remarkably fine little craft, sides round as an apple, and an air of smartness about them I never see in any other fishing boats ; they are all scraped bright and varnished, their tanned mainsails set like cards, and they have the high peak common to all the Scotch cutters and yachts. I never met a Southern yachtsman or skipper who liked the high peak : but I am sure it is a far better sail for standing than the square-headed, as the gaff cannot " sag to leeward " half so much, and I certainly never saw vessels that could look to windward with the Scotch yachts.

However, I must not now enter into a dissertation on the respective merits of Scotch and English boats, or the cut of canvas, but I'm much mistaken if we shall not yet see this season a right good sea-going match between them, each country represented by a new clipper, and I do not hesitate to say I shall back the Scot and Willie Fyfe against all the South.

On Tuesday the 8th of July, although the weather was still wild and stormy, we commenced " making tracks " homewards, and at 7h. A.M. we slipped from the buoy with a three-reefed mainsail, reefed foresail, and second jib ; we had but a coarse time of it working to windward, and although we hove to off Minard during breakfast, we passed the Point of Otter before 10h., when our course became more free and we

got the true breeze. Now we bowled along merrily, reeling off full 10 knots. The sun came out and so did the ladies, and all the discomforts of the morning were forgotten. Our party too was here joined by three or four grampusses, who kept us company and tried "rate of sailing" with us for at least 10 miles, in the most affable manner, never farther from us than a boat hook's length; and as they darted along we could see their bright little eyes winking and blinking at us as if they quite enjoyed the race. We offered them biscuits and meat, but they had no time to stop, and with a snort and a kick they would dive under us and come up on the other side as lively as crickets. We were very sorry to part with our scaly friends, but having done the civil thing by escorting us as far as Lamont Point, and another vessel just coming in sight, about a mile off, they sculled off to pay their respects, and we saw no more of them.

We entered the Kyles of Bute about 12h. when our fight against wind and tide recommenced. I thought I had seen a squall or two, and was pretty well acquainted with all their different varieties by this time, but I had my eyes opened rather, before we were half way to the Narrows, for I certainly never, either before or since, met with anything like the baffling nature of the winds that pounced upon us from every point of the compass, at the same time almost. I could see a squall racing towards us, tearing up the sea like a water spout, and then, when close alongside of us, it would suddenly vanish; we did not know on which side the wind might take us; every sheet had to be carefully tended, and strange and improbable as it may seem, it is an absolute fact that at one time, as we were on the starboard tack, a squall laying us over on our beam ends nearly, in a moment we were struck by another from the hills on the other side, which put us on an even keel again!

The tide was strong against us and we made absolutely nothing for an hour or more, and several times I was on the point of giving it up, and going round the Isle of Bute, only that one never likes to be beaten; but at last as the tide got slacker we managed to get as far as the Narrows, and the wind here drawing down Loch Striven, we were enabled to weather the Burnt islands, and then for the last time eased up the sheets, and were soon flying before the wind and sea; and at 3h. p.m. anchored in Rothsay Bay once more.

As the wind was right into the anchorage it raised a nasty roll of a sea, which prevented our getting on shore, unless we chose to risk a ducking, so we remained where we were, and retired early to bed.

(To be continued.)

THE SEABIRD'S SONG.

[Written expressly for Hunt's Yachting Magazine.]

O'er the bounding spray, I love to roam,
With the boiling surge, my ocean home,
Where the breaker white with foaming crest,
Splashes the cliff where abides my nest;
Or, the tumbling billow with hollow roar,
Wakes th' echoing caves of the lonely shore.

In the storm I delight with my faithful bride
'Neath the rolling wave my caress to hide,
In the calm, majestic I skim along,
Nor scared by the sailor's joyous song;
And at night when the moonbeams kiss the wave,
I dive and peep at the mermaid's cave.

O, the stormfiend's rage matters nought to me,
For I gambol and sport on the foaming sea,
Where the waves dash high, and the shattered prow
Of the noble bark, as she founders now,
For a moment is seen to rise on the wave,
And then is engulf'd in a fathomless grave.

O, my life is a merry and heedless one,
My wings are unfetter'd, I bask in the sun,
While his beams descend beneath the wave,
To cast a dim light o'er the mariner's grave.
Then let the sea be convulsed or still,
I ever will roam at my own free will,
By the moon's pale light, or the sun's bright ray,
I'll sport free as air o'er the bounding spray.

C. F. CHUBB.

COLLISION AT SEA.

WE are induced to notice this subject from the mystery that hangs over it, and the dreadful uncertainty of the fate of one of the vessels concerned. We have traversed the seas in different latitudes but thank Providence we never met with a collision. And it seems almost a fable even to suppose that two vessels should come into such *close* quarters as are described below yet hold no communication. They met—they parted—unheeded and unknown, save a surmise that a vessel seen in the distance *might* have been the one that fouled the Great Western.

The paragraph which we copy from the *Times* is unsatisfactory, and we hope that the arrival of the unknown into port will clear up the mystery. We do not impute any blame to the captain of the *Great Western*; yet it would have been a great relief to the mind if the name and condition of the vessel had been ascertained.

"The New York and Liverpool packet ship *Great Western*, Capt. Furber, had arrived at New York in a crippled condition, having been run into during a very dark night by a vessel, name unknown. The ship was by the wind, with a good breeze, and the passengers (emigrants) were below in their berths, when all of a sudden the bowsprit of a large ship was seen through the darkness; Capt. Furber saw the apparition, but had only time to utter a loud command for every man to take care of himself when the crash followed. The stranger came quartering on to the *Great Western* from forward, striking her exactly amidships on the starboard side, her bowsprit first encountering the mainmast, which was broken into four pieces, and carried over the weather rail, the main topmast coming down endwise and passing through the deck on the starboard side, breaking off a deck beam in its descent, and ripping up the planks of the deck for a space of 10 feet; the yards and everything attached to the mainmast fell like an avalanche of wrecked matter on the deck, together with the mizen-topmast and its yards. The ship's side was badly crushed in above the lower deck, four of the heavy beams were broken, with all the carlins between. The deck was ripped up, and the whole topwork amidships received a terrible shock. Strange to say not a person was killed amid this fearful crash. A woman and five children slept in the berths directly under where the topmast penetrated the deck, but they were not harmed. A spare mainyard, which lay fore and aft along the waterways, inside of strong timber heads, was broken off, and no doubt prevented a worse disaster to the side of the ship. Not a word was exchanged between the vessels, and the unknown ship swung clear, leaving the fragments of her headwork upon the decks of the *Great Western*. The wreck was cleared away as soon as possible, the topmast being sawed in two, and the lower half left between decks. The holes in the side and on deck were covered with boards and canvas to keep out the sea, and the falling rain and snow. The next morning Captain Furber saw a ship without a bowsprit and cutwater, which he judged to be the ship that had run into them. The ship displayed her numbers, but there being little wind to blow them out, he could not make them out."

LOSS OF THE YACHT WATER WYVERN.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the total loss of this fine vessel, the property of J. E. Stopford, Esq., Vice-com. of the R.W.Y.C. of Ireland, and Managing Director of the Royal Irish Fisheries Company, which took place on Friday the 6th. of February. She sailed from Kingstown

on Saturday the 24th of January, at 5h. 30m. P.M., under three reefed main-sail, reefed fore-sail, and 4th jib, blowing a fresh gale at N.N.E. At 9h. 30m. she was off Glassgorman, the gale rising rapidly, with a very heavy sea on, when she was got under a close reefed storm trysail and storm jib. On Sunday 25th., she was off the Tuskar at 2h. A.M., and made Kinsale Harbour at 2h. P.M. At 7h. 30m. on Monday 26th. she sailed again, and at 2h. P.M. rounded Cape Clear in the midst of a very heavy gale, and reached Berehaven at 9h. P.M. Leaving Berehaven on Wednesday, 4th. she encountered a series of heavy gales, accompanied with sleet, snow and rain.

At 8h. P.M., on Wednesday evening she made the west end of the Basket Island, and was hove to in a thick fog with her head E.S.E., she could not make out the entrance to Ventry harbour, owing to the thickness of the weather. At 11h. 30m. P.M., bore away and made the Point of Ventry, where she came to an anchor. She got underway again at 2h. A.M. on Thursday morning under double reefed main-sail, and passed through the Inner Sound of the Blaskets with a fair wind, at W.S.W. At 12h. there was a very heavy gale as she was crossing the Shannon's mouth, when she took in the mainsail, and set single reefed trysail and storm jib. At 8h. P.M. she made Blackhead during a strong gale and dense fog, rounded to under the Head, and let go in 9 fathoms. At 10h. P.M., the weather moderated considerably, when she hove up her anchor and reached away to the northward through the fishing fleet.

At 4h. a.m. on Friday morning bore away for Galway Roads, and at 6h. with the weather thick and heavy, she struck the outlying reef of rocks to the westward of Mutton island. Everything that skill and seamanship could do was tried to get her off; the captain of the *Amphitrite* and his crew, with the crews of the Royal Irish Fisheries Company's vessels, lent prompt and praiseworthy assistance, but in vain. During the day the gale again rose, accompanied by a very heavy sea, and at 3h. p.m. she became a total wreck.

Great regret has been expressed at the loss of this fine yacht, as there is no yachtsman more deservedly esteemed and respected than her excellent owner, whose exertions for the last seven years to develop and extend the fisheries of Ireland are too well known to need any comment from us, and which, at length we are glad to perceive are likely to be crowned with success.

The *Water Wyvern* was the victor in many a hard-sailed match, and a splendid sea boat, having for several years been cruising on the western coast, where she weathered many a strong gale.—*Bell's Life*.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

At the monthly meeting in February, after the ordinary business was concluded, the Hon. Secretary Mr. Chubb rose and said that at the previous meeting his friend, Mr. Fenner, had suggested that some communication of a friendly nature should be opened with their late Commodore Dr. Berncastle,

who was now President of the Sydney Yacht Club. Mr. Fenner had entrusted the matter to him (Mr. Chubb) to consider the best form of resolution to be submitted to the Club, and in Mr. Fenner's absence he would read the resolution he proposed to forward to their late Commodore. He believed all the Members had read in "*Hunts Yachting Magazine*" for January last an account of the First Annual Dinner of the Members of the Sydney Yacht Club, presided over by Dr. Berncastle; and the spirit evinced by him in that Club was the same as of yore, and would tend to make that Club great, as it had the Prince of Wales. He believed that Club numbered amongst its members some of the oldest of the Prince of Wales' Club, and it would be pleasing to them to feel that though the seas divided them, the sympathies of their fellow yachtsmen were wafted over to cheer them on their course, and he begged to propose the following resolution:—

"That the Members of the P.W.Y.C., read with much pleasure the report of the First Annual Dinner of the Sydney Yacht Club presided over by Dr. Berncastle, late Commodore of the P.W.Y.C., and beg to congratulate the Members of the Club on the success it has already attained; and that this Club desires their old and esteemed friend Dr. B. to convey to the Members of the Sydney Yacht Club the good wishes of this Club for its continued prosperity, with an earnest desire that should at any time any Members of the Sydney Yacht Club be in London they will honour the Club Meetings of the P.W.Y.C., with their company, and a hearty welcome shall be extended to them; and this Club embraces the opportunity of conveying to Dr. Berncastle their best wishes for his continued health and prosperity."

This being seconded by Dr. Bain, and spoken in favour of by Mr. Legg, was carried unanimously, and ordered to be entered on the minutes and forwarded in due course.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The permanent club-room is now fully prepared for the accommodation of members, and as the subscription for its daily use, provided with newspapers, periodicals, and attendants, is only one guinea per annum, we "calculate" the majority of the club members will become subscribers thereto.

Editor's Locker.

NORTH COAST OF IRELAND.

Douglas, Isle of Man.

MR. EDITOR.—Perhaps some of the bolder spirits of your contributors would kindly follow up the example of Mr. Berncastle, and H. B. and give us the benefit of their experience in a Log to the *City of the Fishes* (Galway) round the north coast of Ireland. The R.W.Y.C. holding forth the inducement of a splendid week's amusement will induce many to go there if they only thought it could be easily managed by yachts from this, and the Clyde.

Contrive to get a Log from some of them, and let us know the best chart, and where to be procured.

Yours truly,

W. H. D.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

[We should thank any of readers to furnish the information required.—ED.]

A VALUABLE INVENTION—A lieutenant of the United States Navy has invented an instrument which when applied to the keel of a vessel gives the depth of water near shore or upon shoals, without the use of the lead, wherever the depth does not exceed two fathoms. A board of naval officers having reported favorably of it, the invention was about to be applied to a U.S. vessel.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MARCH.

High Water at London Bridge morn. after.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascertained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
h.	m.	h.	m.	h.	m.
1	5 18	5 33	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen..... sub 6 56
2	5 58	6 19	Alderney.....	4 38	Aldborough..... 3 23
3	6 40	7 5	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast..... 4 2
4	7 35	8 10	Bridlington.....	2 23	Brighton..... 2 29
5	8 55	9 45	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon..... 4 47
6	10 35	11 55	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes..... 3 22
7		0 10	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar..... 2 55
8	0 45	1 10	Dudgeon Light...	5 23	Dungeness..... 3 17
9	1 35	1 57	Eddystone.....	3 8	Folkestone..... 3 37
10	2 15	2 30	Exmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland, North.. 2 22
11	2 50	3 5	Falmouth.....	3 8	Foreland, South... 2 47
12	3 20	3 35	Flamboro' Head...	2 23	Gravesend..... 0 37
13	3 45	4 0	Guernsey Pier.....	4 23	Greenwich..... 0 20
14	4 15	4 30	Hartlepool.....	1 38	Harwich..... 2 37
15	4 45	5 0	Humber Mouth...	3 23	Howth Harbour... 2 59
16	5 10	5 25	Kinsale Harbour..	2 23	Ipswich..... 2 7
17	5 40	6 0	Lands End.....	2 23	Kentish Knock... 2 37
18	6 15	6 35	Leith Pier.....	0 15	Lowestoft..... 3 37
19	6 59	7 25	Lynn Regis.....	4 38	Margate..... 2 2
20	8 02	8 50	Plymouth.....	3 26	Nore Light..... 0 58
21	9 40	10 30	Swansea.....	3 48	Portsmouth..... 2 27
22	11 15	11 55	Torbay.....	3 58	Sheerness..... 1 28
23		0 30	Waterford.....	3 43	Southampton..... 2 27
24	0 55	1 15	Weymouth.....	4 23	Spithead..... 4 37
25	1 40	1 55	Whitby.....	1 38	Yarmouth Roads.. 5 27
26	2 15	2 35	Amsterdam.....	0 53	Calais..... 2 19
27	2 50	3 10	Antwerp.....	2 18	Dieppe..... 3 2
28	3 33	3 50	Bordeaux.....	4 45	Havre de Grace... 4 15
29	4 12	4 35	Cherbourg.....	5 23	Ostende..... 1 12
30	4 52	5 15	Hamburgh.....	3 53	Honfleur..... 4 37
31	5 35	6 0	Brest.....	1 39	New York..... 5 7

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLAR BEAR.—The Paper on the Arctic Expedition is under consideration.

Secretaries are requested to forward accounts of Clubs Meetings, &c.

All Communications to be addressed to 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road. N. W., London.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1857.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SEA.

THOUSANDS travel by sea, who never give one thought on its vastness, temperature, or motion,—that it bears them safely to the end of their journey is all they trouble about ; but this ought not to satisfy those who use it for pleasure : the yachtsman who has more leisure, and who seeks knowledge may find ample resources for reflection and employment of the mind, when reclining in luxurious enjoyment on his well polished deck—something more profitable than merely watching the curling of the fumes of his fragrant Havana. Some able articles have been written on the subject, and a few pages of the Magazine will be usefully occupied by an article which will be beneficial to all.

The temperature of the sea, like that of the air, is liable to be affected by the latitude, and the season of the year, but not to nearly great an extent as the air. Within the tropics, where the season is hardly any influence, it is generally found at about 80 or 81 of ahrenheit's thermometer, being somewhat more, in general, than e warmth of the neighbouring air, which is deprived to a certain tent of its heat, in order to carry on the process of evaporation. asking the month of March as one of those during which the heat

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of the sun must be equally determined in both directions by latitude, we find that in that month the sea has been found, at $11^{\circ} 32'$ south, of 80.6 Fahrenheit: at $31^{\circ} 34'$ south, of 75.7; at $40^{\circ} 36'$ south, of 59.9; though in some instances it has been found several degrees, more or less at the same season, and under nearly the same latitude. The chief cause of the variation is a perpetual flow of water from the poles to the equator, which we shall afterwards explain. It has been pretty nearly ascertained, that, in the tropical seas, it ranges about 9 degrees of Fahrenheit; and in the middle of the temperate zone, about 12; and after that, decreases with a more rapid and more equable gradation.

The temperature of the sea is also affected by its depth. In deep seas between the tropics, the heat diminishes towards the bottom; while in more frigid latitudes, it is sometimes observed to become warmer. The sea is a bad conductor of heat; the solar rays can only penetrate about three hundred feet below the surface, nor does the light descend any farther. A small difference is observed between the observations on temperature in the two hemispheres. For the first 25 degrees towards the south, the decrease of heat is slower, and after that more rapid, than towards the north.

It must be evident to every one who considers the great mass of waters composing the ocean, and the interchange of position which must always be taking place, to a greater or lesser extent, between the upper and warmer parts, and the lower and colder, that this comparative equability of temperature is unavoidable, even if there were no other causes to account for it. The uses of that equability are still more obvious, and must add greatly to the wonder we always experience when the economy of nature is to be surveyed. By this equability, the natural result of high latitude is more or less corrected, for the advantage of the human beings who happen to be so placed. A milder air breathing from the sea softens the climate all over the adjacent land, and produces a freshness which is of the greatest service to vegetation. On the other hand in these torrid regions where both animated and vegetable nature are apt to sink beneath the vertical rays of the sun, the cooling breath of the ocean comes, generally at fixed times, reviving the parched soil, and communicating to us sensations of relief and pleasure, which are hardly to be imagined those who have not experienced them.

The sea from its fluid nature, is liable to be agitated and mo-

in various ways, but chiefly by the tides, by the rotatory motion of the globe, and by atmospherical causes.

The rotatory motion of the globe from west to east is believed to be at least the main cause of the currents which prevail in all the great oceans, and a knowledge of which is of such importance to the mariner. The solid part of the globe leaves, as it were, the fluid behind; and hence there is a perpetual flow of the sea from the western coasts of Europe and Africa towards the eastern landboard, as it is called, of America, and from the west of America to the eastern coast of Asia. This movement is chiefly confined to the tropics, unless where the sea is turned aside by the land, and caused to diverge towards the north or south. If we start in a survey of this motion from the western coast of America, we find it producing a constant current across the vast expanse of the Pacific, till it is turned off by Asia and Australia. A great division of its force is directed through the seas on both sides of the latter continent, and so on through the Indian Ocean, and round the Cape of Good Hope, till it reaches the free expanse of the Atlantic, across which it proceeds in the same manner as across the Pacific. The current of the Atlantic strikes the coast of Brazil, and breaks at Cape St. Augustine into two divisions, one of which proceeds round Cape Horn into the Pacific, while the other advances through the Caribbean Sea, and so on into the Gulf of Mexico. This latter branch conspires, with the vast issue of fresh waters which pours into the Gulf of Mexico, to raise the level of that sea above that of the neighbouring ocean, and, causing the surplus to force its way out between Florida and Cuba, produces the celebrated Gulf Stream, which is perhaps the most powerful sea-current in the world.

To the mariner as already mentioned, these currents are of great importance. From Portugal for instance, ships have sailed to the Bights of Benin, on the Guinea coast, being 150 leagues in two days, though they could not return in less than seven weeks. It is also common for vessels to descend to the latitude of the Canary Islands, in order to get into the tropical current across the Atlantic, which carries them to America in a comparatively short time: it was by this current that Columbus was carried so smoothly on in his first voyage to the new continent. The Pacific, it is said, can be crossed this way in about ten weeks, being at the rate of about 1000 leagues per week; and some mariners have expressed an opinion that

China might be reached by this route in less time than by the shortest course round the Cape of Good Hope.

For the same reason that the sea flows from east to west, the air has a tendency, when not counteracted by other causes, to move in the same direction. The earth in its motion leaves the air, like the sea, a little behind it; in other words, does not carry it so fast forward: hence what are called the trade winds, which operating in the same direction with the sea-currents, increase the facility of navigation to the westward in a very great degree. It is impossible to avoid remarking, that these natural phenomena, which it is to be supposed, might have been counteracted or neutralized from the beginning, must have been designed for some end useful and necessary in the economy of the world. Perhaps, like the diffusive powers given to the seeds of certain plants, they were intended to aid in the dispersion of the human race over the globe. It is well known that population exists in many places, which appear cut off from all connection with others, by seas that must have been impassable by navigators in the early ages of their art. Men could only be drifted to such places, in early ages, by the currents of the sea and air; and thus the cultivation of large and important regions must have commenced much earlier than would otherwise have been the case.

Besides the grand equatorial or tropical current, there is one of a less decided character from the poles to the equator. The sea under the tropics evaporates to a greater extent than elsewhere, by the influence of a vertical sun. The vapours are apt to proceed towards the north and south, where they descend in rain. A surplus of water is thus produced in the high latitudes, which naturally flows back towards the equator. Hence a constant, but comparatively slight flow from the north and south towards that warmer region of the earth. Under the influence of this stream, large masses of ice are constantly becoming detached from the polar stores, and drifted to the tropics. In some of the bays on the north side of Iceland, this frigid substance comes in vast quantities, insomuch as to choke them up to the depth of 500 feet. What is still more strange, these masses of ice are sometimes mixed up with trees, some of which are known to be the produce of the torrid zone in America; this is accounted for by the action of the northern division of the great current which parts at Cape St. Augustine. That northern division, after rushing in and out of the Gulf of Mexico, proceeds northward to Newfound-

land, and thence at a high latitude returns athwart the Atlantic, finally sweeping along the western coasts of Europe, and rejoining the current which gave its first impulse. By this current it is supposed, American timber may easily be carried to the northern shores of Iceland.

The operation of the tides is less observable in the great currents we have alluded to, than in those which prevail in the more secluded seas. The abstraction of water from a secluded sea by the recess of the tide, and the rush inwards produced by its flow, are sufficient of themselves to cause very impetuous currents, more particularly in the narrow channels by which the inland seas are connected with the ocean. We find it stated that the Pentland Firth, which separates the continent of Great Britain from Orkney, "has no fewer than four and twenty contrary currents of the tide at the flood of spring, besides numerous sets and eddies, which, under the local names of *wells*, *swelchies*, *roosts*, and *rulls*, boil more madly on the Orcadian shore than ever did witch's cauldron on the kindred coast of Norway, if we may believe old tradition and Bishop Pontoppidan. 'The Boar of Papa', at the opposite extreme of Orkney, is another terrible tide; when he gets a vessel in his tusks, he shakes the masts out—an operation which in the country phrase, goes by the name of *hackling*." The contrariety of influences which are sometimes brought into play by polar and equatorial currents, and those produced by the tides, occasions many phenomena, extremely perplexing, and sometimes very dangerous to the navigation. In the Cattegat, by which the Baltic is connected with the German Ocean, one current always goes in by the side next Jutland, while another issues forth by that nearest to Sweden. In like manner a current seems to proceed along the eastern coast of Britain towards the south, while another flowing in an opposite direction, advances along the coast of Holland. What is still more curious, under-currents are sometimes found going in a contrary direction to those upon the surface. In the Straits of Gibraltar, it is said there is always a surface current going on, as if to supply a want in the Mediterranean, while at a certain depth, there is another going out. So strong and so steady is this contrary in the Caribbean Sea, that a boat may be moored by dropping heavy substance to a certain depth; the upper current impels the at one way, while the under one draws the sunk object another, and between the two the boat is steadied.

Two currents of equal force, but of different directions, meeting in a narrow passage or gut, will cause what is generally called a whirlpool, and has been said to be produced by subterranean rivers, gulfs, chasms, &c., but essentially is only an eddy, produced by the contact of two currents, which, as if meeting on a centre, whirl round, as it were, in each other's arms! The whirlpool called the Euripides, near the coast of Greece, alternately absorbs and rejects the water seven times in twenty-four hours. Charybdis, in the Straits of Sicily, absorbs and rejects the water thrice in twenty-four hours; and the Maelstroem, on the coast of Norway, which is considerably the largest, absorbs, every six hours, water, ships, whales, in short, everything that approaches its malignant influence, and the next six hours is employed in casting them up again. These eddies are sometimes augmented by the force of contending tides, or by the action of the winds. They draw vessels along, dash them upon rocks, or engulph them in their furious vortices, the wreck not appearing until some time after.

The slightest breeze that blows, it is well known, will ruffle and swell the surface of the water, even in a little pool. A violent wind, exerted on a large mobile mass, will of course produce a corresponding degree of turbulence. Hence, in large seas, a storm raises the surface into billows as high as mountains, which often bury the adventurous mariner in their bosoms. These various oscillations of the sea are caused by the currents of air dislodging a portion of the waters, and thereby destroying the equilibrium which they are every moment endeavouring to regain; a movement similar to that of a pendulum. It is, amazing, however, how superficial is the most terrible tempest. Divers assure us, that, in the greatest storms, calm water is found at the depth of ninety feet.

Marine waterspouts are also caused by the action of atmospheric currents, and are as dangerous in their effects, as they are calculated to inspire no small degree of wonder. Malte Brun thus describes them:—"Underneath a dense cloud the sea becomes agitated with violent commotions, the waves dart rapidly towards the centre of the agitated mass of water, on arriving at which they are dispersed in aqueous vapours, and rise whirling round in a spiral direction towards the cloud. This conical ascending column is met by another descending column, which leans towards the water, and joins with it. In many cases the marine column is from 50 to 80 toises (fathoms).

in diameter near its base. Both columns however diminish towards the middle, where they unite; so that here they do not extend more than three or four feet in diameter. The entire column presents itself in the shape of a hollow cylinder, or tube of glass empty within. It glides over the sea without any wind being felt; indeed, several have been seen at once following different directions. When the cloud and the marine base of the waterspout move with unequal velocities, the lower cone is often seen to incline sideways, or even to bend, and finally to burst to pieces. A noise is then heard, like the noise of a cataract falling into a deep valley; lightning frequently issues from the very bosom of the waterspout, particularly when it breaks; but no thunder is ever heard."

Sailors, to prevent the imminent danger which their vessels would be exposed to by coming in contact with these tremendous columns, discharge upon them a cannon ball, which, passing through them, causes them invariably to burst, and consequently removes all chances of injury connected with them. This phenomenon is accounted for in the following manner:—Two winds meet—a vortex ensues; any cloud which happens to lie between them is condensed into a conical form, and turned round with great velocity: this whirling motion drives from the centre of the cloud all the particles contained in it; a vacuum is thereby produced, and water, or any other body lying beneath this vacuum, is carried into it upon the usual and well-known principle. The cannon ball, breaking this cylinder, which is always partly hollow, causes it to fall to pieces, in the same manner as a touch upon the surface of a soap-ball reduces the resplendant mass to a drop of common water.—W. C.

CORINTHIAN CREWS.

THERE can be but one opinion relative to Corinthian matches, and that is, when well organised and efficiently carried out, they prove an admirable school for yachtsmen. We all know that there are many sporting royal burgees, who regard their vessels much in the same light as they do their carriages and horses, namely, as a luxurious mode of transit, and that they ought to keep such things because it is fashionable to do so. To such men tar is an abomination; to handle a damp rope would be to insure them an attack of

rheumatism; and to know the stem from the stern would be a piece of unpardonable vulgarity.

The true yachtsman should be neither above nor below his business; while enjoying his pastime upon the ocean, he may be improving himself in the science of yacht sailing without at all demeaning himself before his crew. Let him not be too proud to receive instruction from a foremast Jack, or to ask for information even from a rough clad salt. He should ever remember that the correct path to the quarter deck is through the hawse pipes; and although it is quite true that he is master of his own ship, and her crew his paid retainers bound to labour for his pleasure, yet what can be more absurd than to see a yacht owner a mere passenger on board his own vessel? Is it not a far prouder position to be enabled to walk the quarter deck with the feeling within you that you are able and willing to work your vessel as well as the dandiest skipper of them all: that the "woollen shirt" and the "middle watch" of a dark and stormy night has dwindled into nothing beyond pleasurable excitement? and with the confidence begotten by practice comes that feeling of superiority which the theoretical pretender can never experience. I hold it to be the proudest moment of a yachtsman's life when he can command a racing crew, a band of bold and daring spirits, who fear not air, earth, fire, nor water; the quick eyes and brave hearts watching his beck or his word; courage, discipline, coolness, and resolution marking their every movement. A gallant little vessel manned by such a crew ought to be the aspiration of every true yachtsman.

Corinthian matches are therefore eminently calculated to make many and good yachtsmen; numbers of our very smartest brethren are those who have commenced in small boats, and I will venture to assert, without meaning the slightest offence, that our very best and most practical yachtsmen will be found in vessels ranging from the open yawl up to the ten-ton cutter, these men handle their vessel themselves, and become practical sailors. Our large and small brethren might never meet more intimately than a casual salute in a club-house, or a passing dip of the burgee but for Corinthian match! A Corinthian match takes place, and lo! crews must be provided then comes the moment when the practical yachtsmen require to be brought together, and they are so; a spirit of emulation pervades those who with all the longing for it, together with ability to take their part, might never have had the chance of sailing a match if perfectly appointed racer, are thus enabled to do so.

The wealthy yachtsman is enabled to promote the noble science to which he is devoted by increasing the number of its admirers, and infusing fresh spirit in its pursuit. Many younger heads, too, that might never have thought about the sea or its pastimes, join a Corinthian match, and eventually become our leading yachtsmen.

VAN.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—.

CHAPTER I.

FITTING OUT—HINT TO FELLOW YACHTSMEN—FIRST NIGHT ON BOARD—FIT OF THE BLUES—SUPERSTITION—THE RESCUE—COLD BATH—GETTING UNDERWAY.

AMONGST the endless variety of pleasures and enjoyments to be found in yachting, that of "Fitting out" for the season is one which to the true yachtsman always proves irresistibly attractive :—whether this arises from any truth in the assertion, that all sublunary pleasures yield more happiness in their bright anticipation than in actual enjoyment, I know not ; I only know that, what with the probable alteration in spars, sails, or rig ;—the improvement and fresh adornment of the already luxurious cabin accommodations ; the selection of a crew ; the plans of a summer's cruise ; and altogether the happy mingling of hopes and fears for the future, the season of fitting out is for me always a joyous one ;—aye and a busy one too ! as I invariably make a point of personally superintending everything done from the keel to the truck ; and all stores shipped, from "an anchor to a needle", besides doing a good day's work into the bargain, so far as one pair of hands go.

And yet how few there are out of the "thousand and one" Yacht owners, in *Hunt's Yacht List*, who allow themselves to enjoy this pleasure, preferring instead to leave all in the hands of their skippers, perfectly contented with having to pay some 50 per cent additional to the amount of their "fitting out" bills, and the further satisfaction of finding no end of wants unprovided for into the bargain.

It was thus then, so early as the first week of April 185— that I was fully engaged in fitting out a brand new schooner of about 90 tons, and as I knew of few more pleasant occupations. Most gladly would I describe the little craft, but that all descriptions of clippers are so perfectly alike, and yet how different in reality are they, one from the
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other ! Suffice it, however, to say, that she was everything that could be desired of her class, both in her rakish appearance and luxuriously fitted up accommodations ; the *chef d'œuvre* of her worthy builder, whose kind attention by the way, while fitting out, both as a man of business and a yachtsman I shall always remember with pleasure.

In a very few days after setting to work we had got things so far advanced as to admit of taking up my quarters on board ; accordingly I had my traps removed from the hotel, and ensconced myself *pro. tem.* in the after cabin of my new craft,—alone too—for as yet the crew were living ashore, with the exception of two hands, who had in a like temporary manner established themselves in the forecabin.

It was after a hard day's work, tired and sleepy withal, that I thus took formal possession of the " Wildflower," and prepared to pass my first night on board as comfortably as the un-arranged state of things below would permit :—it was early, somewhere between 9 and 10 o'clock ; yet my first determination on going below was to " turn in " forthwith, intending to make a daylight business of it in the morning :—and by the way, I would here give a hint to such brother yachtsmen as may find themselves similarly engaged in fitting out,—and that is— if they would have their work done well, quickly, and economically, let them *sling their hammock on board the first thing* ; no matter if the smart state-rooms are in disorder and unfurnished ; or the saloon be still without its luxurious carpets and cushions ; *anywhere* and *anyhow*, let him establish himself *onboard*, so as to be always on the spot, and see the day's jobs started in the morning under his own eye, and the work is tolerably certain to go forward straight on end for the day.

But to return to my first night on board :—On going below notwithstanding my intention as well as inclination to " turn in," the drowsiness I had previously felt seemed all at once to vanish, and by some unaccountable mental process I was led into a " reverie," *anglice* " a fit of the blues," that seemed admirably calculated to keep me awake through every watch of the night, and perhaps under the circumstances the only thing that could have done so ; but I will not anticipate.

I have already said how joyous, how buoyant, and how lighthearted my spirits ever are when " fitting out " ;—singular that on a sudden all should change ! and I should find myself meditating on the heavy responsibility which I was on the eve of assuming in the sole charge both craft and crew, with several friends on board too for the summer cruise as already arranged ! " I *shall* sail my own vessel," I continue meditating, " my young skipper who neither understands navigation, the management of a crew I might change for one of more exper-

but no! he has sailed with me for years in a smaller craft, so with him, and my own way, I must try to get on." Still, however, I continued to meditate on the heavy responsibility of having from a dozen to fifteen souls entrusted to one's own sole guidance through the dark frowns, as well as the gentle smiles of my beloved though sometimes angry ocean : and worse than all! however delightful the fair sex may be ashore, (and on board too in the safety and sunshine of a sheltered harbour), I kept thinking how we should ever get on with them on board during our voyages, requiring in hours of trial and anxiety perhaps of danger, that personal care, which inevitable duties on deck must render it impossible to give ! " This will never do," I thought, " and yet the die is cast, arrangements are made, and with all this responsibility there must be no retreating."

Thus did an unhappy and most unusual " reverie" work me up to feeling a heavy load of care : no doubt an imaginary one, and voluntarily self imposed, but nevertheless one that bid fair to make me seriously contemplate an abandonment of the cruise ; and this, increased, as it naturally enough was, by the dead stillness on board, and the absence of the " anchor watch" step on deck, banished most effectually all idea of sleep, so that it was not till past midnight that I got into my berth, with the last number of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine* to look at, sleep being for the present out of the question.

That such an extraordinary turn as this might have been given to one's meditations by mere ordinary train of thought, or accident, I will not deny nor affirm ; I only know, that never before and never afterwards did a similar " reverie" overtake me :—anxiety, deep, intense anxiety : yes! often, in the course of our cruise, and of which anon—but such a *bona fide*, regular sleep-dispelling " fit of the blues," never!

Now I am not, and never have been, superstitious; much as I respect that " least shade" of its mysterious influence which appertains to all who " make their home upon the sea;" and which every sailor more or less possesses : yet I never could, by any process of reasoning get rid of the feeling that so unusual a train of thought, leading to such singular oppression of the mind, and consequently to such complete banishment of all drowsiness and sleep, must have been caused by something more than mere ordinary thought or accident ;—perhaps not ;—

a shall judge reader for yourself.

Well then, I had not been many minutes in the berth, when I was rttled by a low noise as of a hand or something soft rubbed heavily ng the yacht's side, and passing rapidly from aft forward, as if caused the act of fending off a boat alongside. Not liking the idea of our

wet paint being treated in this unceremonious fashion, or perhaps a little done in the way of pilfering, there being no anchor watch : I was instantly on deck, and on looking over the port side on which the noise had been made, I found a boat with one man in her, hauling ahead, somewhere about our fore-channel.

"What are you doing in that boat ? shove off, and keep clear of our new paint."

"New paint be d——d!" was the reply, as the fellow shoved off, and began paddling his boat along with a small piece of board, instead of an oar, of which he seemed to be minus.

"Be it so if you like, what you've got of it at least : but give us a wide berth if you please, and try to keep a civil tongue in your head, it may serve you best at a pinch when you least expect it."

A fresh volley of insolence from the vagabond as he paddle ! away for the shore, and I went below.

It might be about half an hour from this time, that I had laid aside my book, and in the determination if possible of taking Morpheus by storm, I extinguished the lamp,—when in the midst of

"Silence how dread and darkness how profound."

there came once more to my great annoyance the *same identical sound*, rubbing heavily along the yacht's side ! So my friend you are back at your old tricks again !—but lest by any chance it might have been a mistake, and to make "assurance doubly sure" I waited for a few seconds, leaning eagerly forward and listening for a repetition of the noise, but not hearing it either continued along the side as before, or repeated, I was congratulating myself on the supposition that it must have been something else,—when hush ! there it comes again ! the same low but distinct brush along the side of the vessel ! there was no mistaking it this time, and it seemed as if accompanied by a kind of suppressed breathing ! for the water being so perfectly calm, and the night so still, it is wonderful with such conductors of sound as wood and water how distinctly one can hear through a vessel's side.

I was soon once more on deck, but stealthily and noiselessly as possible this time, hoping to pounce upon my friend and pay him off for thus disturbing one's rest. It was rather dark but I could see that there was *no one on deck*, and on looking over the side *neither boat nor* were to be seen ! I stepped hastily forward to look whether he might not be lurking under our bows ; and as I reached the fore-castle the men who were sleeping there came on deck at that instant—"h— a groan ! a sigh ! and then a splash in the water !

"Good heavens what noise can that be!" Another groan! a gurgling noise, and another splash in the water apparently about a hundred yards off, and close to the pier.

"Ah! some one is drowning! quick boys, quick! for God's sake the boat!"

And shouting at the top of our voices in the direction of the noise—"Hold on my poor fellow, hold on whoever you are, we will reach you in a moment!"—the boat was quickly shoved off, and the poor fellow rescued from a watery grave! he had fallen in between his boat and the pier, and being the worse of liquor could do little for himself.

And now kind reader, you will doubtless smile at the question, and accuse me of more superstitious feeling than I am willing to take credit for when I ask:—Can *you* explain the cause of the noise which so opportunely brought us on deck? I do not mean for the first, but for the second time? *I can not*,—the noises were in both instances *precisely the same*; although one was caused as we knew by a boat actually alongside;—and the other by—no matter what!—it led to the rescue of a drowning fellow creature. And stranger still than all, I had no sooner returned below than my wakefulness was succeeded by as sound a sleep as mortal could desire, and which I had till then sought in vain; my "fit of the blues" was dispelled, never to return, from that hour.

Our goodly little craft was now all "a-taunto" and very nearly ready for sea: another day or two would send us afloat on our trial cruise, and in order to hasten matters forward, I found myself here, there, and everywhere: at one moment aloft busy in the rigging: at another alongside burnishing away at the copper: anything and everything came alike, whether it was instructing the joiners, cabinet-makers, &c., in their alterations and beautifying work below, or in giving a friendly lift to the French-polishing gentleman overhead, in his brilliant revivifications of our now mirror-like mahogany skylights and deck fittings.

It was while thus engaged in the ardour of an ubiquitous jack-of-all-trades like zeal, that observing a painter busy at work on the stern of the vessel, and wanting him to do some other more particular work I ordered him off accordingly,—at the same time taking the brush from him to finish the stern job myself;—*stern* enough! and cold enough too I found it "*mais nous allons voir.*"

1 the exercise of my newly assumed artistical functions, I quickly relieved my fellow artist by jumping into a boat moored *across* the ship's stern, and from thence set to work, brushing away in good earnest: the way, I had nearly omitted to mention that the real cause which induced me to supersede the painter by my own services, arose from

observing in him what I conceived to be a want of "*savoir faire*," or rather a want of "*savoir se balancer*" resulting in somewhat dilatory and occasionally fruitless attempts to get on with his work, standing on tip-toe, as he had to do on the gunwale of the boat which kept receding from under him occasionally, until brought up with a jerk that took him a long time to recover his lost equilibrium :—and so the work not seeming to progress expeditiously enough, I ordered my friend to something else, requiring less nautical skill in the execution ; and on the uniform principle which I always adopt as far as practicable, "of never asking a man to do what I won't try to do myself;" I ended my reproaches to the painter for dancing too much and painting too little, by relieving him myself, without waiting to improve in any way the position of the boat from which the work had to be done.

Well, while brushing away manfully and artistically, the "point d'appui" of the slippery boat was getting gradually further and further off, as my energy increased and the sweeps of the brush became more and more artistical ; until just at the finishing stroke the "point d'appui" as usual being extended to the very utmost limit of endurance—away went the boat from under my feet ! and the master stroke of the Artist intended to have taken effect just below the taffrail, ended by a graceful sweep along the surface of the water ! and ugh ! how cold ! I struck out composedly brush in hand for the shore :—the poor fellow who had just been superseded, and whose brush I had wielded so energetically was the first to jump to my assistance, consternation depicted in his face. Meanwhile, however, I was quietly making for the shore, instead of availing myself of my fellow artist's kind concern for my safety, when I bethought me of his brush, and shouting out "Now then, look out !" away I shied it with as good an aim as I could under the circumstances, and no such bad aim either, for slap—bang into the poor fellow's face went the glossy black end of his own brush ! which not receiving immediate attention from the unhappy painter in the midst of his kindly meant efforts on my behalf, dropped back into the water, while I made the best of my way ashore,—laughing heartily at this involuntary cold bath, and thinking that after all, between the painter and myself I had the best, or at least the cleanest of it.

But a truce to the quiet slow incidents of "fitting out," delightful as they are to one's self,—and now hurrah ! for the sea, with its more lively and stirring events.

The weather had continued most propitious all the time of our fitting out, and now on the eve of making a start, that golden sky with its glowing sun, promised us a favourable day on the morrow ; and so

turned out to be. A bright and sunny morning, such as April sometimes loves to bless withal the early yachtsman;—and a light zephyr waiting to greet our snowy canvas with a smile of welcome.

The appointed hour in the afternoon for hauling out of harbour, and getting underway, having now arrived :—it was not one look I ween that satisfied the owner of the pretty little Wildflower, as he stood aft on the poop, and cast his eye rapidly over the gracefully outlined deck before him, then aloft amongst the tapering spars and well set up rigging; nothing seemed amiss, even to that final scrutinizing glance, and now “Cast off!” is the word—“Get the gig ahead and send a warp to that buoy.”—“Aye, aye, sir.”

And soon our canvas was spread with all the care which Laphthorne loves to see bestowed upon the first settings of his well cut sails, the head of main, fore and gaff-topsails, only *hand laid* to the spars; no stretching; no rousing out on the gaffs *with a purchase!* as I have known some wisecracks do, to the ruin of their sails—then “Avast the peak there!” ‘till the *tacks are first well hauled down*,—“So.”

And now, as we are ready to “up jib” and away, just at the very last moment come tumbling into us parcels of every description! forgotten, or delayed to be forwarded :—bundles of Guernsey frocks on which our Club ensignia should long ago have been embroidered; sets of boats’ oars that should have been on board a week ago; ammunition for our guns; and heaven knows what else besides! Nothing like a *bona-fide* start, to hurry your odds and ends on board,—only bear in mind that your start must be *in earnest*, and your resolve made to sail “goods or no goods”, otherwise strange to say these wide-awake folks will be sure to find out the dodge and put off delivery of your things till the moment of the *real* start, which moment it would almost seem as though the trades people at all yachting stations knew intuitively, and make a point of coming pell-mell together at one and the same time, to wit, just at the moment you are getting underway.

At length however we are off!—gliding gracefully along under the scarcely perceptible impulse of a light evening air, barely enough to fill our sails; and yet the little craft does anything and everything, apparently quite ready to work herself if they would only let her. So far so good; but we must have somewhat different weather ‘ere we venture to nounce opinion on the barkie’s capabilities—that may come soon enough. Meanwhile let us step below while “laying to” as our worthy kler who has come so far with us to see his new craft fairly underway d who feels as much interest in the success of his handy-work as tho’ ‘ad himself a “timber-head” in the good little ship,) is now about to

take his leave ; and should these lines meet his eye, with of course a recognition of the author's identity, I am sure it needs but to express a wish as I now do to ensure the preservation of an assumed "incognito." The breeze now beginning to freshen, and the order given to—"Let draw the staysail!" the stately little craft begins to glide along and

"Walk the waters like a thing of life."

SONG FOR A ROWING CLUB.

BY AN OLD OARSMAN.

Come all hands pipe your throats for a chorus,
 Your messmate will sing you a stave,
 An unclouded heaven smiles o'er us,
 As we glide o'er the soft summer wave.
 Come, come trim the boat, men be steady,
 Let fellowship each bosom fill,
 If a rival appears, why, be ready
 Together, and pull with a will.
 Then toss oars to your country's fair daughters,
 Vain boasting we scorn to a man,
 But we'll sing as we cleave the blue waters,
 We'll be foremost brave boys if we can.

Of all sports 'tis to me the most cheering,
 To join a blithe crew ripe for fun,
 A cool headed light fellow steering,
 The four rowlocks telling like one.
 Our hearts, like our hands one way leaning
 Each oar seems our gallant boat's limb,
 One mind e'en in sport hath deep meaning,
 What goes right boys, unless 'tis in trim.
 Then, toss oars, &c.

Now the race, there's the signal for starting,
 The commodore's hoisting his flag,
 See! the gay craft like arrows are darting,
 For places, no fuss boys, or brag!
 Four gigs wait the signal, what ho boys!
 All right—take it lively—away!
 Ye that win, o'er the beaten don't crow boys,
 But wish them more luck the next day.

Then, toss oars, &c.

Dublin, March, 1857.

A CRUISE OF THE NIMROD.*

"PLEASE, sir, the steamer's second bell is ringing," sung out the steward, "and its seven o'clock." We were out of our berths in a moment, and sending the skipper with our compliments to the captain of the steamer to say, he *must* wait for us, we made a hasty toilet and shoved aboard the Pioneer, where we were greeted by G——, and off we went; having previously left orders with our skipper to bring the yacht on to Tobermory. There were some twenty or thirty passengers on board, all tourists (with one or two exceptions,) and one could easily detect the English ones, by their intensely Highland costume, several having rushed into plaid to a frightful extent.

We had a good opportunity of having a regular Highland breakfast, and I am sure we all did justice to it. I think if a Scotchman was in the last gasp of sea-sickness, nothing would induce him to forego his meals; and indeed the steward had no sinecure of it that day, for no sooner had he supplied the victuals than it was necessary to prepare for their re-appearance.

Dunolly Castle, the Lady Rock,† the "dark Sound of Mull, Tobermory, &c., were passed in due time; and leaving the Sound at Arduamurchan we found ourselves in sight of Coll, Rum, Egg, and other islands, and rolling heavily in the long swell,—the breeze, which was very fresh, setting right ahead. Coasting along a fine bold range of basaltic rocks (where we could see myriads of the wild blue rock pigeons, so highly esteemed at Battersea Red House and elsewhere for the shooting matches,) we reached Staffa in a regular squall of wind, mist and pelting rain.

We had not come all this way for nothing tho', therefore most of the passengers, including several ladies, embarked in the boats alongside, and after a somewhat perilous landing we found ourselves high, but not dry, on the far-famed island of Staffa. Scrambling was the order of the day, and though everybody was as demure and prim as possible at breakfast time, here, it was wonderful how we all fraternised and assisted each other.

I am not going to describe Staffa, as it has been so often described

* Continued from p. 116.

The story of this rock of course every one knows, how the Laird of Argyle, being the most affectionate husband in the world, left his wife on the rock, (which was covered at high water,) and forgot to call for her again; and how she was ultimately rescued by some fishermen who took the lady home all wet and dripping as she was, and "squashed" the oblivious laird.

before, and shall therefore say nothing more than, I am not quite sure whether I was disappointed or not. The rain and fog might have had something to do with it, or perhaps the lobster salad the previous evening; but I think I expected rather a larger affair.

Of course Fingal's Cave was visited, and not more than half the passengers slipped off the rocks into the water, but as we were all as wet as could be, it did not make much odds. We scrambled back up a mixture of wooden steps and rocky ledges; the formation of the basaltic pillars making the ascent easy, (tho' by the way it's hardly adapted for ladies or Highlanders,) and tumbling into the boats again were soon on board the steamer, where all hands commenced fortifying their inner men (and women) with undisguised "goes" of grog. This lasted until we reached Iona, and produced accordingly a highly sentimental frame of mind in such of the pilgrims as were not sick and were able to visit the ruins: The captain gave us an hour's leave for a run ashore, and the sun coming out most splendidly, and driving the mist away, we all shook our feathers and bugged * * * *

Iona!—How can I describe these intensely interesting ruins?—Ruins I can hardly call them, for if their authenticity was not beyond a doubt you might almost fancy they were the work of the present century. The preservation of the tombs and carvings is something marvellous, considering their antiquity. I am not given to much rapturous sentimentality, yet I would have given a great deal to have been left to myself for a day or two, and I don't envy the man, who could hurry full speed as we did over the cathedral and other places, under the guidance of an unintelligible Scotchman and be satisfied. Solitude was however out of the question, for to say nothing of the presence of so many strangers from the steamer, the aborigines bothered one's life out, to buy shells and pebbles, and their ceaseless importunities following us wherever we go, soon brought me back from where I was in imagination (ages and ages back,) to the present matter of fact time when, "filthy lucre" is all that's cared for.

Let us go and get on board the steamer, (just fancy what old Saint Colomba would have thought, if he could have turned out of his tomb for half an hour to see a smoky steamer!) Being thus rudely brought back to every day life, I begin to find I'm growing hungry, and its near dinner time. Be off then, you ragged headed and tattered tailed little Ionian imps, take your shells and stones, and cheat "Admiral" if you will, or rather if you *can*, and leave *me* in peace, in no humour to be bothered, and a man before his dinner is a dangerous animal. Oh! to go by oneself, or with a well chosen small party (and in a yacht, mind that,) I can conceive nothing more delightful,

though there were many places vastly superior in scenery, there is no place so deeply interesting and impressive as Icolmkill.

After leaving the place and again assembling aboard the steamer, we turned our head back to Tobermory (our party having previously made an arrangement with the captain that he should leave us there,) and being before the wind we were pretty easy, though the long heavy roll prevented many from feeling too confident about dinner; but at last we mustered a very fair table full, and spent the afternoon most pleasantly, especially as, thanks to the scrambling about Staffa and Iona, we had cultivated several very agreeable acquaintances. At 6h. p.m. we were off Tobermory, and our respective gigs, coming alongside, we shoved on board the yachts, and found that our skipper was just about getting underway for Oban again, the steamer being so late, that he thought she had gone round the other way; and in that case, we should have been 25 miles from our floating house and home without a rag. Right glad were we then, to get on board and change our clothes, for we were wet through; but soon made ourselves snug and comfortable, and after a late supper turned in.

At our usual hour in the morning, 4h. a.m., the anchor was up, and we were away for Skye: Ardnamurchan Point was soon passed, with the Islands of Coll, Rum, Egg, and others, in light breezes and fine weather. These islands are wild and uninteresting, except from their dreariness and solitude, and their very desolation and forbidding appearance, added to the peculiar roar and moaning of the Atlantic amongst their many caves and rocks (for the ocean is here unbroken except by these small isles,) produces a strange feeling of undefined fear, or rather, uncertainty, in one's imagination, that is after all a very necessary sort of ingredient for the appreciation of such scenery. But let us look ahead for we are rapidly approaching Skye, and are close to Soa Island, with an increasing breeze; but as it is fair we make the most of it with large topsail and first jib,—shoot round the point into Loch Scavig, and come to anchor between the main land of Skye and Soa: our consorts following our motions, the sails are furled and coated, all made snug; and we have time to look about us: the invariable Scotch mist just lifting at the time to shew us a glimpse of Loch Scavig, and the far-famed Cullin mountains. Each day's scenery so far, we fancied, surpassed the previous ones; but now, this of all others was beyond description. The whole character of the country before us was totally different to what had hitherto seen. The immense massiveness of the formation of rocks without split or fissure, the roaring waterfalls, like threads of silver as they seemed to trickle over the mountain, and yet such a boil-

ing mass of water as they plunged, head first, into the black and gloomy sea below; not a house or visible sign of life, it was a picture I shall not soon forget.

However, here we are, and as our friends of the C—— and A—— determined that all should be seen that was to be seen, our three gigs were "piped away" after dinner at 6h. p.m., with our united party to pull to the head of Loch Scavig and the fresh water lake—Coruisk, a distance of seven or eight miles. After a hard pull, with a heavy sea (for such light boats,) the whole party, nineteen in number, assembled at the mouth of the river that runs out of Coruisk, with but one opinion, namely, that not to have visited Scavig, and especially Coruisk, would have been to lose the finest thing of the whole cruise.

Some of our party brought their rods and flies, but their luck was only indifferent. Of course as we had not brought our rifles, there were seals in plenty, close within range, (and one or two eagles that were not.) We climbed the rocks and explored the shores of the "dread lake"—Coruisk.

"By my halidome

A scene so rude so wild as this

Yet so sublime in barrenness

Ne'er did my wandering footsteps press,

Where'er I happed to roam."

LORD OF THE ISLES, Canto iii. Stanza 13.

The best description of Coruisk and Scavig, whose scenery is altogether unequalled in any other part of the British Isles, is given in "Wilson's voyage," and also by Sir Walter Scott. The description of Loch Coruisk and the scenery around it is one of the noblest passages in the *Lord of the Isles*; and I would advise every yachtsman to "read up" before taking this cruise. As the night drew on, the increasing wind and sea, which was breaking heavily on the rocks, made it imprudent to stay longer; and after a preparatory "tot" all round, the boats were launched, and slowly we drew out of the bay. This was ticklish work, especially in our light gig; but tho' some of us felt a little anxious at starting, the first mile shewed our lively little boat was quite equal to a much heavier sea, and by dint of watching her well and humouring her a little, we shipped nothing worse than spray; and at eleven o'clock we were alongside the Nimrod, where all looked jolly, snug, and comfortable tea, and fresh fish, a glass of grog, and turn in. What struck greatly this evening was the extreme shortness of the nights, at eleven o'clock I could see to read on deck, and it was broad daylight again three in the morning.

Friday the 27th of June, we commenced our journey homewards, but before sailing I went ashore to meet R——, who had kindly sent for a lot of terriers for my inspection. Here I found him and a Highland keeper with no end of dogs of all ages; all his pockets were stuffed full of them, and such a yelping, barking, and growling was set up, that the mountains echoed again. After taking the opinion of G—— and our pilot, who were both judges of “dogflesh,” I chose two that took my fancy most, and handing them to the custody of the pilot, who did not seem to object to their teeth as I did, we pulled on board, and at 11h. a.m. the three yachts got underway, the A—— intending to go round the Point of Slate to Portree, and the Nimrod and C——, back to Oban and homewards. Just as we were leaving the entrance of Loch Scavig, the fog suddenly lifted, giving us a most beautiful view of the whole of the Loch and the Cullin Hills. This was nearly too much for us, and we almost determined to remain another day; but the mist re-appearing as suddenly, and the A—— (which appeared like a phantom ship in the fog) finding herself unpleasantly close to the land without a chance of seeing it, changing her course and following us, we all three steered for Ardnamurchan Point, a dead beat and little or no wind, but a heavy roll, which put all idea of exploring the spar caves out of the question. As the weather was thick, we soon lost sight of each other, and as night drew near we opened the Atlantic—the length and height of the ocean swell being very remarkable.

Our pilot told us he had been many times about these islands, but that he never remembered, except once or twice in winter, so severe and long a roll. We afterwards learnt it was owing to a heavy gale of wind that occurred in the Irish Channel, which caused much damage and loss of life about Liverpool and the Welsh coasts, but fortunately it did not extend as far north as we were. The pilot began to be anxious to get a sight of Ardnamurchan light or get a bearing, as we could hear plainly the roaring of the sea on the rocks somewhere or other,—we supposed it to be Coll. *We* all felt anxious too, but the “Admiral” promptly administering some egg nogs, our equanimity was restored, and soon after midnight we made out the light, and the A—— and C—— to windward a short distance. We fired a rocket and a blue light, and a slight clearing of the sky shewed us the Isle of Coll, removing all our doubts, and sending us to bed satisfied and comfortable.

A few hours in bed was sufficient for me, and at 5h. a.m. next morning; I went on deck and found we were close to Ardnamurchan Point, lying along the shore about two cables’ length from it, with a rattling surge, and as it is generally squally in the Sound of Mull, as a precau-

tionary measure we took in the topsail, housed the topmast, and settled down for a "threshing match" through the Sound; weather getting worse, rain and heavy squalls every minute. I then turned in again for an hour or two, and at ten o'clock we all sat down to breakfast in our accustomed easy *dishabille*. At twelve we passed Tobermory where our consorts had just come to anchor, but we carried on to Oban as we were anxious to get our letters, and if we did not get them to-night it would be Monday morning before they would be delivered. The strong breeze brought us shortly to Ardtornish Castle, formerly the stronghold of the Macdonalds, the Lords of the Isles. I remember hearing a story of one of the Macdonald chiefs, who being a guest at the viceregal table in Dublin, and happening to come in late, took his place near the foot. On being asked by one of the party to move upwards towards his noble entertainer, he sent back the somewhat "bumptious" reply,—“That where the Macdonald sits, *that* is the head of the table!” Verily, these “great unbreeched” had no small opinion of themselves, for it is related that the Clan McLean, who “hung out” at Castle Duart, (the opposite side of the Sound,) affirm with equal modesty, that “*their* chief had a boat of his own at the flood!” This, I think, is the earliest record of a *yacht owner* we have.

At 3h. p.m. we were off the Leddie rock, with a strong tide setting against us, and a heavier squall than usual catching us as it came rushing down the mountains of Kerrera, laid our stiff little barkie over, more than I ever saw her before, and somewhat disturbed the economy of our dinner table.

We entered the bay of Oban by the Sound of Dunolly, and the town looked very pretty, as it opened out all at once. The place was enlivened also by the presence of two or three yachts,—the Ariel schooner, Commodore Littledale, the Maria schooner, Mr. Rathbone, and the Surprise cutter, Mr. Rigge, all of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club.

In two or three hours after we had arrived our consorts came tearing in, in fine style, with a slashing breeze, and took up their anchorage near us and furled sails very smartly. The evening was passed very pleasantly, the Nimrod as usual (on a Saturday night especially) being the rendezvous.

Sunday morning was rather wet: at eleven o'clock we went ashore to church, and after that a long walk on the shores of the Sound, & returned on board to dinner at five. We spent a quiet evening on board the C—— as we were, much to our regret, to part company on morrow; the R——s leaving by land for Glasgow, and the C—— & A—— going round the Mull of Cantire; and we bade good bye, promising to call on R—— at Largs on our way back.

Monday morning the 30th June, was lovely, but hardly a breath on the waters. The A—— with her mainsail and large topsail set was heaving up her anchor, and about ten slowly passed under our stern, and shortly after the C—— swept gracefully past us, and so we parted from our consorts, with much unwillingness, for it seemed like the ending of our pleasant cruise. We signalled 6318 (of Ackers), and watched them round the point, after which we betook ourselves to look out for some amusement, for as the weather was so calm we had arranged not to sail to day. Strolled about the place, went to read the news, and then took a "constitutional" up the shores of Kerrera. Certainly they are most beautiful, and I think I never saw wild flowers in such perfection. We gathered a large bouquet, and then returned on board to dress, for we were engaged to dine on board the Ariel to-night with Commodore L. and "six was the hour for a greasy chin." We also had a call from the owner of the Surprise.

It certainly is very pleasant after all, this style of life and I can compare it to no other method of living and travelling in point of comfort and enjoyment. Like a snail you carry your house on your back wherever you go: there is no trouble in packing and unpacking at every place you visit, no getting to an inn late at night, and finding they have no room for you, no trouble of paying bills and feeding servants, and no turning out in "hot haste" in the morning to catch the coach or steamer: you may lie in bed without fear of being late; you are perfectly independent as to your movements, and never bothered with having to make a fresh set of acquaintances, every day almost, and its proverbial John Bull is a bad hand at this.

Certainly some matter-of-fact persons (anxious to cram as much travelling into a day, as possible,) may say,—“Its all very fine, but give me a steamer that gets over the distance in something more than a snail's pace, (if you will have the simile,) and is independent of wind and tide;” but I answer, in trips like our present one where the object is pleasure alone, *speed* is the *only* advantage you can claim for a steamer, which has other *disadvantages* besides those I've just mentioned, for you are whisked past place after place, without having time for more than a glimpse; you are tied to time bills and route, and I must say without prejudice, that the very company of some score of fellow passengers at such places as Iona, do not increase the romance of the thing, and certainly not the pleasure. This may seem affected and selfish, but I am only comparing the two modes of travelling and other relative advantages, at the least of which is having a friend or two with you to participate. After this digression I'll say no more to-night, except that we passed a

very pleasant evening (Mrs. L. and her family being on board). We parted at ten o'clock, and as we sail tomorrow we went ashore to take a "last lingering look," returning on board about eleven, where by the way we found an addition to our live stock in the shape of a remarkable handsome cat, which one of our gig's crew, *said*, had followed him to the boat. However, we could not turn poor puss adrift, so we made her comfortable for the night, and speculated on the possibility of establishing a "happy family" with her and the Skye terriers.

Tuesday, the 1st July, up betimes, as we are underway early for Crinan, and hope to get through the canal to day if possible; but the weather soon showed us *that* was out of the question. It was a gloomy, wet, squally morning, and the wind was dead ahead, blowing very hard, kicking up quite enough of sea to be pleasant, when we got clear of Kerrera, so we hauled down a couple of reefs, set a small jib and jogged away to windward as merrily as we could, and a tough fight we had of it, for the sea which comes from the westward is right from the Atlantic, and gets so jammed amongst the islands and rocks, and so twisted with the tide that you have not a fair chance, as you have with a good honest "comber" in the open water. Every plate and glass in the vessel was jingling, the cat was molrowing, the dogs were growling, and in spite of swing tables the breakfast would *not* be laid, so we had to grin and abide, and lie on our beds reading and munching what we could get, and postponed breakfast to lunch time, as the pilot assured us by that time we should have shelter; and sure enough about noon we were in still water under the lee of Lunga Island, and had come to an anchor, not being able to stem the tide, the wind having dropped, tho' we could see outside, the vessels knocking about in as angry a sea as ever. Such is cruising in the Highlands,—one hour you have a three-reef mainsail, and the next you are drifting with all your large canvas aloft.

After waiting some hours and making up for lost time at breakfast, we were again underway, and though every now and then we were enveloped in mist (not very pleasant in these intricate passages, studded as they are with small islands, and rocks, and tide running 6 and 7 knots,) we managed very well, and hit on a novel expedient for indicating our position to other vessels in the fog, which was this,—the cat was brought on deck in a basket and the terriers allowed to have one look at her, on which they would immediately commence barking furiously for half hour, and as soon as they slackened in their noise, they were excited another view of puss, until at last the mere mention of a cat was enough to set them off. At 4h. we passed Craignish Castle, leaving Corryvreckan well on the starboard hand, and entering Loch Crinan thror-

"Hell gate" we hauled into the canal basin at 6h. p.m. Most striking was the change, to get into this quiet pool under the hill side, the trees overhanging your topmast, the heather brushing the very sides of the vessel, the cow brought alongside for milking, and every thing so totally different to the scene of discomfort we had endured in the morning. The evening was most beautiful; we rambled about the hills, where the crew were cutting brushwood for fenders, to save our paint going through the canal, and we turned in at eleven in high good humour with every thing and every body.

Oh! how lovely the morning was, when we turned out at 5h. a.m. (1) in our dressing gowns and slippers, and stepped ashore to look about us, whilst our "horse-power" was being attached. We had had so much wet weather lately that a real fine sunshiny June morning came doubly welcome, every thing so fresh and glittering, and though we looked back at the clear blue mountains we were leaving, with something like regret, the country before us looked so smiling, and the novelty of the change from sea to canal so strange that we were all satisfied, and all hands were soon influenced by the bright sunshine, and were as jolly as "ten topsail sheet blocks," and skipping ashore like lamplighters. Our progress was necessarily slow, and the locks were very tedious: but there was plenty of work for a sketcher, and no end of choice of subject; at at one time winding round the foot of a rocky crag, and now sailing through a beautifully wooded park, with the banks of the canal covered with wild roses and fuchias. It was a complete ladies' day (though a long one, for we didn't reach Ardrishaig till afternoon,) and the presence of one or two would have rendered the day's enjoyment all that was wanting to make it perfect. After a drive on shore at Ardrishaig, through Sir John Orde's park, we returned to a late dinner and turned in at twelve.

I am ashamed to say we were up late this morning, thereby missing a great part of the fine scenery of Loch Fyne. We had got so used to noise now, that the tramp and bustle of getting underway failed to awaken us, and the steward having been reviled and abused, no end, for calling us (once or twice without occasion) did not dare to disturb us or even hint at the time of day. It was now about nine when we entered

(1) Kyles of Bute through which we had to beat. The squalls are
 1 says heavy here, and I recommend all yachtsmen taking this passage
 1 be sparing of their canvas, or they may chance to get their spars
 1 ut their ears, to say nothing of crockery smashed. We enjoyed the
 1 much, for the scenery of the Kyles is very fine,—they are more like
 2 iver in many places, only a couple of hundred yards across, and wind-

ing through wood and rock most delightfully blended. Determined to enjoy ourselves to the utmost, we had a champagne lunch on deck; and sweeping round the beautiful bay of Rothsay, with its picturesquely situated little town, we stood across the Clyde, and brought up at noon in 20 fathoms of the pretty watering place of Larga. Here we went ashore, and were most hospitably received as usual by Mr. and Mrs. R. at their country house, with a hearty welcome and a good dinner. The evening passed so pleasantly that it was doubly hard to say "good bye," when the time came, but we were on our way home, and the wind was fair, so "hardening our hearts," we got on board at eleven.

As it would have been out of our way to have put in at Campbeltown to leave our pilot (who belonged to that place,) we here dismissed him to go by steamer. The old fellow was quite sorry to leave us apparently, and we parted with mutual regret. To-night our cat jumped overboard, to the great consternation of the crew, who were perfectly certain that something *must* happen to the vessel in consequence. It is strange sometimes what odd coincidences happen to strengthen the superstition of sailors; an instance of which occurred to myself once when going into Fleetwood in 1848. I had a small yacht, the *Janette*, on board which was, the whole season, a favorite cat, and a most accomplished one, she could do all sorts of tricks, from sucking the eggs to going aloft, and was duly appreciated in consequence. She had moreover a habit of sitting on the taffrail, whatever the state of the weather, and it fell out that on the occasion mentioned above, as it was heavy weather, the poor cat was washed overboard, and though we put about and used all our endeavours we never saw her again. Well, that same night we *got on shore*, and tho' fortunately without much damage to the yacht, she had to be stripped, and all her sails, stores, &c., taken out of her. After 12 or 15 men had been at work several days, getting the "ways" under her, she was launched, the stern hawser *burst* and broke a man's leg!—the vessel was then towed to one of the mooring buoys, and that very same night one of the steamers, (a stranger in the port,) "backed" on to the poor unfortunate little *Janette*, and stripped off all her starboard bulwarks from "stem to stern. *Of course* the skipper and crew attributed this accumulated ill luck to the loss of the cat, and say what I would, nothing would convince them to the contrary. Fortunately the rule was proved by the exception, in our voyage home, after the loss of our *Oban* cat, for though we had the weather bad enough, there was no accident.

Next morning our anchor was away early, a fine breeze taking us *lamash* in an hour (first rate sailing by the way); but when

mustered on deck after breakfast at ten, we found ourselves passing the Craig of Ailsa, with but a very light breeze, though there was an ominous looking blackness spreading over the sea and sky "outside." Here we were rapidly overhauled by the Flying Cloud, (a new Americanised schooner yacht) with all her flying kites set,—square-sail, large topsails, staysails, and all. This set us on our mettle, and we essayed to set our large topsail also; but the halliards were jammed and would not run, so we were forced (like "Uncle Ned" with the corn cake,) to let it "abe." I would just mention, this is not an uncommon occurrence, and is owing to the topmast rigging slipping over the "hounds" of the topmast, and over the sheave of the topsail halliards.

On went the schooner with a speed worthy of her name, and making the most of the light breeze at the time she ran us hull down in a few hours.

At noon, having duly "made the sun over the fore yard," the sea had got up so rapidly, we thought it time to make all snug, so housed the topmast and lashed the boats, &c. The wind was dead aft and the boom as much off as the rigging would allow—when the gale came roaring on us. Though not very far from the Scotch land, the thick sea surrounding us in whirling eddies, confined our view to a very limited extent some times. The heavy leaden clouds were hurrying faster and faster out of the horizon to windward, "trailing their wet wings" so low that they seemed to touch our little white burgee that fluttered so nervously at the mast head. "Never hallo till you are out of the wood;"—we had been congratulating ourselves, we had not been caught in bad weather the whole cruise, but now, just at the very last we got it "hot and heavy." Never mind, we've a stout craft under us, and we cracked on with all the confidence of a frigate and fought our way on, through the heavy sea, comparatively dry and comfortable. The race off the Mull of Galloway was certainly by no means pleasant; our ship was extremely fidgetty in the troubled waters; and dinner, which was about this hour announced, was indefinitely postponed until a more propitious season.

At four o'clock we had, much to our surprise run the island down, and as we had not dared to jibe in such a sea, and were therefore compelled to keep such a course as to avoid doing so, we found ourselves abreast of Juby Point. To alter our course was now imperative, it was—"all hands clap on the mainsheet!—give her the helm!—skipper!" We rear up, right on end nearly—"Holy Moses! what lunge (as she comes up head to wind,) the bowsprit wont stand such ther.—There's a smash of crockery!—Well done boys, in with it!—

Look out, here's a clean sweep,—this big sea 's aboard of us!" we hold our breath:—"No! hurrah its all right, she's round!—ease up the sheets and 'keep her away, my man!" And away she flies for the Point of Ayre, rolling and surging more than ever in the beam sea. We have one more fight with the sea and tide in the "Strews," (as the race off the Point is called,) which leaped angrily on to our deck, thumped our stern, kicked our bows, and then with one final vicious roll, we glided out of the fierce turmoil into the smooth water, under the lee of the island, and entered Ramsey bay. The transition being as abrupt as jumping over the hedge out of a ploughed field into a bowling green. We, (I speak more especially of my guests and myself,) drew a long breath, gathered ourselves up and rushed down into the cabin, where the swing table was at last at rest, the lights burning brightly, the soup and lobscouse (our standing dish in bad weather,) smoking hot, and the champagne with the corkscrew handy. Never did dinner look so inviting, and never did mortals fall to with greater gusto, than we three half famished fellows.

So it is, as in every thing else, despite the discomforts of a small vessel in a heavy sea and a gale of wind, the true enjoyment of a cruise would be imperfect without a mixture of good and bad, comfort and discomfort, and tho' the last is not pleasant at the time, I am inclined to think it is more than counterbalanced by the extreme contentment and satisfaction with which you welcome the change: your very mishaps, being then subjects of merriment and fun. There was only one ingredient of regret to mar our pleasure to night, and that was the feeling that our cruise was all but over, and though many ties of home consoled us, I am sure we were all sorry to leave the barkie that had carried us so faithfully and pleasantly. Dinner was prolonged until we heard the order "Stand by the anchor!" and the rattling chain told us we were once more in Douglas Bay.

We found the Flying Cloud had arrived little more than an hour before us, which much surprised me, as she was at one time at least three or four hours before us; but it appears the heavy sea she met with after she passed us, bothered her, fine weather being her forte. The ladies who were on board had had a sad fright we were told.

My cruise is finished, and I have nothing more to tell, except that we returned to England as we came, in the steamer, the passage equally unpleasant, and not the less so when we contrasted the independence and comfort of the yacht. However its no use fretting, and we can console ourselves with the reflection of happy hours and past enjoyment, and the anticipation of future cruises on board the NIMROD!

ORAL TRADITIONS OF THE CINQUE PORTS.*

BY CAPTAIN K. B. MARTIN.

PART V.

It may excite surprise to the unobserving to be told, that "tremora," so called by the Azoreans, incipient earthquake is frequent here, and generally mistaken for distant salutes of heavy ordnance, except when it happens at night. Our tidal diagrams often exhibit very singular oscillations of the tidal column, which are *de facto* in miniature a similitude of the tumultuous heavings of the ocean upon a grander scale in those awful convulsions which have desolated whole provinces, and it is a decided coincidence that the whole sea line of our shore in the British Channel, affords similar evidences in the loss of its extensive havens by disturbances of the earth's surface.—See vol. II. Geological Society of London, page 595 to 598.

Of all the natural formations none are more uniform in their structure than the chalk basins, and thus the dip of the chalk strata beneath the more recent deposits in all the valleys is easily ascertained by the inclined plane of the contiguous hills. By this rule the French geologists determined the depth of soil resting on the Parisian basin, and experience has in every known instance proved their theory to be correct. In like manner Mr. Fairholm pronounced the chalk at Minster to be 100 feet below the surface, the gentlemen there fancied they should reach it in less than fifty, because the chalk down was so near them; their Artesian wells reached it in ninety-five to ninety-eight feet; they then pierced through the chalk fifty-six before they pricked a vein, when a beautiful supply of water arose to the surface.

If I disinter a perfectly dome-shaped Echini, evidencing a compression of one-fourth of its whole arch, which contains a solid *equal* to that by which it is enclosed, I naturally infer that the subsidence of the whole mass, must have been proportionably great, and certainly derive another probable hypothesis "That oral traditions have some foundations in fact;" thus admitting the submergence of Goodwin Isle or Islands, and

lifting of the bed of the Wantsumn, with the depression of the seaway, called the Land, and the sinking of the Pan Island and contiguous shoals, we have a series of undulations perfectly natural, and such have occurred in our own day in distant parts of the earth.

* Concluded from p. 136.

Advancing to the rivers Medway and Thames, we leave the subject, and the jurisdiction of the Cinque ports. The Nore Sand, extending from the Isle of Grain separates the waters of these noble rivers, and was formerly a narrow neck of land, and the Isle of Grain had a navigable channel in its rear, called the Zant-leet. Of the derivation of the Nore, and its having received its name from the Romans there is little doubt Ora Mouth, Ore Mouths. N'Ore, or an addition of en, Ore, in, or, by the mouths of the Thames and Medway.

Thus we may perceive that, where smiling pastures cover the remains of ocean-deposited wrecks, the sea must at some time have flowed in an uninterrupted channel; and that while the wave hides beneath its crest the former dwellings of man, it proves their having once existed, by throwing upon the shore mementos of his pride, his riches, and his power. Let us then in our antiquarian researches enlist geological proofs, which as in the temple of Serapis come to our aid with all the dignity of science. Thus, when the segment of a dock was laid bare at Minster, and I knew that its floor was elevated by some natural cause, far above the present level for such purposes, I doubted its origin; but when I was presented with a mechanic's tool of bronze metal evidently Roman, found within its precincts, I was satisfied that the same cause which had depressed the chalk hills, had uplifted this level, and I said, "Verily these sciences should go hand-in-hand." Looking across the level, my eye rested upon the beautiful spire of Ash, a village so called from its being the burial place of the Romans, and the reflection which such an association produced, was, can such speculations as these benefit us in the slightest degree? I know but one way:—The Romans were as stars of first magnitude, shining through a night of barbarism and depravity, they found the dwellers of these isles in a state of savage nudity; through a period of several centuries, they civilized them, and taught them the arts, which embellish and render life delightful, although they were destitute of the lights to guide their path, which we possess as a more heavenly favoured generation: still they were a noble people: what youth is there who reads the Roman history and does not feel his heart glow in the perusal? Their martial deeds! Their manly self-devotion and fortitude! Their admiration of virtuous patriotism! The noble outline of heroic bearing in man! The connubial and filial endearing, yet *stern* and *chastened* love in woman! As warriors, statemen, poets, their ambition soaring heavenward upon eagle's wings, satisfied with the meanest things of earth as a reward: are the ashes the mighty inured around us, and have they left the future ages, resemblance of themselves? Is there no coincidence in their dest

and ours? Surely there is, and indeed strongly marked by the finger of the Almighty disposer of nations! Their irresistible arms controlled the nations of the earth as if by miracle! They advanced but to conquer, to humanize and to improve; and their prowess ushered in that period when, a new era brought forth a mightier than they: one who should go on conquering and to conquer! They over-ran the earth and England has borne the banner of the cross upon every sea that washes its shores. Let us like them, impart to our fellow men the fruits of such gifts and talents as God in his unspeakable goodness has bestowed upon ourselves, then shall we benefit our beloved country and perpetuate its renown to future ages.

And Albion! Phoenix-like, from Roman ashes rise,
Nursed by the impulsive strength of kindred sympathies,
Then as the lapse of time shall roll away,
And future nations, flourish or decay,
Some trace of lov'd Britannia's fame shall last,
And glory point to ages that are past.
Her nervous language, now triumphant sounds
Encircling earth to its remotest bounds,
Justice sent forth by her, the oppressor band
Crouch 'neath the terrors of her awful hand.
See! where interminable wilds began,
She calls the savage forth, proclaims him man;
Lifts him from earth, directs his upward gaze,
And speeds to heaven his earliest song of praise.
Opens the mental eye, the right to see,
And by one God-like word set millions free.
Rome! renowned our country shames not thee;
No! when her zenith day is darkly seen;
When mists of faded ages intervene,
Still shall her name and glorious deeds be heard
Where'er man's altars to his God are reared.
And when for ever sealed earth's destinies,
Philanthropy and love shall bear them to the skies!

Properly to appreciate the value of steam-propelling power, we must draw some few comparisons with days gone by; and when we consider the strong prejudices it had to combat—the extraordinary difficulties its infant progress encountered in the apprehensions of the timid, and the position of the interested, we shall find reason to admire the persevering industry of those individuals who (having expended their wealth and talent upon its improvement) have brought it to its present useful and efficient state; for although our transatlantic brethren took the lead on their large rivers and lakes, a very few years have sufficed to send ahead of every competitor for maritime fame. Steam in our sultry colonies, during the Burmese war, lent its powerful aid to the conflict:

and our government packets, propelled by the most beautiful machinery in the world, now pass with ease and rapidity into distant seas ; and we have reason to believe that, in the event of any sudden rupture with surrounding nations, we are prepared to maintain our maritime ascendancy, and shall be able to out-steam, as we have already out-sailed them.

The passage from London to the Isle of Thanet, by fast sailing packets, had existed many years, and, as far as good pilotage and nautical skill could command success, was brought to very great perfection. The vessels were handsomely modelled, fleet under canvas, and possessed excellent accommodations for one hundred passengers, on a short voyage ; and, with a fair wind, numbers would crowd on board for a passage to Margate or Ramsgate. But the elements are fickle, and the voyage begun in pleasurable anticipations too often terminated in delay and disappointment. On these occasions the passengers' provisions became exhausted, and ill-humour seated itself beside the empty hamper. Many would depart, and, pursuing their journey by land, leave their less wealthy brethren to cavil about their turns in the sleeping cabins, or annoy the captain with endless and frivolous complaints.

I commanded one of those vessels six years ; and I believe it was in June 1815, that on my passage from Ramsgate to London, my companions with great alarm, pointed out to me an object at some distance, in our head-way, which they supposed to be a vessel on fire. We had a fair and fresh gale, and crowded all our canvas ; but as we neared the chase we soon perceived our mistake ; it was the steam-boat Margery (alias the Thames), which thus had nearly put to shame the old proverb, for although she did not "set the Thames on fire," she certainly made a great smoke upon its surface. We sailed round her easily, as she had not sufficient power of machinery, and was, moreover, a very clumsy model : her engine was equal to the strength of fourteen horses : vessels of her tonnage and width now carry engines of united capacities equal to sixty, and some eighty horses. Nothing could exceed the ridicule which my passengers bestowed upon this unseemly vessel ; some compared her to a jaded donkey, with a huge pair of panniers to its sides, others to a smoke-jack, &c. I felt ashamed at the annoyance we were giving, and sheering off pursued my passage. I fancied (in spite of ir-sailor-like prejudices) that I could see the future triumph of steam short voyages ; and when I was afterwards informed, that this vessel I been from Port Glasgow to Dublin, and from thence to London, having traversed 1,500 miles of sea, some part of it in tempestuous weather I felt surprised and astonished.

This vessel established herself in the Margate packet trade, by o

month's trial: emulation filled her with passengers, for our London friends swaggered as much at having made a passage by steam, as if they had returned unsinged from old Pluto's dominions. In the following year the *Majestic*, built at Ramsgate, and fitted with an engine of twenty-five horse power, was considered a gigantic concern, and her crossing the Channel to Calais, with two hundred passengers, and returning without accident, was a feat highly appreciated: but this vessel was destined to establish the ascendancy of her class, over every other means of water conveyance. We were detained by calms and weak tides, in the Margate and Ramsgate sailing packets, two days. The steamboats passed and re-passed us loaded with passengers: the third night caught us at anchor in a sudden and heavy northerly gale: we lost much of our gear, and alarmed our passengers, and on the following day, in the height of the gale, had the mortification of seeing the *Majestic* make better weather of it than ourselves, and convey her passengers safely and quietly into Margate harbour:—here were four of the best of the Margate, and two Ramsgate packets, beaten and put to shame. We were now rapidly superseded by steam navigation, and went with our vessels to Calais, Ostend, Antwerp, and Rotterdam; but steam followed us up, and annihilated our trade upon all those stations, in about four years from its first appearance on our coast.

In 1820, the first steam-vessel was prepared for Ramsgate. I was offered and accepted the command of her. This vessel, called the *Eagle*, had two engines of Bolton and Watt's best construction, and were equal to forty-horse power. She is now his Majesty of Denmark's steam yacht. I had every reason, in all kinds of weather, to be satisfied of her complete efficiency. Since that period, in the continual command of steam-packets, I have in no one instance been obliged to anchor upon the passage, or put back to port in consequence of any fault, accident, or defect in the steam machinery. It is, as at present used and fitted to marine purposes, a beautiful and safe application of power when placed in careful hands: and I remember very few instances of failure, with any of the vessels, except through the folly of racing, or under the influence of undue and malignant opposition.

GLEANINGS ALONGSHORE.

Under this head our correspondent has furnished us with a variety of subjects, original and select. The first of which is the miraculous escape of Brock, Farnmouth beachman, which although of some distant date will be interesting to our readers, showing the necessity of sailors learning to swim.—*Ed.*]

About 1h. P.M., on the 6th of October, 1835, a vessel was observed at sea at this station with a signal flying for a pilot, bearing east, distant about

twelve miles. In a space of time incredible to those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl "Increase", 18 tons burthen, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London branch pilot, was underway steering for the object of their enterprise. "I was as near as possible being left on shore" said Brock, "for at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck then practising, and but for the 'singing out' of my messmates, which caught my ear, should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet." About four o'clock they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, *Paquette de Bilbao*, laden with a general cargo, and bound from Hamburg to Cadiz, leaky, and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage (always the case with foreigners), and some little altercation with part of the boat's crew as to which of them should stay with the vessel, T. Layton (a Gatt pilot) J. Woolsey, and G. Darling, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into Yarmouth harbour. The remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig at this time was about five miles to the eastward of the Newarp Floating Light, off Winterton on the Norfolk coast, the weather looking squally. On passing the light in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man, and the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off and set all sail (three lugs): they had a fresh breeze from W.S.W. And now again my readers shall have Brock's own words:—

"There was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed. Most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main sheet. We had passed the buoy of the Newarp a few minutes, and the light was about two miles astern: we had talked of our job (that is, our earnings), and had just calculated that by 10 o'clock we should be at Yarmouth. This hope proved fallacious. Without the slightest notice of its approach, a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant."

This dreadful catastrophe plunged all who were on board the yawl or boat into the sea, "It was terrible," said Brock, "to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, while others could not. Mixed with the hissing of the water and the howling of the storm, I heard shrieks for n. and some that had no meaning but which arose from fear. I struck out to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk; and on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept going down by the wind having got under the sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of her spars. The b.

side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her; but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest I again left her and swam away, and now for the first time began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period from the boat's capsizing I cannot exactly say: in such cases, there is no time: but now I reflected that it was half-past six P.M., just before the accident occurred; that the nearest land at the time was six miles distant; and that it was dead low water, and the flood tide setting off the shore, making to the southward; therefore, should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood before the ebb would assist me."

"At this moment a rush horse-collar covered with old netting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid hold of, and getting his knife out, he stripped it of its network, and by putting his left hand through it, was supported until he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trowsers, which then fell off. His striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth, were also similarly got rid of; but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trowsers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt: he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trowsers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming; and after a few moments, thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise perceived one of his messmates swimming ahead of him, but he did not hail him. The roaring of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moonbeams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend without a struggle or a cry, as he approached within twenty yards of him.

Up to this time Winterton Light had served, instead of a land-mark to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead a bright star stood over where' his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that "fear is but the betraying of the succours which reason offereth;" and that which roused him to further exertion would have sealed the fate of almost any other human being—a sudden short cracking peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning at brief intervals threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn passed by, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled: the moon (nearly) again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the moon had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, in which he succeeded by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoft

High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross and Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which although it told him his exact position, as he says, "took him rather aback" as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be the chequered buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held council with himself, and the energies of his mind seemed almost superhuman: he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by: he could have even got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up; and the question was could he yet hold out four miles? But, as he says, "I knew the night air would soon finish me, and had I stayed but a few minutes upon the buoy, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office?" He found the tide (to use a sea term) was broke. It did not run so strong: so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, towards which, with the wind from the eastward, he found he was now fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers (sailors being not a little superstitious) the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a sort of whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the "rushing of a mighty wind", and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek that went through him, such as is heard

"When the lone sea bird wakes its wildest cry."

The fact was, a large gray gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him, and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil. These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey, and by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off, and to get within hail of her he must swim over Corton Sands (the grave of thousands), the breakers at this time shewing their angry white crests. As he approached the wind suddenly changed, the consequence of which was, that the swell of the sea met him. And now again for his own description:—"I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me, and I felt certain that should this continue, it would soon be all over, and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you I had driven over the sands into smooth water, the wind and swell came again from the ward, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore, but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the seaward and to gain the object of his choice would require much

exertion. But, said Brock, "If I gained the shore could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? And supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house? If not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within 200 yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore." Brock was fortunately answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half past 1 A.M. having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig *Betsey* of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized.

Once safe on board, "nature cried enough"; he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by the captain and his crew; they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm; and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length with great difficulty, enabled to swallow a little of the ale; but it caused him excruciating pain, as his throat was in a state of high inflammation from inhaling so long the saline particles of sea and air, and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him, but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed: the soles of his feet, his hands and hamstrings, were also excoriated. In this state, at about 9h. A.M., the brig getting under way with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoft, whence he immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of the crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical attendance, he was enabled to walk back to Yarmouth in five days from the time of the accident. The knife, which he considers as the great means of his being saved, is preserved with great care, and in all probability will be shewn a century hence by his descendants. It is a common horn-handled knife, having one blade about five inches long. A piece of silver is now rivetted on, and covers one side, on which is the following inscription, giving the names of the crew of the yawl when she upset:—"Brown, Emmerson, Smith, Bray, Budds, Fenn, Rushmere, Boulton: Brock, aided by this knife, was saved after being seven and a half hours in the sea, 6th of October, 1835."

"It was a curious thing," said Brock, "that I had been without a knife for some time, and only purchased this two days before it became so useful"; and having to make some boat's tholes, it was as sharp as a razor."

Now not what phrenologists might say to Brock's head, but I fancied, studying his handsome face and expression of countenance, that there I did see his heart. His bodily proportions, excepting height, are Herculean, standing only 5 feet 5 inches; his weight, without any protuberance, is 14 stone; his age at the time spoken of was 31; his manners are

quiet, yet communicative; he tells his tale neither tainted by bombast nor clap-trap to awaken the sympathies of those of the "Wrexhill school" that have flocked about him. In the honest manliness of his heart he said:—"I always considered Emerson a better swimmer than myself; but poor fellow, he did not hold out so long. I ought to be a good living-chap, for three times have I been saved by swimming."

One trait more, and I have done. A very good subscription was made for the widows and children of his companions, and a fund being established for their relief, the surplus was offered to him. This was his answer:—"I am obliged to you Gentlemen, but thank God I can still get my own living as well as ever, and I could not expend the money that was given to the fatherless and the widow."

DESCRIPTION OF LORD BYRON'S YACHT.

SIR.—Perhaps some of your readers may be amused with a description of the Lord Byron's Yacht, which I have copied from a work purchased many years since in Paris, entitled "Lord Byron's voyage to Corsica and Sardinia in 1821, with extracts from his Lordships Yacht the Mazeppa, kept by Capt. Benson, A.N., Commander, 1825.—*Gulignani*."

"The yacht was about 145 tons, rigged with two large sails, as a felucca; her interior was all laid out in cabins, store rooms, steward's, butler's and pastrycook's room, &c., the crew slept under a thick awning of painted canvas, that was rolled up in the day, and covered the deck by night. The inside was neatly decorated with mahogany pillars and silk curtains, The sofas, chairs, mirrors, sideboard of plate, and everything useful partook of elegance, but not in the extreme. The quarter-deck appeared like a drawing room, a range of sofas, plainly covered with morocco leather, went all round—the deck was covered with oil-cloth; swinging tables for holding books, bottles, glasses and fruits, occupied the centre, and the rudder was so contrived that the man steering sat out of sight and hearing at the extreme end of the poop. The vessel's outside was painted yellow, with two broad gilt stripes, and the figure head was that of a Cossack, in allusion to her name Mazeppa. She was allowed to be the handsomest vessel of her kind, and the fastest sailer that belonged to the Port of Venice.

"The colours were Venetian, of silk and satin, and there were forty spare flags kept for show. Two months provisions, and wine for a crew of 20 men were on board; a cow and 4 goats to give milk; 3 horses and a mule, with a spring caravan occupied the centre of the hold; and the cabin stock of fowls, sheep, &c., was such that even Sir William Curtis could not have found fault with it.

"The fore-castle deck could be thrown into the shape of an orchestra, 6 of the crew were good musicians—and every one of the party played on one instrument. Two small brass cannon pointed over the prow,—one on each side of the quarter deck, also fire arms and sabres for us all.

"Our dining room which ran down the centre of the vessel, was 20 feet wide, and 36 feet long; the sideboard stood in a recess where there was room for the servants; various beautiful drawings were hung on either side. The cabin was 7ft. 4in. high: the commander messed in a separate apartment for the convenience of his being called at all hours, and having to consult his maps and charts on all occasions."

Though many yachtsmen would imagine such a vessel not able to face a gale, yet in this voyage Lord Byron and his party of ladies and gentlemen encountered a "Levanter" in all its fury.

"The sun set angrily and the wind veering more to the westward, brought us on a lee shore to our utter dismay. We reduced our sails to a few yards of canvas, and lowered the yards on deck. The sky appeared as an extensive sheet of lightning, and peals of thunder appeared as if ready to dispart the vessel and bury us in the waves, which rolled over the vessel with irresistible force. His Lordship with Captain F——n, Dr. Peto, and Percy Shelley kept the deck, and the hatches were battened down over the others: a tremendous sea carried away the stern boat, and broke in all the bulk-heads of the quarters. We threw overboard the guns; the long boat was released from her lashings, and soon swept from the deck; our cows and goats shared the same fate, as well as one of the horses, the others were in the hold. The large anchors were cut away, and the vessel thus eased of a heavy top load danced more lightly over the tremendous billows. The captain now saw breakers nearly ahead, and had no hopes of weathering them. The horrors surrounding us were too appalling for human nature to contemplate without shuddering. Captain F——n and Captain Benson took the helm. Lord Byron asked "Is there no chance?" to which he answered "none whatever." "Then" said he, rising, "it is every man's duty to endeavour to preserve the life God has given him; so I advise you all to strip; swimming, indeed, can be of little use in these billows, but as children when tired with crying, sink placidly to repose, we when exhausted with struggling shall die the easier; and with God's blessing, we shall soon be at rest."

"His Lordship then threw off everything but his trowsers, binding his silk neckcloth round his loins, sat down and folded his arms across his chest, waiting in tranquil resignation his fate.

"A heavy surge now swept the vessel fore and aft, and carried overboard the Doctor, who instantly sank to rise no more. His Lordship exclaimed 'Good God' and at the moment the vessel rose upon a mountain billow to a tremendous height, from whose summit she descended with the velocity of lightning. By this rapid movement she was precipitated beyond the reach of the breakers and was safe. The men jumped with tumultuous joy, which His Lordship checked, and told them, 'Whilst you are working, silently

God for your miraculous preservation.'

There probably was not a depth of two feet water on the rocks, if the sea had been calm.

The vessel was soon safe at anchor in Martello Bay, 5 miles from St.

Go."

The spring caravan before mentioned was an ingenious affair. "This vehicle was calculated to hold four persons, and in shape resembled a butcher's tray; it was so made that the horse could be stowed inside, and the wheels also, when by the help of two oars, it would cross a river as a boat, if the weather was mild. At night the cushions formed a bed, and the leather canopy, moved by springs, completely sheltered those within from wind and rain. It was built on a plan of Captain F——n's from the travelling sledges he had seen in Siberia. Twenty miles a day was our rate of travelling. In many places, where the roads were rocky the hardy Corsicans took the caravan even on their shoulders."

I hope you may not consider the above extracts too long for insertion in your valuable Journal.

R. M. Y. C.

Taunton, March, 1857.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

SYDNEY YACHT CLUB.

Our advices from Sydney furnish us with the following:—The monthly meeting of this flourishing club was held at the club-house, George-street, December 4th, 1856. Vice-Commodore Brown presiding over the largest number of members that have yet been seen at any of the meetings of the club. After about a dozen new members had been duly elected by the ballot, the business of the evening was proceeded with, Mr. Dean bringing forward a motion to allow centre-board yachts to sail in all the matches of the club; which was lost by a large majority. Mr. Burt then brought forward a motion to alter the manner of voting any change of law, which was also lost by a great majority. The sailing committee having revised the book of laws according to custom, gave notice of the required alterations for the ensuing year, most of them being merely of a technical nature, and of no particular interest. The annual ball was fixed in future for the month of June, instead of December; a code of signals was exhibited by the Vice-Commodore, requiring only two flags for any quantity of signals and was much approved of. It will in future be appended to the book of laws.

At the suggestion of several influential visitors at the last match, the Yacht Club will give an aquatic picnic at Manly Beach, on Saturday the 20th instant, when a steamer will be chartered by the club, with music, luncheon, and dancing "al fresco" in that delightful spot, the yachts forming part of the excursion and being in attendance in the Bay of Manly, to *ecolat* to the affair, and also a sail to those who prefer the "dolce far niente" of a cruise to the more active labours of the *deux temps* and mazurka. The idea is a novel one, and we have no doubt will be carried out by the club with the same liberal and gentlemanly spirit that has guided their proceedings hitherto. We may remark in reference to the

tions of the Sydney Yacht Club that the centre-board vessels are condemned for sea going purposes as unsafe, our American friends, even who were the first to introduce them having no faith in them in blue water. So that the principal is never likely to be any practical use in a maritime point of view, and it has therefore no *prima facie* claim on the yachting community, and we think our Sydney friends have set a good example in excluding centre-board yachts from the general matches.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

At the last monthly meeting of this club, on the 16th ult. the election of officers for the current year took place, when Mr. Reynolds rose and proposed the Commodore for re-election in the following term:—"I wish the first proposition had fallen to more abler hands than mine; but I am happily relieved from much of the embarrassment I might otherwise feel by the circumstance of the gentleman whose name I shall mention being so much honored and esteemed amongst you, that my inefficiency will be lost sight of in his popularity. In proposing your excellent commodore, Mr. James Goodson for re-election, I feel convinced no comment of mine is required to prove his valuable services from the formation of the club to the present time; and I make the nomination with every feeling of gratification, which I am sure you will receive with pleasure. (Cheers.)

Mr. Phillips said: I have had the honour for many years past in seconding the nomination of our worthy Commodore, and it affords me much pleasure to do it again on the present occasion. Can there be a doubt that we have found him each succeeding year of more importance to us? We must all feel that we want a gentleman of great ability to carry us through with success, and our prosperity must have taught us that we possess it in our Commodore. Much has been said about the right man in the right place, and we cannot have a better man in a better place. (renewed cheers.)

Mr. A. Croxley said: It affords me a great deal of pleasure in having the honour to propose Captain Andrews as Vice-Commodore. I have happily been a member of this club for many years, and have watched with delight its rising prosperity, and I associate the name of Captain Andrews with a person who has exerted his utmost to place us in the proud position we at present enjoy. An exceeding deplorable indisposition deprives us of the pleasure of his society at the present, but I hope that ere long he may be found amongst us.

Captain Robertson said: I have much pleasure in seconding the nomination of Captain Andrews.

Mr. Crockford said: There is another to whom the post of carrying out important duties in this society is delegated, but who has as yet hardly had sufficient time to evince the zeal and regard he feels for our promotion. His recent appointment has been the cause of this; had he had longer time he would have done it most effectually. I have much pleasure to propose the nomination of Mr. Kirby as Rear-Commodore; in doing so, it is but fair to

state that circumstances may call him away for some months to Singapore, but these are all uncertain arrangements, and the probabilities are that something may turn up to prevent it. Lest, however, there should be a necessity for his departure he has placed his office in our hands, and I don't know that we may do better than re-appoint him, as I still hope that he may be preserved to us. If his duties should however take him away, and thus deprive us of his valuable services, we must look out for another equally as worthy, if possible, to supply his place.

Mr. Powell: I rise to second the proposition, and shall deeply regret with all of you, if anything should cause his absence, for it has been my earnest hope that he should be with us for years.

Mr. Phillips rose, and said: It has devolved on me to have the pleasure of proposing your Treasurer, and, much as I may say I shall do injustice to his merits, for whether others are able or unable by nature of circumstances to do their duties, he is always at his post. When we have a Treasurer who always keeps within his mark we have a most valuable officer. He is our chancellor of the exchequer, only better, because we have no arrears. When we find a gentleman whose qualifications are so well known to us, a gentleman who attends to our every wish, a gentleman who attends to our comfort, and deeply studies our interest, can we have more? If I were to endeavour to expatiate further upon Mr. Eagle's merits I should only unnecessarily detain you, and be the means of postponing his re-election.

Mr. W. H. Smith: I beg to second Mr. Eagle as Treasurer, and can only confirm what has been said of him. Personally, and for the interest of the club, I second him, feeling that we are only conferring a favor upon ourselves.

The above officers having been duly elected, amidst acclamation, the circumstance was announced to them by the two chief proposers, and they re-entered the club-room, where they were received with loud and long-continued applause.

The commodore having resumed his position at the head of the table, said: I feel very much the honor you have done me in again electing me as Commodore. It is some years since I at first, at the suggestion of the members, took upon me this office, and the kindness I have received from you all during that lengthened period I can neither too fully acknowledge nor too highly appreciate. I have endeavoured to reciprocate that kindness by application to the duties of my office, and if I have not succeeded to the extent of your wishes, pray do not ascribe it to any want of a desire on my part to be of service, but to my inability. I am glad, very glad, to find the club has progressed, and is still progressing; and I may add that that progression is to an extent that I could not have anticipated. Its advancement must be attributed to the good feeling exhibited by each of you, with a determination to waive all trifling differences in the universal desire to promote the general weal. Care will be taken to make the best arrangements to promote sport during the ensuing season. (Cheers.) The commodore also returned thanks for the Vice-Commodore, who from serious illness was unable to attend.

The other officers having returned thanks Mr. Crockford brought forward the report of the Committee containing the following alterations and additions to the rules :—

2.—That the officers of the club consist of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, Treasurer, Cup-bearer, three Auditors, and Secretary ; and that such officers (with the exception of the secretary) be annually elected at the meeting in March, to take office on the first Monday in April.

5.—That a daily club-room be provided.

6.—That the Annual subscription be one guinea, which shall become due on the first of January in each year, and that each member on his admission shall pay an entrance fee of one guinea in addition to his annual subscription and also a further sum of one guinea per annum if he desires to make use of the daily club-room, for which the secretary shall give a receipt.

12.—That any member elected after the club meeting in September, and previous to the club meeting in January following, shall not be liable to pay another subscription until the second January after such election.

20.—That each member be allowed to introduce a friend at the meetings of the club, but the same gentleman not to be introduced more than three times during the year.

33.—That at the club meetings in March a House Committee be appointed to consist of thirteen house members including the flag-officers and Treasurer, to whom shall be deputed the management of the daily club-room.

42.—That the club uniform be a plain blue dress coat, white waistcoat, each with club buttons, and trousers, blue or white, and the undress uniform consists of a blue jacket, blue or white waistcoat, with club buttons, and blue trousers ; in each case a black neckerchief.

Subjoined are the new rules for the daily Club-room :—

1.—The club-room to be opened daily for the use of *house members only*, from nine o'clock a.m. , till twelve o'clock p.m.

2.—No Member's house subscription to be received unless his annual subscription to the club for the current year is paid.

3.—No member shall take away from the club-room, or injure or destroy, upon any pretence whatsoever, any newspaper, pamphlet, book, or other article, the property of the club.

4.—No gambling or betting to be allowed, and no game of cards to be permitted, excepting whist, *to be played by members only*, the stakes not to exceed 1s. points ; and cribbage, with corresponding restrictions.

5.—No smoking to be allowed until half-past seven, p.m.

6.—No member to bring a dog into the club room.

7.—Members on entering the club-room are required to insert their names in the book provided for that purpose.

—Members to have the privilege of introducing a friend to the daily club-room upon entering his name in the said book.

—Every expense incurred both by members and their friends is to be charged before leaving the club room.

8.—A tariff of charges to be placed in the club-room for the guidance of

members, and if any cause of complaint should arise, such complaint to be forwarded to the secretary, who shall lay the same before the house-committee.

11.—As fees to waiters are by the present arrangement abolished, it is particularly requested that members will strictly refrain from offering any.

A great addition was made to the number of club and house members, and the proceedings of the evening occupied until a very late hour. All the officers were present excepting Captain Andrews, who is unhappily in such a state as to create the most painful anxiety in the breasts of his relatives and friends.

The opening trip has been ordered for the 9th of May to Erith. The first match will be on Thursday 18th of June, for first and second class yachts: Course from Erith to Nore Light and back. First Class :—first yacht £30 ; second, 20, and third 10. Second Class :—first yacht £20, second, 10, third 5. Entries close on the 11th of June. Second match Thursday July 2nd; third class yachts only. Course from Erith to Coal House Point, and back to Greenwich. First yacht £15 second, 10, third 5. Entries close on the 25th of June. Yachts to be at Greenwich the Tuesday before each match, for the purpose of being measured.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB.

The usual monthly meeting of this Club was held at the Bedford Hotel Covent Garden on Wednesday 4th ult. when the following fixtures for the forthcoming season were made. It will be seen that no less a sum than £380 will be contended for during the season. The opening trip will take place on Saturday May 23rd. Rendezvous for yachts off the Brunswick Pier, Blackwall, at 2h. p.m., to sail thence in company to Gravesend.

First match on Tuesday June 2nd for cutters of the first and second class, first class exceeding 35 tons; second class exceeding 20 tons, but not exceeding 35. Course from Erith round the Nore Light, and return to Erith, half-a-minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage: no time allowed beyond 60 tons. Prizes, first class £100, second class £50. Last night of entry, Monday, May 25, until ten p.m.

Second match, on Saturday, June 20, for first and second class schooners; first class exceeding 75 tons, second class not exceeding 75 tons. Course, to start from off the coal-hulks, Gravesend; sail 'round the Mouse Light, and return to Rosherville; quarter of a minute per ton for difference of tonnage; no time allowed beyond 150 tons. Prizes first class, £100: second £50.—Last night of entry, Thursday, June 11, until ten p.m.

Third match, on Saturday, July 18, for cutters of the third and fourth classes; third class exceeding 12 tons, and not exceeding 20: fourth class 7 tons, and not exceeding 12. Course, from Erith to the Chapman Head and back, half a minute per ton for difference of tonnage. Prizes, third class £40, fourth class: first yacht £30, second yacht £10, provided four start. Last night of entry, Thursday, July 9, until ten p.m.

Yachts entered for any of the above will have to be at Gravesend and measured the day prior to each respective match.

The treasurer has been empowered to hire first-class steam-boats for the three events.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB.

A club under the above title has been established at Glasgow, and we may prophecy its prosperity when we state that James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, is the Commodore. His superior nautical knowledge will enable him to impart to the aspiring yachtsman a true spirit for aquatic sports. The first match will take place on the 17th of July at Largs, and the second match at Dunoon on the 29th of August.

ANGLESEY YACHT CLUB.

The election of officers for this club took place on Wednesday, 25th, ult., when C. F. Chubb, Esq., was re-elected Commodore; F. E. Bucknell, Esq., elected Rear-Commodore; and — Burton, Esq., Hon. Sec. This club was closed during the winter season, and now spring approaches the members are determined to throw off the lethargy that has hung about it, and by a "long and strong pull" heave once more into the haven of prosperity. We wish them every success.

YACHT CAPTAINS

Sir.—It is with much diffidence that I offer the following remarks on the subject of Yacht Captains, partly on account of being a yachtsman of recent date, and partly also from my craft being small, but upon the principle inculcated in your pages that "a good cork will swim better than a bad bung," I launch the tiny craft of my first attempt, on the sea of public opinion, and should it not swim as the former, pray let it sink as the latter.

I am not much accustomed to composition, and therefore must entreat your indulgence, and although on the one hand I would be understood to state my opinion with diffidence, on the other I will not stultify myself so much as to say I know nothing of my subject.—

*"Eat modus in rebus sunt certi demque, fines
Quos ultra citraque urgent consistere rectum."*

Pass on then, courteous reader to the next article, if thou deemest a quotation pedantry.

I confess that but little of my time "has been in crowded cities spent", and that although not related to Gordon Cumming, or lineally descended from Robinson Crusoe, I have been a sportsman, and addicted to aquatics from my earliest years.

On a bar-harbour and an open shore, I have so to speak served my apprenticeship, and should my periods not be as well rounded as they ought or the rules of euphony be occasionally disregarded, pray attribute it to the pursuits in which I have taken so much interest. But for our subject:—

I have read your Article on Yacht Captains with some attention, and can

certainly corroborate the assertions there made, partly from my own experience, and also from the testimony of friends of similar tastes.

I will if the reader will accompany me for a short space endeavour to consider these different specimens of the genus, and we will in the first place introduce ourselves to the fine gentleman; he is mysterious which certainly is no recommendation, civil, sober and neat, it is imperative that he should be so; he is said to understand his business, yet knows nothing of channel or harbour pilotage, and this of course at once condemns him, but in my humble opinion he is deficient in a quality equally essential, and that is the ability to translate the term gentleman which he affects, to the satisfaction of his employer.

Captain Brown the second specimen of the genus, a perfect sailor, and on that account to be respected, is rather too bearish for his command, and slovenly in his appearance, of which character as a matter of course the yacht also partakes, he is evidently too rough a diamond to be capable of any polish, has no consideration for the weaker sex, for which the owner's delicate wife would be very thankful, or if possessed of such feelings, is afraid to manifest them, lest his courage should suffer in the opinion of his master.

Poor Captain Jones is excellent in his way, but has an unfortunate weakness for rum, and consequently forgets both his interest and position, having therefore made peace with his master on one or two cases of delinquency, he is seen to be incorrigible and of course discharged. Of the mate who has been promoted to his place, and the fisherman Captain, little need be said, as the two first are not worthy their trust, and as the last is a candidate for the hulks, the sooner he finds his way there the better.

We now come to the real Captain, having everything to recommend him. who earns his employers respect and retains it, does his duty manfully himself, and knows how to make the crew do theirs, of him much might be said, but let us refrain from doing so, simply because being so firmly established in his position, anything in favour or against his reputation would be of little consequence; with a view therefore of increasing the number of truly worthy men, and elevating the character of the office, I would offer a few observations.

There are some men in command of yachts of the larger class, who to the practical knowledge of seamanship add the fact of being unmistakeably gentlemen, both in demeanour and conversation; and many more would doubtless join the band, but that they are deterred from so doing, simply because they cannot feel certain what will be their real position after entering on their engagement; the remedy for this is in the hands of yachtmen themselves and I think sufficiently obvious.

PALINURUS J

YACHTING INTELLIGENCE,

We regret to have to report the loss of the schooner yacht Wyvern. sailed from the port of Nelson, New Zealand, July 1st, 1856, bound for Newey, but nothing has since been heard of her. Our readers may remember

that the Wyvern was formerly the property of His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, and was despatched out to Australia with a general cargo. One of His Grace's sons went in her for the trip. She was sold immediately upon her arrival in the Antipodes, and has since been engaged in trade. The well-known nautical plates of "Pride and Grief," represent the Wyvern passing under the Menai bridge, with every stitch of sail set, and dismasted in a gale of wind.

The Triton, cutter, 27 tons, has been purchased by A. E. Graves, Esq., of Rosberon Castle, New Ross, Wexford: this gentleman also owns the Torch.

Robinson of Gosport has built a cutter of 23 tons for G. J. Peters, Esq., of Southsea. It was the intention to call her the Coquette; but on our suggestion that there were five of that name already, her owner named her the Sylphide. If gentlemen overhauled *Hunt's Yacht List* before naming their craft much inconvenience at regattas would be avoided.

Mr. Inman has built the following at his yard at Lymington.

A fine new schooner of 85 tons, named the Heroine, for R. Batt, Esq.; the commodore of the R.W.Y.C. (I.); a schooner of 105 tons, for R. Arabin, Esq.; a schooner of 53 tons, called the Lily of the Test, for J. Wood, Esq.; a schooner of 25 tons for E. Ellice, Esq., M.P., Mr. Inman is also building a fine schooner of 160 tons.

The following are fitting out at Lymington, Magician, yawl, 64 tons, for R. Erskine Hay Wemys, Esq., this yacht was formerly the property of R. Batt, Esq.; Edith, yawl, 70 tons, for J. Berners, Esq.; Henrietta, 31 tons for Count Edmond Batthyany. Falcon, 150 tons, J. L. Ricardo, Esq.

The Lulworth, belonging to J. Weld, Esq.; and the Vestal are hauled up in this yard for alterations.

The celebrated Thought has been purchased by F. O. Marshall, Esq., and we learn will be altered to meet her old rival, the Phantom, upon equal terms, as regards tonnage.

We are informed that the America is to undergo extensive repairs before again making her appearance. Lord Templetown will find her an expensive toy we fear. Brother Jonathan is first-rate for symmetry and speed, but John Bull beats him "into fits" for strength and durability.

Messrs. Ratsey have been very busy in lengthening the noted Julia, 8 feet by the stern which will make her tonnage 122 o.m. She is now the property of J. Houldsworth, Esq., Vice-Commodore of the R.N.Y.C. They have also lengthened the Amazon, (Sir J. B. Walsh, Bart.) 12 feet by the bow, which will increase her tonnage to 95 o.m. A new yacht of 80 tons is building in this yard, she is in a forward state, and may be rigged either as a cutter or schooner, according to the wishes of the purchaser.

he celebrated Zillah of Liverpool has been purchased by E. Knibbs, Esq. Vice-Commodore of the P.W.Y.C., and will make her *debut* in the forthcoming matches on the Thames.

he following yachts (numbered as in *Hunt's Yacht List* of last year) have sold out of the pleasure navy, viz. No. 51 Ariel, 95 Blue Belle, 347 Y, 490 Harriet, 751 Overton, 1239 Zadora, and 1250 Zingari.

REGATTAS, Etc.

- April 9.—Opening trip of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.
 May 9.—Royal London Yacht Club opening trip.
 " 23.—Royal Thames Yacht Club opening trip.
 June 2.—Royal Thames Yacht Club first match—first and second class
 " 13.—Clyde Model Yacht Club opening trip.
 " 18.—Royal London Yacht Club first match—first and second class.
 " 20.—Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner match—first class £100, second class £50.
 " 30.—Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta.
 July 1.— " "
 " 2.—Royal London Yacht Club—second match, for third class only.
 " 17.—Clyde Model Yacht Club at Largs.
 " 18.—Royal Thames Yacht Club, third match—third and fourth class.
 Aug. 23.—Clyde Model Yacht Club at Dunoon.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR APRIL.

High Water at Lon. Bridge.		The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.	
morn.	after.		
h.	m.	h.	m.
1	6 25	6 51	Aberystwith..... add 5 23
2	7 25	8 1	Alderney..... 4 38
3	8 48	9 39	Bantry Bay..... 1 39
4	10 30	11 15	Bridlington..... 2 23
5	11 53		Carmarthen..... 4 3
6	0 22	0 47	Cork Harbour..... 2 23
7	1 10	1 30	Dartmouth..... 3 58
8	1 45	2 1	Dudgeon Light... 5 23
9	2 15	2 30	Eddystone..... 3 8
10	2 45	3 1	Exmouth Bar..... 4 18
11	3 15	3 30	Falmouth..... 3 8
12	3 45	3 58	Flamboro' Head... 2 23
13	4 12	4 28	Guernsey Pier.... 4 23
14	4 45	4 57	Hartlepool..... 1 38
15	5 15	5 30	Humber Mouth... 3 23
16	5 52	6 13	Kinsale Harbour.. 2 23
17	6 40	7 7	Lands End..... 2 23
18	7 40	8 25	Leith Pier..... 0 15
19	9 13	10 0	Lynn Regis..... 4 38
20	10 40	11 20	Plymouth..... 3 26
21	11 50		Swansea..... 3 48
22	0 15	0 38	Torbay..... 3 58
23	1 0	1 21	Waterford..... 3 43
24	1 40	2 0	Weymouth..... 4 23
25	2 20	2 43	Whitby..... 1 38
26	3 6	3 30	Amsterdam..... 0 53
27	3 50	4 12	Antwerp..... 2 18
28	4 36	4 59	Bordeaux..... 4 45
29	5 25	5 50	Cherbourg..... 5 23
30	6 15	6 45	Hamburg..... 3 58
			Brest..... 1 39
			Aberdeen..... sub 0 56
			Aldborough..... 3 23
			Belfast..... 4 2
			Brighton..... 2 29
			Carnarvon..... 4 47
			Cowes..... 3 23
			Dublin Bar..... 2 55
			Dungeness..... 3 17
			Folkestone..... 3 37
			Foreland, North... 2 22
			Foreland, South... 2 47
			Gravesend..... 0 37
			Greenwich..... 0 20
			Harwich..... 2 37
			Howth Harbour.. 2 59
			Ipswich..... 2 7
			Kentish Knock ... 2 37
			Lowestoft..... 3 37
			Margate..... 2 2
			Nore Light..... 0 58
			Portsmouth..... 2 27
			Sheerness..... 1 26
			Southampton.... 2 27
			Spithead..... 4 37
			Yarmouth Roads.. 5 27
			Calais..... 2 19
			Dieppe..... 3 2
			Havre de Grace... 4 15
			Ostende..... 1
			Honfleur..... 4
			New York.....

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

My Log for 1856,—and My CRADLE BOAT in our next.

London—HUNT & Co, Printers, 6, New Church Street, Edgware Road.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1857.

ROUGH NOTES ON THE YACHTING SEASON.

THE season of '57 promises well for yachting, and it is anticipated will prove the most spirited on record. Already many yachts are out and afloat, and the metropolitan clubs, ever first in the field, or rather on the water, have commenced operations by the Prince of Wales Club gallantly opening the ball. We were present, Mr. Editor, on that occasion, and beg to say that for numbers and respectability a better meeting was never yet seen in the club. All were in good humour, perhaps a trifle too hilarious, but in a young and flourishing club all this is excusable. When we found one of the members going round in his vessel to all the matches in the three kingdoms, and winning nine out of ten cups, we had reason to think that this young club deserved encouragement.

The older clubs of the Thames are well and prospering; the London is enlisting numerous members in its ranks, and has offered much more bountiful supply of prizes than last year. This is as should be, and no doubt will be appreciated by yacht owners.

But what are we to say of the Royal Thames Club? That it is flourishing is not enough to say, it is positively now the first club in the world for wealth, good feeling, and yachting spirit. About

£400 is to be given away this season in prizes; why, when such munificent gifts are placed within their grasp, do the numerous fine craft that are now in the Irish Channel and in the Scotch waters, lag behind and never come near us? It cannot be for want of spirit, yet such is the general opinion. Surely, when our craft go to beard the lion in his own den, when the Mosquito, the Amazon, the Glance are not afraid to tackle them, they ought to imitate such spirited and manly conduct, and show us their Cymbas and Surprises. Let us hope this friendly strife may be seen this season on the waters of the Thames or Solent.

The Royal Thames finding its body becoming too great for its shell is forced like some smaller mollusks to find a larger one, and so we hear that they intend removing to the very handsome clubhouse, formerly the "Guards," in St. James' Street. On looking over their list, we find a magnificent fleet of vessels, about 170, almost all first class vessels in their different spheres. We notice one or two new clippers amongst them, and are glad to hear that the far-famed Amazon has been bought by one of the members, and will still adorn our waters. The Secretary of the club, Captain Grant is most indefatigable in his exertions, and we are glad to see that they are crowned with success.

The beautiful Zuleika, new under the guidance of Mr. Britten is fitting about like a fairy thing, and belying the crawling reports as to her soundness. We have examined every plank and timber in this noble twenty tonner, and a more healthy vessel never floated. Her owner, proud, as he ought to be of such a craft, has fitted her up with the most perfect taste, and although shorn of her former wings, we have no doubt but that in a breeze she would still show some of them the way as she did in her most palmy days.

The glorious old Mosquito too is nearly all a-taunt-o, and will appear a winner yet in many a well contested match. Her present owner, wisely considering that a very long gaff in a cutter is synonymous with going to leeward, has shortened it by some three or four feet, but has lengthened the mast, so as to keep about the same quantity of sail, her mast is a staggerer! it is one of the — it beautiful sticks we ever saw. Her interior has all been taken it and refitted in the style of the Amazon's, which was arranged — e commodiously.

We hear that Mr. Searle of Lambeth is building an eight ' r

of the most beautiful design and workmanship, and which he expects will win some of the cups in the river. Let our old friend Wallis of Blackwall look to his laurels. He also is building a beautiful craft about the same size, an improved Valentine, which will stick close to the handywork of the Lambeth veteran, and prove a tough *man* to digest.

We are glad to see the other clubs also flourishing: above bridge the Ranelagh seems to take the lead. We shall see some sport amongst them else I am much mistaken, altogether, between *six and seven hundred* pounds will be given away this season by the metropolitan yacht clubs. Surely this princely offering will be responded to all round the coast. Let all come who can, if not to dances, at least to hold the candle.

PALINURUS.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN SKIPPER.

Why should not this be? In these days when we are all to a certain extent what a leading journal lately dubbed a noble Duke and Cabinet minister—Sciolists of all the ologies, why should we not add a little navigation to the other sciences of which we have a smattering. Though puzzling enough to an illiterate sailor, Norries' Epitome offers no great difficulties to a person of ordinary education, to lay down a course, keep a dead reckoning, work a traverse and find your latitude may be readily acquired in a fortnight, if you but bestow an hour a day on the task: surely this is no great trouble to enable you to get rid of one of the greatest bores on earth—a skipper who understands navigation. A skilful seaman you must have as a first hand, who should be able to work your vessel in all weathers, and who can read and write sufficiently well to communicate with you when absent from the vessel; but beyond this, at least in vessels under 100 tons, the less learning he has the better. *ry* additional day at school only makes him more bumptious intolerable.

*I*aud *inexperto crede*, for two seasons I suffered under the infliction of a learned captain, and suffered so severely that I was on the point of giving up yachting altogether. The man was a first-rate

seaman, a good coaster, a fair navigator, perfectly honest, and as seaman go—sober; but his conceit was unbounded, and if his self love was in the slightest degree wounded his temper abominable. He had been owner and master of a trading schooner, but like Dogberry he “had his losses:” knowing this, and respecting the good qualities of the man, I made great allowance for his fits of sulkiness. At last however, in one of his tantrums he refused to send the boat ashore when I required it: of course after this it was clear we must part; and although out on a cruise he left next morning. It so happened that at this time I was at anchor in the same roadstead with a yacht of nearly similar size to my own, just returned from a Baltic cruise. I had some knowledge of her owner, so I naturally went on board to communicate the fact that I was *minus* a skipper, and ask his assistance in procuring another. “Oh, hang skippers! I am glad yours is gone,” said he, “I would not be bothered with a fellow such as you had, if he would serve me for nothing. He wished to make you and your friends mere passengers in *his* ship, and if you said but a word in regard to the working of the vessel, he was as savage as a bear with a sore head for a week to come. Do as I do, don’t have any skipper. I took this craft to the Baltic and back again, and had not a man on board but myself that knew the top from the bottom of a chart. My first hand is a decent, steady, sober fellow; handles the boat very well, keeps her clean, and steers the courses I give him, and does whatever else he is bid, without asking questions. You should get such a man.” “But I know nothing of navigation,” replied I. “Then learn it,—there is no mystery in it,” was his answer.

The season was nearly done, during the winter I got hold of Norie; and a still better book for an amateur, “Greenwood’s Sailor’s Sea Book,” and soon mastered enough of the theory of navigation for my purpose. Next season I got such a man as my friend recommended, and I went a longer voyage, and had infinitely more comfort in my crew than I ever had before. Sailing your own craft doubles, nay quadruples the pleasure of yachting.

A GLANCE AT FUTURE PROSPECTS.

"TIME rolls on," with some merrily with others drearily, and as the seasons work round, the yachtsman hails the approach of spring with delight, for then the sounds of preparation for the coming cruise greets his ear;—already in imagination my favorite craft is careering o'er the turbulent wave, dashing the wild spray in sportive showers over her bows, her snow white canvas bellying to the breeze, as on—on—she flies to victory! but stay, Mr. Editor, we have not got our craft afloat yet, and therefore our anticipations are but the vapourings of a disordered mind, consequent upon a drearily spent winter, laid up like the "Old Commodore" with the starboard pin swathed in flannel, so that neither the harmonious sound of the hound, nor the crack of our favorite rifle after the wild denizens of the waters cheered our spirits, however

"Begone dull care,"

for we never did agree, and now I am preparing to throw "physic to the devil," I must consult the glass:—Hallo! fair reader, why that merry laugh? I do not mean *that* which you so often peep at, to practise those bewitching smiles with which you intend to torment some poor devil, who at

"One glance of your eye
Should shun danger and fly."

The glass I mean is that which regulates the movements of all who "go down to the sea in ships."

Before we get afloat we must take a retrospective view, and the principal object that meets our vision, is that bugbear "Measurement," which you, Mr. Editor, urgently endeavoured to get altered, and made more congenial to the desires of yachtsmen in general—Those efforts with the exception of the clubs on the Thames have been thrown away. It is a waste of time, to attempt a reformation, committees are *better* employed than troubling themselves about such sense." And until the racing men take the matter into their hands, no change will be brought about, therefore, we will, let rest in all its vile bearings, and endeavour to give a few notes of the forthcoming season.

The yacht clubs on the Thames generally commence the season,

with liberality, and this year they surpass in amount of specie for prizes any of their former gifts: it is almost too early to give an account of what is intended by other clubs, but we observe the dates are fixed for the regattas of the Royal Irish in Dublin Bay, the Royal Southern, the Royal Northern, and among the small fry the Ranelagh, London Model, Clyde Model, Birkenhead, &c., and in your June number the whole routine will no doubt be duly logged.

In a few days (Saturday, May 9th,) the Royal Squadron will hold its first meeting, at the Thatched House, St. James', which by-the-by is altered from the second Friday as heretofore to the second Saturday, no doubt there are cogent reasons for departing from the usual custom, and we may anticipate a very numerous meeting.

Death has been busy in its ranks, and the following noblemen and gentlemen have been gathered to the tombs of their forefathers, viz: the Duke of Rutland, the Earl of Ellesmere, J. H. Smith-Barry, Esq., (late Admiral of the Royal Cork); Charles Liddell, Esq.; William Reach, Esq.; and A. W. Corbett, Esq.; but already there are several candidates to fill up the void caused by these deaths, and likewise to augment the roll, so that there is every prospect of a numerous assemblage at the regatta in August next.

The new summer home of the members (Cowes Castle) is progressing rapidly towards completion, and will be occupied this season, under the title of the "Royal Yacht Squadron Castle," and from its commanding situation and regenerated appearance will be a very attractive *locale* for those who possess the *entrée*. Cowes during the winter season has been subject to internal pains and grumblings, the excitement created by the cries for a "new pier," has been the main cause of this disquietude. We do not know any watering place that stands in more need of one, and although by a letter from the Admiralty, it appears their Lordships cannot consent to the pier being carried out to the extent wished for by the inhabitants, yet it will no doubt be more suitable than the present inconvenient projection. The "Cowesers" at length see the necessity of providing for the increasing influx of visitors, and if they are bebarred, from situation of the harbour, from having an extensive landing place, they will at all events build a convenient one.

The Royal Southern Club (for which great fears were entertained at the close of the season.) has once more been resuscitated, and

the business like habits of the committee of management, will again stand in the front rank of aquatics. Every real yachtsman will be pleased to find that the time fixed for the regatta is the 5th and 6th of August, which will precede the Royal Squadron and the Royal Victoria regattas; thus enabling the yachts to attend each without inconvenience.

The Royal Irish Clubs intend this year to surpass (if possible,) their former excellence, and from the indefatigable exertions of their officers we may expect a great amount of amusement in that quarter. The example set by the Royal Western of Corinthian Matches we should like much to see carried out on the Thames and the waters of the Solent. These matches tend to give young yachtsmen a taste for acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of seamanship, which according to several of our correspondents on the subject of "yacht captains" is very necessary to enable owners to be independent of the caprice of their skippers.

We cannot expect to see noblemen and owners of large yachts superintending the fitting out, and attending to all the minutiae of getting her afloat, yet it is necessary in case of emergency, that they should be able to take the command of their own yachts; and by a little *practical* knowledge judge whether their skippers are men competent for the office to which they are appointed.

It has been suggested that a National Regatta should be held at some convenient place for the purpose of testing the racing qualities of yachts belonging to all clubs: this subject deserves consideration, and let us hope it will be discussed at the different yacht meetings, in order that next year such a noble event may be recorded.

The Royal Mersey Yacht Club has announced its intention to hold a regatta on an extensive scale similar to that of 1853, when no less than thirteen yachts started for the challenge cup valued at £100, with a handsome purse of 25 guineas, in which the *Cynthia* was victorious; and the Queen's cup was contested by nine yachts, and won by *Coralia*; besides several prizes were given for small yachts, fishing and pilot boats, &c. This affair will be carried out with the usual perseverance of the officials of the Mersey Club, and may calculate on two days' rare sport if the weather is any way favorable.

From the present appearance of the different clubs we may anticipate a glorious season, and a long one too, for the weather is

April continuing so very cold, let us hope it will be fine till the end of October at least. There will be many new craft afloat this season, and as a matter of course new racers will show their bunting at the different matches. By-the-by, whilst on this subject Mr. Editor cannot some of your numerous readers point out a better system of "distinguishing mark" than the present.

The flags of racing yachts are so alike that it is almost impossible to mark their movements accurately. The *Era* newspaper last season contained a letter, which I regret having mislaid, but to the best of my recollection the writer suggested that a piece of coloured cloth should be placed on each side of the mainsail as it would show well from the strong contrast between the cloth and the snowy canvas. This hint is worthy the notice of racing owners, and therefore, perhaps it may be improved on.

Before closing this article there is one subject which requires our attention, and one I feel confident every seaman will regret—that is the introduction of steam into the Pleasure Navy. It has been considered necessary by the Government to form a steam fleet; but is it useful or ornamental to yachting? Such an innovation will render this noble sport a mere mechanical amusement, and we may expect to see matches got up by steam to the total annihilation of all nautical tactics.

Having spun my yarn, I now conclude with wishing the *Yachting Magazine* may carry on with a fair wind and flowing sheet to the haven of Prosperity.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

BOATING ON WINDERMERE.

A FEW notes on the boating capabilities of the largest sheet of water in England may interest some of your readers.

Windermere lies in a course nearly north and south, all its west half of its eastern shores being in Lancashire, the remainder in *moreland*; it is about thirteen miles in length from Newbybridge foot to Waterhead near Ambleside: its width generally averaging half to three-quarters of a mile, with the exception of the last

where it narrows to the dimensions of a river. It is divided into two portions by a large island of thirty acres, opposite the little town of Bowness, the upper reach being five miles long, the wider and deeper, with the highest mountains about it: there are several other islands of small size.

The Lake is not very distant from the sea, the tidal waters of Morecambe bay flowing up the Leven to within two miles of its foot; in these two miles is gained its surface elevation of 125 feet above the sea level, and as the lower reach of the lake varies in depth from fifteen to twenty fathoms, and in the upper reach forty fathoms are got, some parts of its bottom are much below the sea level, doing away with the probability of any utilitarian engineer ever converting it into broad cornfields, as has been done by Whittlesea-mere, and other large pieces of fresh water elsewhere.

There are on the lake about thirty sail-boats of all sizes, from the Dolphin schooner, belonging to the worthy Commodore of the Royal Mersey Yacht Club, and the Hebe cutter, of 15 tons, down to boats of 17 or 18 feet in length; and of all rigs, according to the various *notions* of their owners. It has always been the custom to describe the sailing as dangerous, but I think I can show that this statement is rather unfounded; of course the wind when off either shore where the high land comes near the water edge is more or less puffy (one place in strong west winds being known by the expressive name of the Devil's Bowling-green,) but not so much so as in most of the Scotch salt water lochs where the land is still higher; when the wind is either up or down the lake frequently a finer sailing breeze could not be required, and it then, if fresh, knocks up just sufficient of a *sea* to add agreeable interest to the sail. Then there is plenty of depth of water, there are but few shoals, and those well buoyed by a small subscription from the sail-boat owners, and no tides to prevent a boat fetching where she heads for: when I add that most of the sail-boats are worked single-handed by amateur owners without the assistance of professional seamen, a class of course only to be found on the sea coast, and that during the last twenty years there have not been half a dozen deaths by drowning out of sail-boats, only one of which was that of a gentleman, I think it will be granted that the sailing on the lake must be a tolerably safe amusement; and that as a sailing water it has advantages over many places on the coast which have not had a bad name given them.

It is now several years since a sail-boat was capsized, and then the result was a ducking to the unlucky amateur who was carrying an enormous spread of sail during a squally east wind; he laid hold of

some cork cushions, which floated out of the boat, till he was picked up by some people who saw the accident from the shore and put off to him; and his sail-boat, which went down in the middle of the lake in fifteen fathoms, was in a day or two afterwards swept for and raised, with the only damage of a small hole in the mainsail made by one of the drags; his whole loss, including tip to the men who came to his assistance, and hire of the barge to drag for his boat, being covered by a five-pound note. My advice to gentlemen who find themselves in this predicament is, not to attempt to reach the shore if distant by swimming, as they will find when too late, this is not to be done in their clothes, but to secure under each arm the oars or other floatables which rise out of the departed boat, and to wait with as much patience as they can till some one comes to the rescue; in the mean time taking especial care to secure good cross marks by which to ascertain the spot where to return and drag for their sunken ship.

On an average about one death from drowning in the lake occurs in two years; the greater proportion are "drunks," who mistake their proper way home in the dusk and walk in; then come suicides; and then those who more or less in liquor tumble out of row-boats: it is rare that a perfectly sober person is accidentally drowned: for so large an extent of water I know few places where so few lives are lost, and this is the more remarkable considering the very innocent individuals who trust themselves on it. I have seen a stout gentleman near the end of his row gravely get up and pull at the painter to stop his boat, when, notwithstanding this the boat did strike the landing, and the concussion knocked him over he seemed greatly astonished. I have seen a party of five *gents* get into a boat, four take their places to row, the other steered, several attempts to pull ahead only caused a retrograde motion, they then began to scold each other, when a bystander kindly informed them the reason of their difficulty was because the rowers had seated themselves with their faces to the head of the boat instead of the stern. This being properly adjusted, after some explanations they succeeded in getting off, and later in the day I saw them some miles up the lake still alive. One calm summer evening in Bowness bay, where there are some rocks nearly awash, I saw a couple of gentlemen accidentally hitch their boat upon them, instead of making the slightest attempt to get out the boat hook, they set to screaming with all their might, till a rowed off to them and shoved them off, no doubt drowning was at least they expected.

One or two cups of good value are sailed for each summer, some of them are presented by "spirited individuals," in others they are

scribed for ; the present year a £50 Subscription Challenge Cup is to be sailed for, to be won two years successively; there will also probably be another cup. The chief prize is limited to sail-boats under twenty-five feet in length, that being considered the class of boat most generally suitable to the lake, as they are not too large, can be worked single-handed in ordinary sailing, and more sport is got out of them than from the larger craft ; perhaps the most handy size for this water is a boat about twenty feet long, being neither too large nor too small to be conveniently managed by one person. From twelve to twenty boats usually start in this class ; of course there is some tailing at coming in, but the slowest has all the race been holding a tough contest with some friend not quite so slow as himself, and will talk their battle over again with interest till next season, when he will come out with a new jib, or a new something or other, and Death or Victory his determination.

The course has generally been three times the length of the Lower Reach, a distance of about fifteen miles, but this year it is to be up and down the main length of the lake, a distance direct of above twenty miles; a time allowance of two minutes per foot for difference of length is made at coming in. All reasonable sails are allowed to be carried, including square-sails, which latter I think a much more legitimate sail than the enormous topsails with foot-sticks, which the prohibition of them in yacht racing has caused to be invented in their place. While on the subject of sails may I be allowed to say a word against the present system of yacht measurement, which by measuring the hull saddles the yachting community with a class of narrow deep craft, only to be kept upright by a weight of ballast, and which would inevitably fall over and not rise again if left by the tide on a soft sand bank where their legs became undermined and useless ; it may be said a yachtsman is not obliged to build this class of vessel for cruising, but the majority of new yachts are built with a view to their being at first racers, and as they are superseded by newer and faster craft they come into the cruising fleet, and are thus perpetuated with their faulty shapes.

How much more rational the system ably advocated by Mr. Marett in his "Yacht Building", that instead of measuring the object moved, the classing of yachts in racing to be taken from the measurement of the moving power used,—the sails: to be sure this is a sweeping reform which we may expect will be very slowly adopted by the majority of C managing-men, who expend their energies on "House" matters, as save the Regattas and Sailing Matches to potter on after the old

routine, satisfied they have done all that is necessary if they produce the usual value of prizes ; a man intending to build would then be unfettered by the law which necessitates that the hull must measure the least possible to carry the largest possible amount of sail, his plan would be just the reverse, to get the largest possible body to go fast under the smallest spread of canvas, a much more wholesome, roomy and sea-worthy craft, and for its accommodation worked by fewer hands at a less expense, and he would be left untrammelled in devising the best form of hull he could invent.

There are great numbers of row boats on the lake, private, and for hire at Bowness, Waterhead, and the different hotels. Some of these are wonderfully painted, the row boats for hire at Bowness landing place exhibits all the glories of the palette, one of them, which if possible outshone the rest, was painted all the varieties of marble the artist could think of, who nearly equalled in inventive genius the eccentric skipper that painted the sides of his ship like bricks, and called her "The Brick." The usual kind is a good shaped pleasure boat to carry from five to ten persons, and rows two or three pairs of sculls on iron pins upon offsetts, or as called in the south outriggers, which by the way I may say is an old north-country invention and was taken south by the Claspers; these oars on pins cannot be feathered, but have the advantage that as they require little skill they can be pulled by almost any one, and it is very common on the lake to see ladies rowing, and even boats *manned* entirely by parties of them. In few places are boating pic-nics more enjoyable, the boat may be run ashore in any small cove, sunny or shady as the day may require, can be left while the party collect a few sticks, make a fry and boil the kettle, and when wanted again it is not found, as frequently happens on the coast, high but not quite dry a quarter of a mile over sludge and slippery seaweeds from the water.

The light boats here called skiffs, are about twenty-two feet long, and from three to three and-a-half feet wide, they are about the size of the pair-oared gigs introduced within the last few years on the Thames, and with these latter are well suited for light pulling on the lake; there are a few decked outrigger skiffs, but they are in little favour, and of little use, as a man wants on so large a piece of water a boat that he can stir more about in, that he can land out of anywhere without requiring Jack-in-the-water to hold it for him, and which can stand occasionally more lumpy water than is knocked up in a river. There are no rowing clubs or long boat crews, the resident gentry being to it-

tered to admit of their easily meeting together for that purpose, though there are several on the lake who have pulled leading cars on the Cam and Isis.

I am sometimes delighted at seeing in the London Water-colour Exhibitions picturesque representations of Windermere; sky and distant unknown mountains bathed in warmest Italian tints; boats on a sunny foreground with pink and blue striped awnings, and fancifully costumed peasantry going to market with melons and all kinds of hot-house produce; in the middle distance pleasure yachts of forty or fifty tons, gaily dressed in flags not to be found in Ackers', sailing about in the glowing calm. What glorious ideas our southern friends must imbibe from these of the beauties of our scenery! Surely artists behold visions imperceptible to ordinary eyes; such sights as these were never seen on Windermere by any of the natives.

The traffic of the lake, slates, wood, lime, etc., is carried on by four barges of from 12 to 15 tons burden, each of these being laboriously rowed by two men, who when the wind is fair set an unartistic square-sail, which will only draw with the wind abaft the beam. Two steamers in the summer months keep running up and down the lake daily except on Sundays.

The fish are two kinds of char, the red and the silver, two or three kinds of trout, great quantities of perch, mostly very small, good pike, and eels, plenty of minnows, and a few sticklebacks, bullheads and loaches; Salmon and white trout in the autumn run up from the sea through the lake to breed in the streams that run into it towards its head. Owing to the large extent of the water the fishing is only moderate; trout, char, &c., used to be angled for with the rod, generally by trolling with three rods stuck out from the stern of a boat, but about ten years ago the otter, here called lath, was introduced and has entirely superseded rod-fishing, boats with a lath and sixty or seventy yards of line out on each side, and perhaps a rod with a minnow out at the stern, rake the surface of the lake in every direction, excepting in the month of June, when the small coleopterous called the Bracken-clock is out, the fish then are so gorged with them that they will not look at the artificial fly, on a calm day the surface of the water may be seen dotted with clocks, one or two to every square foot. A large char weighs six-quarters of a pound. Trout occasionally are taken by the net up to ten or a dozen pounds; pike are chiefly from two to six pounds, but in a few years a fifteen or twenty pounder is netted. Everybody may angle or use the lath, but the right of net fishing is divided among the owners of the neighbouring landed proprietors, and let by them to fish-

men who draw their nets in those parts of the lake where the bottom is sufficiently clear of obstructions. The river at the foot of the lake is in the hands of an Angling Association, who elect subscribers every year at two guineas each; there is pretty fair trout fishing in it, and in the autumn some salmon and white-trout.

Owing to its short distance from the sea, and small elevation above it, and the length of frost it takes to cool such deep water, Windermere seldom freezes sufficiently to bear skaters; once in a dozen years there may be a fine sheet of strong ice for a few days, but it has generally been then spoiled by a covering of snow. Some caution is required in skating, as there are places which in consequence of springs, or from other causes never freeze over, or what is still worse have merely a thin covering of ice. The smaller lakes of higher elevation are frozen over nearly every winter. A few wildfowl of different kinds resort to the lake in the winter months, but there are so many guns after them that they become very shy, and it requires great patience and creeping to get within shooting distance of them.

There is little or no sailing on most of the other lakes. Ullswater, the next in size to Windermere, has a few sail-boats on it, but owing to the high ground immediately on its shores, it is very subject to squalls, and the sailing is not so good.

H. F. R.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER II.

THE TRIAL CRUISE—A PICTURE OFF THE LAND'S END—OFF THE LIZARD—MILFORD HAVEN—A NATIONAL REGATTA—FAIR "NATIVES" OF WALES.

BEING now left alone with my young skipper who was loud in his praises of the new craft, we soon commenced our criticism, and many salient points of beauty or of sea-worthiness which had before escaped our notice came prominently to view.

While thus engaged, a large steam frigate came close up to stopping her way and blowing off steam apparently to wait for *sc* boats coming off to her: she turned out to be the *Sanspareil*, w^h

* Continued from page 142.

name brought something or other to my recollection about a parcel being on board that should have been sent to that vessel; it was so, for on going below I found a paquet which had been entrusted to my care by a servant who had a brother on board the *Sanspareil* then laying at the same port at which we fitted out; the little parcel was somehow the "worse of the wear," having been apparently "in the wars" already, so that its contents were exposed to view in the shape of a small *Bible*: it was soon on board the frigate: may God's blessing go with it; and may every man on board these "wooden walls of Old England" have the same true shield for their brave hearts in the hour of battle and of danger in their country's cause!

The shades of evening were now fast closing in, and it was time to determine what should be the course of our trial cruise; to Guernsey for stores was our first intention, and inviting enough the night looked with a fair wind too, what was of it; but a fair wind and a trial cruise didn't go exactly together in my mind, so it was "Aft with the main sheet." And away we went slipping along to the westward, resolved upon trying what the "*Wildflower*" could do "on a wind"; besides feeling, that with a new craft, and new crew, a day or two at sea would be desirable to shake all a little into their right places, and make us look somewhat more ship-shape before disporting our club bunting in a strange harbour.

The next morning at daylight we were off the Land's-End beating gallantly to the westward against wind and tide; the wind having drawn more round to the westward, with a heavy lump of a sea on; the very thing we wanted! and bravely behaved the little schooner! her great length, fine entrance, and bearings carried well aft, made her all that could be desired as a good sea boat; so far so good again.

And now it would seem high time to determine whether we were outward-bound or only on a trial cruise in the Channel; at least so seemed to think Tom White, my skipper, as he presented himself at the door of the cabin to say we were creeping to westward of the Longships, at the same time muttering something of a fair wind still for Guernsey.

"Are we far enough to windward, to weather the Longships on the other tack?"

"I think so, sir."

Then about with her, and I'll be on deck with some course or other you directly."

't was not till I had quietly finished my inspection of a chart of the Channel, on which I had been engaged when interrupted by the per, that I came to the determination of running up as far as Milford

Haven, and as I came on deck, finding we were abreast of the Longships and well to windward it was "Ease off Sheets" and "steady at N.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N."

This sort of "sealed order" cruising, so far as the crew, and skipper too, are concerned, I find always the best; about the length of *time* the cruise may occupy, so as to enable due provision to be made in replenishing the "harness casks," &c., the crew ought always to know, but as to *where bound*, let them find that out if they can;—true, it may not be always, that this silence as to one's yachting motions, may be either necessary or advantageous, yet there do occur occasions on which it may chance to be of the greatest importance in the regulation of a crew, and by making it a general practice both skipper and crew get used to asking no questions, and requiring no notice for preparation, but always ready at a moment's notice, with or without the "blue peter."

My skipper was well accustomed to this sort of work, altho' always on the look out for any inkling he could catch of our intended whereabouts and whereaway.

"A round about course this to shape for the Channel Islands, White!"

"Ra-a-ther, sir," was the skipper's reply, with a look of interrogation at the same time as to some enlightenment on his self-willed owner's plans;—which plans, by the way, the said owner, as he has explained above, makes an invariable rule of keeping to himself; and an essential rule he finds it to be, as would any one else, who like him sails his own craft.

"Well, White, now we are here, we'll run up and have a look at this much-spoken-of Milford haven:—so give her the square-sail, and let us make short miles of it."

No sooner said than done, and away we go, tearing along at the rate of eleven knots an hour.

The skipper, after setting our square-sail, and seeing the sheets checked a little more for a fair wind, was gazing intently at the tower of the Longships lighthouse, and apparently pleased with his reflections, whatever they might be.

"More comfortable this, White, than the last time you and I had that ugly fellow under our lee."

"Well, sir, it *does* be more comfortable like, sure enough; and that same cruise too, I was just a thinking on. I wonder, sir, if them as got the little A—— now will often give her a sight of the Longship such weather as we done."

"I don't know as to that, but I think we would be sure to m— better *picture* in our present craft, with that ugly rock in the "

ground, than you proposed making in the little cutter last time we were here;—hope you have not forgot the *picture*, White!”

And an awful picture we were sure enough, in a little 20 ton cutter, rounding the Longships, with a perfect gale of wind blowing from the S.W., and the sea running mountains high! Our poor little craft at every sea buried, or rather built round by a solid wall of living fiery water, some twenty feet at least above our heads, holding on like grim death the best way we could, with only a *nine inch* bulwark between us and the raging element!

I didn't think so then, but I have often thought since, that our chance of living through that gale was after all on the wrong side of certainty : as to what the effect would have been upon our tiny craft, had one of these huge avalanches broken over our stern! it is by no means difficult to comprehend, for instant destruction must have been the result. And yet in the midst of all, such was our confidence in the little vessel (some no doubt would call it our ignorance) that I do not remember ever making a heartier breakfast in my life than at that very time, on which occasion it was, as I emerged from below to the surface of our “cockle-shell,” that my skipper made the cool observation, as to our extreme eligibility for photographic manipulation, alluded to above, saying “Lor’ sir, if we could only have *our picture* took, just as we are now, to bring home to the Missus!”

This storm by the way in which we were out the whole time, was the one so well chronicled in the “Log of the Pet” when she ran in to Falmouth :—I remember well meeting a craft off the Lizard, that must have been her, with a barked trysail set making for Falmouth harbour ; and whatever her tonnage may be, she certainly looked more than *eight* tons, in fact she looked quite as big, if not (as we thought at the time) bigger than ourselves.

On that same occasion, a very striking illustration of the “sealed orders,” or “self willed” system of cruising, and its advantages occurred: we had sailed from Guernsey the day before—Saturday; but having very light airs, and for some time a calm, we were only off the Lizard on Sunday afternoon, when it suddenly came down upon us “black squall” fashion, tearing, and flaring, and fretting from the westward, as though Æolus and Auld Father Neptune were having a frolic together, a so of “devils’ delight” piece of business, which the little A— seemed q to enter into, as she plunged and kicked and plunged again, w e unwillingly submitting to the operation of having herself stripped to three reefed mainsail and spitfire jib;—the sea was like ink, streaked at pped with white froth;—as to its “oscillatory” extent or “waves

of oscillation" as Scott Russell hath it, they were just as ugly as any man would wish to see off the Lizard in a little 20 ton cutter with a dead beat before him to the Land's End;—however the poor little A—, with her wings thus clipped, went bravely at it again;—the short race of a sea was just her *fit*, that is to say she just had room between them to stand up on end and wag her tail at them as she made the downward plunge, boltsprit and spitfire "down amongst the"—fishes!

This sort of work was bad enough, but it looked as tho' we hadn't the worst of it yet, and seeing one half of a fleet, which we had just overhauled, bear up for Falmouth, and the other half run out to sea, we contrived to get our saucy little cutter's head round, and away we scudded for Falmouth, sometimes *blown* crab-fashion or broadside on through the water; sometimes on end, going at it keel foremost, like a midship section with the keel for stem and the deck for stern:—at other times settling down on her boltsprit end ready to make a somersault, till she was picked up by the crest of a wave on which she shot away ahead like a goat on all fours on a pinnacle.

No matter, however, we were soon after an hour's run close to the mouth of Falmouth harbour, but just as we were about to enter it the sky began to clear up, the wind was certainly moderating, and as to the sea, it could not be much worse than we had already experienced, altho' it too seemed getting a little quieter:—we were close to the beacon at the mouth of the harbour, when I made the remark that this was the first time we had ever bore up for any harbour.

"Yes, sir," said the skipper "and to think that now we are just in harbour the squall seems passing away!"

"You think so White? then what are we going into this harbour for? I don't want to go to Falmouth:—do you?"

"No-o-o, sir," said the skipper, with a laugh.

"Then stand by to go about!"

And the little A—was soon looking at the Lizard again, in about only an hour after we had bore up,—not one of us had a dry stitch on our backs! it was within an hour or so of dark; and yet with the beautiful harbour of Falmouth all but entered, we cheerfully tackled to it again with an ugly sea on, as cold a night as any of us ever remembered being out in, and a long hammer and tongs dead beat to the Longships—it was off the Lizard as we came out the second time that we met the "Pet" making for Falmouth harbour.

But to return to the "Wildflower," it was about the end of the evening watch, and we were looking out for St. Ann's Lights at the entrance to Milford Haven, having pretty nearly run our distance, or at

ought to have done;—but it had become so thick that we could see nothing half a mile from us, and the weather looked rather viciously inclined. All hands were turned up to shorten sail, and only in time—for no sooner had we got a reef down in the mainsail, and the foresail off her,—than half a gale of wind, with heavy rain and dirt of all sorts came tearing down upon us from the north-west.

“Keep a bright look ahead there for the lights.—Can you make them out yet?”

“No, nothing of them yet, sir:” came sweeping aft mournfully on the wind.

I could hear both the skipper and the men give to each other their opinion that we could not be near the lights yet, or we should be sure to see them, and they ventured to suggest as much to myself, as I went forward and gave orders to “stand by for coming about.” I knew however it must be otherwise, and that we were quite as close to St. Ann’s Head, as it was agreeable for strangers to come under the circumstances; accordingly I took my own resolution, and we were soon about head to wind, hove-to under a double-reefed mainsail and staysail:—here was another point of trial, and well the Wildflower stood the test,—lying-to as steadily as Old Time, although a heavy sea was running;—and, oh! such a night of rain, sleet, and intense cold! Once more, so far so good, and now the owner is satisfied with the little schooner’s good qualities.

At midnight there being no appearance of clearing, I turned in, and next morning we found ourselves from three to four miles S.W. of St. Ann’s Head, near enough under the circumstances! My reckoning was thus proved to be *correct*, and I took care to make the most of it; that is, by taking the ascertained accuracy as a *matter of course*, well knowing by experience that the more one can thus add to their stock of *infallibility* in the eyes of the crew, the better.

At six o’clock in the morning we were quietly running up the beautiful waters of the far-famed Milford haven; and truly it is a noble sheet of water! Well might the fair Imogen demand

“How far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven:—”

The harbour which runs about E.N.E. and W.S.W., has its entrance from the S.S.W., or just at right angles to the haven itself, so that every where it is sheltered from all points of the compass, and the approach as well as the harbour itself is clear from every possible obstruction in the shape of rocks, banks, buoys, &c., which latter are sometimes

so agreeably placed by the caprice of official "brief authority" as fairly to puzzle the uninitiated yachtsman; setting him to "scratch his head and heave his lead" in utter bewilderment. Even in this noble haven at the entrance, there occurs a solitary instance of this excessive zeal in "rock finding, and buoying, and bewildering;"—I allude to the buoy at the mouth of the harbour, about midchannel,—on what is called the "Lewis rock," over which (and it is apparently only a point) there is some five fathoms water! Surely this is scarcely a sufficient reason for disfiguring the entrance to a great harbour like this, apparently for no other object than to keep craft entering it on the alert, which at night, they certainly must be, to avoid the chance of knocking a hole in their bows, by running foul of the buoy itself!

Be this as it may, Milford Haven is such a Harbour of Refuge, as every yachtsman ought to have a look at;—from the entrance up to H.M. Pembroke Dockyard is about nine miles, varying in width from two miles to half-a-mile, and affording every where good anchorage, whether for Leviathan Steamers or Lilliputian Model-Yachts; room enough for the United Navies of England and France to ride at anchor or manœuvre together:—a glorious sight by the way! and when it does take place—"May I be there to see!"

Just as the tailor who gazed on the mighty Fall of Niagara, was led to exclaim

"Lord what a place to sponge a coat."

So I confess my thoughts on sailing up this beautiful haven, deserting for the moment all more important and utilitarian considerations, were such as led me internally to say

"What a place for a National Regatta."

Now of this same idea for a National Regatta, I have much to say, and some day I hope to see it carried into effect. Only imagine all the funds of all our regattas collected into one!—all the yachts of all our clubs congregated together in one harbour for a week or a fortnight together!—and all the cups of each year sailed for in the same place! With the addition of a "Grand National Cup" to be sailed for in regular sea-going trim, say from Milford round Lundy Island, and the Isle of Man,—dipping colours to our hearty friends at Kingstown *en passant*.

Such a match as this would soon tend to get rid of the "razor-fish" genus of racers, with their unseamanlike adjuncts of shifting balloon jibs, and gigantic gaff-topsails set with a *sixty feet tooth* of a yard on a tiny *thirty tonner*!

But these are "Reminiscences," and not the place for advocating or discussing the idea of a "National Regatta," which, however

assured with a very little real shoulder-to-shoulder work amongst yachtsmen, could be most successfully carried into effect; and in that case, whether from its perfection as a harbour, or its central position as a rendezvous for all yachts of the three kingdoms Milford would unquestionably be found to carry the palm, at all events for the first great meeting, or as Imogen still says of it

"There's no more to say;

Accessible is none but *Milford* way."

Having run up the haven about five miles above the entrance, we brought to in the principal roadstead of the harbour, right abreast of the little town of Milford; a place of somewhat imposing aspect, when seen and approached from the sea, but not quite so much so when you get your "land-tacks on board" and tumble into it from behind:—for the town of Milford does in reality possess a "before" and a "behind" or in other words a "*front*" street and a "*back*" street, with of course a "middle street"; under which extremely simple and somewhat primitive street nomenclature is comprehended the whole of the town: an example by the way, worthy the serious consideration of her Majesty's Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, or the Metropolitan Board of Works, before engaging in the arduous task of a revised street nomenclature for the metropolis.

It was not at all probable I should ever have become thus far initiated into the mysteries of the "front," "middle," and "back" of Milford,—for there are no indications of names on the streets themselves; but that I was fortunate in finding a yachting friend here (Mr. B.) whose little craft was laying close inside of us; and he having been at Milford for the last few days was able to enact the part of "cicerone." Accordingly it was arranged that after an early dinner on board the Wildflower, we should take a stroll on shore to see "the natives," as my facetious friend called them; and that next day after running up to H.M. Dockyard at Pembroke, we should set sail together for the Channel Islands.

The evening was fine, and the shew of "natives" (very much to the satisfaction of my friend who had been blessed with three wet days out of four) was all that could be desired.

There they were on the really pretty terrace, or more properly speaking the "front street," which looks out on to the haven with sometimes dreds of sail laying at anchor beneath,—there they were these same natives, disporting themselves in groups of threes and twos together, le my friend and myself, with one solitary exception, were the only representatives of the rougher sex to be seen; and not over well seen ar, as we were for a time ensconced in a sort of observatory at an

open window in the hotel, partially screened from the dangers of bright eyes (for they say they are very dangerous here) by the clouds ascending from our after dinner Havanas.

So now for a peep at these same dangerous eyes, as they pass up and down in front of our observatory. Here comes one group of three, evidently sisters, from being all rigged alike, and sailing under the same colours, viz: the little saucy round hat, which one always feels an inclination to stop, and as Captain Cuttle says "when found make a note of," particularly when you can just discover under the hat a pair of bright stars shining through a sort of fleecy hosiery Shetland veil, and drawing your own eyes involuntarily towards them as though they were really the Polar star instead of a "gentle maiden's eyes". Be this as it may, three pretty Graces they are, the eldest apparently not over twenty, and the two younger ones making up in beauty what they want in years, for beauties they decidedly are; and not inapt representatives of England, Ireland, and Scotland's fair daughters:—the why and the wherefore, the who and the which, my friend and myself were quietly settling to our own satisfaction:—when up comes another trio! for singular to relate you will always find young ladies in their sweet little groupings, particularly attached to odd numbers, I never could make out why, but so it is.—This group is decidedly not composed like the last of three sisters—there may be two—but all are in black, and all have remarkably fine figures:—one a brunette is somewhat tallish, stately, dark, intellectual, and "married for a sovereign," said my friend, who professes to tell the youngest married woman by her carriage, and sort of "better-half" look; the next nearly as tall, with dark hair, ivory teeth, and bright eyes

"In a fine frenzing rolling!"

the third, a young and beautiful figure, just arrived at the soft round age of sweet enchanting womanhood—what the French call so graphically "*le beaute du diable*."

Still "there's luck in odd numbers," for true to Rory O'More's theory here come *one* solitary beauty, that most assuredly in our humble opinion ought least of all to have been alone, for a brighter face, with eyes that would smile any man out of his senses, and long raven tresses kissing her rosy cheeks, one need not wish to meet with in a summer's cruise. She looks bright and happy as she trips along to join one of the groups, and so break into the *charm* of "odd numbers," with the much more potent *charm* of her laughing eyes.

Three again! I declare! "and married again," said my friend, this time was pretty sure to be right, as the group was evidently man and two daughters, altho' at a little distance one might find it hard to

which was which, for my own part if positively and of course reluctantly compelled to choose between the two generations, I am not sure, but I should —, no matter what:—for my friend would give me no fair chance of a selection, having on the instant appropriated to himself the young bouncing beauty with merry twinkling eyes, surpassing fair complexion; rosy cheeks, and cherry lips, that said as plain as lips could say that spake not “kiss and come again.”

But alas! for my friend, that this appropriation should be only ideal—for we both agreed that in many a long cruise, we had never seen in so small a place a greater proportion of attractive beauty amongst the fair sex, we could only sigh as we thought how

“Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the *Milford* air;”

for the shades of evening were closing in: the fair beauties were shutting up; and we had to prepare for an early start on the morrow, so we betook ourselves on board,—not I confess without some degree of satisfaction in thinking that I should in all probability have another look at the fair *Milford* “natives” as the excellence of the harbour, and its contiguity to the Irish coast where we were first bound after Guernsey, has decided me on arranging that my friends should embark here instead of at our own port in the South of England, and thus save the ladies, the disagreeables of rounding the Longships; a proceeding possessed of few attractions to any one.

LIVERPOOL TO LONDON, OR, THE LOG OF THE ZILLAH.

As a rule, it is among the owners, and amateur crews of small craft that the truly practical yachtsmen are to be found. Men who take a real interest and pleasure, in not only sailing their own vessels, but who scruple not to do a hard day's work, in all that appertains to fitting out their wee barkies; the true nautical rig, as regards pea-jackets, round hats, and any number of buttons, are to be found certainly on board large craft, but little, *very little* practical knowledge. As I premised this is the rule, and it is with pride I admit there are many honourable exceptions, witness the crews sailing in the Corinthian matches in Dubbay and elsewhere. Far be it from me to detract from the usefulness of this class to the general interests of yachting, for it is from the seas we derive the sinews of war to support our numerous clubs and able them to offer annually princely sums for competition, and so promote the noble science.

I have been led to these few remarks, by the absurdity as it would appear of *suggesting even* to any of these would-be aquatic gentry the notion of running down to Liverpool with a few of their friends, (with similar weaknesses in regard to buttons, square eye-glasses, and white kids,) to bring round, via the St. George's and British Channels a twenty tonner to the Thames, and that in February!

It is the log of such a cruise I have thus prefaced.—A most esteemed friend of ours, an officer of one of the Metropolitan clubs, and withal a thorough sailor in every acceptation of the word, consequently a true friend and jovial companion, having in February of the present year made purchase of a 20 ton yacht belonging to the Port of Liverpool, arrangements were at once made to bring her into our own waters.

February 22nd found V.C. K— underway, having resigned himself cheerfully to the perils attendant on an overland journey by the London and North Western Line bound to Liverpool, attended by his ship's company, well tried messmates in many a cruise: as chief officer was shipped, or rather to be shipped—the “galliant and gaye,” M. F. G.— B. P. C—, well known in aquatic circles for his *wandering* propensities; the second was J. G—, famed on the Thames for his single-handed matches in eight tonners: next the pilot, Captain C—, who knows we are inclined to think the waves, lights, headlands, buoys, &c., are minor matters.

The reader will doubtless imagine it shewed want of wisdom on the part of the skipper to ship a passenger, yet there I was to take a spell anyhow, anywhere, at anything, from sleeping and smoking, eating and drinking, to tailing on to a sheet or halliard; but more particularly to watch the progress of events and log 'em. A man and boy completes the list.

I have said the skipper gave himself up cheerfully to all the contingencies of rails, need I say we all shared his hilarity, for who could *rail* at cheerful company on a bright morning going 40 knots with lots of grog and baccy aboard.

The 23rd we were in the Birkenhead Docks, anxiously looking for the purchase. We found her all that we could wish, in appearance a racer, undeniably a good sea boat, and plenty of accommodation below: she is 41 feet over all, 11 feet 8 inches beam, and draws 8 feet forward, 4 feet 2 inches aft, coppered and copper fastened, her boom had 10' overhang, which has been since reduced one half, and channels gathered her, with numerous other alterations and improvements. Below she has main and ladies' cabins, state-room, forecabin, &c., in short she is all that the most fastidious could desire. We were much

1 via terra. Should suppose

tified, and longed eagerly to feel her careering buoyantly on for the port where we would be, but much work was to be done, and that without loss of time. 24th, was occupied in fitting out and getting stores on board.

25th. — Wind fresh from N.W., hazy with small rain; noon hauled out of dock, and made sail, bound for London, proceeded through the Middle Channel and passed the Formby Light-ship at 2h. 30m. p.m., wind more northerly and clear weather; 8h. p.m. Point Lynas Light bore W.b.N., distant about 15 miles; midnight abreast the Light.

26th. — Light airs from the northward; 4h. a.m. fresh breeze from the S.W., abreast of the Skerries; 8h. a.m. abreast the South Stack; 9h. a.m. wind still freshening, took two reefs down in mainsail, after making several tacks finding the wind still freshening and the sea getting up, at noon bore up and ran back to Holyhead old harbour, where we arrived at 1h. 30m. p.m., moored near the pier with anchor ahead and warp ashore aft.

27th. — Wind S.W., cloudy weather, gales from S.W.b.S. and heavy rain. 6h. p.m. wind more moderate.

28th. — Wind W. to S.W. light fine weather; at noon (high-water) weighed anchor, made sail, and proceeded on our passage, wind westerly and fine. 2h. p.m. the South Stack bore E.b.S., distant 8 miles, thick weather coming on set Patent Log; wind light and variable, 4h. p.m. light wind from the N.E., thick weather; midnight similar weather.

March 1st. — Wind N.E. light, thick weather; 8h. a.m. spoke the Dart of Liverpool, bound to Nantes, (had been into Holyhead windbound and left 12 hours before us) she had never seen anything since she left the South Stack, but supposed she was between the Bishop's and Smalls, and steering W.S.W., by our log we had not come that distance, it having only registered 60 miles; noon calm and very thick; 6h. p.m. light airs from N.W., sounded in 32 fathoms muddy bottom, log registered 69 miles from South Stack. 8h. p.m., fresh breeze from N.E., thick weather; course S.W.b.W.; 10h. 30m. p.m., wind E.S.E. fresh, the fog cleared away and we sighted the Smalls Light bearing S.E.b.E., distant about 3 miles; midnight similar weather, course S.S.W.

2nd. — 8h. a.m., wind E.N.E. strong, cloudy, took two reefs down in mainsail, and reefed foresail. 8h. a.m., wind more moderate, shook out all reefs, cloudy weather. 10h. a.m. sighted Lands End. 2h. p.m. and E.S.E., strong, rounded and passed between the Longships and n, wind freshening, took two reefs in mainsail and foresail, and set all jib, and worked to windward in Mounts Bay: midnight, Lizard bore S.E., distant about 6 miles. — Near run down by a Chasse-ree.

3rd.—At 4h a.m. wind E.S.E. moderate; shook reefs out of foresail, Falmouth light bore N.N.E., Lizard W.b.N. 8h. shook out all reefs and set large working jib: noon, light wind and cloudy weather, the Rame Head bore E., distant 5 miles. Midnight, light airs and cloudy.

4th.—Wind W. light, steering S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.: 4h. a.m. wind freshening, opened Start light, altered course to E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.: noon, similar weather, abreast the Bill of Portland; course E.S.E. 4h. p.m. off St. Alban's Head, saw the Tyne ashore; cloudy weather: 6h. p.m. sighted the Isle of Wight: 8h. strong wind, took two reefs in mainsail. 10h. lowered foresail and trussed up main tack; St. Catherine's Point bearing N.N.E., distant about 5 miles; midnight, similar weather with rain.

5th.—At 1h. a.m. Owers light bore E.N.E., steering E.b.S.; 4h. Beechey Head bore E.b.N., distant about 15 miles, set foresail and boarded main tack: 6h. shook out all reefs: 8h. Beechey Head bore N.W. Noon, light wind and fine weather: 2h. p.m. passed Dungeness, hoisted our number (Marryat's), wind freshening westerly and cloudy: 4h. off Dover, wind freshening took two reefs in mainsail: 5h. rounded South Foreland: 7h. ran into Ramsgate harbour, moored at west pier and furled sails.

6th.—Wind W. light, cloudy: midnight similar weather.

7th.—Wind W.N.W. fresh, cloudy. 6h. a.m. left Ramsgate under whole sail. At 10h. p.m. anchored abreast the mill at Gravesend.

8th.—Wind W.N.W. strong. 10h. a.m. took three reefs in mainsail, two in foresail, and set small jib. Weighed anchor and proceeded up the river: 11h. 15m. off Erith, taken by a heavy squall, accompanied with hail and snow, lowered foresail and trussed up main tack: 11h. 30m. set foresail again and boarded main tack; in Halfway Reach the wind moderating shook out all reefs. At 1h. p.m. the tide done, turned over it, and arrived off Blackwall at 2h. 30m., furled sails and ran out kedge.

Thus ended our trip, coming near upon a thousand miles in twelve days, two of which were spent in Holyhead harbour, and one in that of Ramsgate.

THE RIVER COMMISSIONER.

THE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW WORLD.

Most of our readers are aware that great preparations are being made by England and America in expediting the means by which the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is to be laid down during the approaching summer.

H.M.S. Agamemnon, 91, has been selected on the part of this country to convey half the cable, and the United States' Steam Frigate Niagara, the largest in the American Navy, has been chosen to convey the other half.

In our Magazine of November last, p. 473, under the head of "Wandering Notes" we made some slight allusion to the Niagara, as having been the last production of the late Mr. George Steers, the renowned builder of the celebrated "America." By the *New York Times* we learn that this frigate is fitting out with every expedition, and her first voyage is destined to the peaceful task of laying down one portion of the wire. In the selection of such a vessel a greater compliment could not have been paid by America to the memory of one of her self-taught citizens, whose name and genius might have slumbered for ever had it not been for the world-wide celebrity his famed productions had gained for him. Now that the Niagara is to convey the medium of communication between two kindred nations—so allied in language, arts, and civilization—may this connecting link between them be the harbinger of peace and goodwill. The very act of the United States' in selecting this vessel in preference to any other is worthy of itself, showing that the Government appreciates the abilities of her sons in preference to Dock-yard routine. As the Niagara will in all probability be shortly with us, she no doubt will be the Lion of the season, and will be inspected by thousands. The following is from the *New York Times* :—

The proportions of this splendid frigate may be interesting to our nautical readers. The hull is of live oak, varying in width and thickness from 22 inches by 14 near the keel, to 11 by 8 on deck. The keel is 320 feet long ; length on deck, 345 feet ; breadth of beam over all, 55 feet ; depth of hold 31 feet 6 inches. Four boilers and three horizontal engines of 1000 horse-power, built by Pease and Murphy, constitute her propelling power. The cylinders are 72 inches in diameter, and 8 feet stroke. All of this machinery weighing over 500 tons, is applied to turn a single propeller of 18 feet diameter. To protect the machinery from shot in action, it is all enclosed by immense iron coal-bunkers, over-arching and descending many feet below the water-line. Her chimneys are telescopic, and while she is under sail or in battle, may be lowered almost out of sight. The engine and fire-rooms are set in their way, and being well supplied with ample ventilators, will probably be as cool and comfortable as can be desired. The Niagara will rely for speed mainly upon her sailing abilities, and although the steam will always be kept bedded, and everything in readiness for getting steam at short notice when required, she will, unless in calms and

on extraordinary occasions, be only a clipper frigate. Her model is that of a mammoth clipper, with shallow forefoot, sharp high bow, and hollow water lines. View her as we will, not a single straight line is presented. Everywhere she curves fluent and free, challenging the admiration of the most critical by her vast yet perfectly symmetrical proportions. She sits on the sea "like a thing of life," and when careering before a twelve-knot breeze one would feel on her as though he were astride a fleet high-mettled courser, bounding along on the wings of the wind.

When under full sail she will spread about 14,000 running yards, or 7,000 square yards of canvas, and it is anticipated that her speed under canvas will be 15 or 16 knots, and under steam 11 or 12 knots an hour. Her mainmast is 84 feet above the deck, 111 feet in extreme height, 37½ inches in diameter; foremast 75 feet above deck, 101 feet in extreme height, and 35 inches in diameter; mizen-mast, 85 feet in height, and 30 inches in diameter. Her mainyard is 106 feet in length, the foreyard 94 feet. Her armament will consist of 12 guns of 11-inches bore, 12 feet in length, and capable of throwing shot of 170 pounds, and shells of 130 pounds weight. These guns were all cast at the West Point Foundry, but will not be put on board until she has finished her peaceful task of laying down the great submarine cable. One great feature in this vessel is her high and airy decks. Between the bottom or orlop and berth deck the height is 6 feet 6 inches; between the lower and main decks 6 feet 8 inches; between the main and spar decks 7 feet 8 inches. The main deck on which the officers and most of the men live, is admirably lighted by a multitude of dead-lights, and thoroughly ventilated.

Captain Hudson's cabin is large and commodious, and neatly furnished. The most interesting object in it is a good likeness of the great Marine Architect, George Steers, painted in oil, life size, and framed in carved rosewood. This was painted for and presented by the workmen employed by Mr. Steers to the frigate, and will always have honourable place in the captain's cabin. State rooms have been fitted up in this room for the occupation of Professor Morse and Peter Cooper during the time the Niagara is engaged in laying the cable.

The working force of the Niagara is 530 men, but on this trip she will only have 490. In addition to the above she will have 1 boatswain's mate, 1 gunner's ditto, 1 carpenter's ditto, 1 yeoman, 1 master-at-arms, 1 ship's cook, 5 quarter-masters, 2 quarter-gunners, 4 captains of the forecastle, 6 captains of the tops, 2 captains of the afterguard, 7 coopers, 1 ship's steward, 2 officers ditto, 1 surgeon's steward, 1 maker's mate, 2 captains of the hold, 2 officers' cooks, 2 ship's corporals,

100 seamen, 100 ordinary ditto, and 100 landsmen. Of the marines there are 4 sergeants, 3 corporals, 2 musicians, and 50 privates. In the engineer's department 46 firemen and coal passers are employed. Some idea of the capacity of such a floating town may be arrived at when we state that she can carry in addition to her guns, ammunition, coal, spare spars and sails, enough of provisions, clothing, medicine, grog, and nearly every other necessary required on board for a three years' cruise. Undoubtedly the Niagara is the finest, fastest, and largest vessel in the United States' Navy, and wherever she goes will reflect credit upon the genius and mechanical skill of the country.

YARNS OF A SAILOR.

A FEW days after my arrival from my last unpleasant voyage, I was asked to ship in a small Scotch schooner bound to Westport in Ireland, for a cargo of oats. As I was indifferent as to my destination, and there were few vessels fitting out for southern voyages, I agreed to go, and found when I joined, the crew consisted of the master, his brother as mate, myself, and ten other seamen. We took on board about fifty tons of coal as ballast; the hatches were put on, covered loosely by a tarpaulin, and our only boat placed on the chocks over the hatchway. There was nothing like discipline on board this craft,—master, mate, and the others working together; any body cooked, and everything was done in a very free and easy dirty style.

We jogged on our passage quietly with variable winds, until we got past Rathlin Island; the wind was southerly, inclining to the westward, and by the time we were abreast of Innistrahal light it was south-west, blowing an increasing gale, with thick rainy weather. The master was strongly advised by his brother, at night fall, to bear up for Loch Indal, which would have been the most prudent course under the circumstances. He was, however, a man of no mind, of a vacillating timid disposition, and after talking about doing it for an hour or two, could not determine until it became too late. The schooner was kept on the port tack during the night, the gale fast increasing, sail was shortened, until we were under a storm trysail, and inner jib, and making as much as head way. Long before daylight all chance of our making Lochal was at an end, and no other course left than to remain driving on port tack until the gale ceased, or altered its direction. It continued, however, during the day a hard gale; and during the darkness of the night the skipper's fears made him miserable, he lamented not having

gone into harbour, and speculating on the prospect of driving down amongst the Western Islands; still he took no means to ascertain her position, or the vessel's drift, the log was never hove, no calculation made as to the leeway, courses seldom observed, the tiller being lashed a-lee from the time the craft was laid-to. The night continued dark, rainy and miserable, the wind blowing a heavy gale. As the night wore on the skipper's fears increased, he began to talk in a very lugubrious tone; his wife and family were spoken of in a despairing mood, interrupted by occasional "I wonder where we are?" Morning brought with it no cessation of the gale, or melioration of the dark rainy weather, we had no fire during the past day or night for cooking: and we were all taken into the cabin, the fore-castle hatch being battened down for safety. Brought together as we were in the cabin, the skipper's pusillanimity became more apparent; instead of now trying to make calculations as to our whereabouts, he hazarded guesses; even asking me what I thought. These guesses and questions were interrupted by apostrophes to the Deity, to his unfortunate condition, and everything but his own incapacity and want of firmness. He attempted to read his bible, but his fears prevented him; still he kept it in his hand, and notwithstanding the gloom he contrived to throw over our minds, I can never forget the ludicrous figure he cut, sitting in the doorway of the state room, with a dirty red nightcap on his head, his bible in his hand, crying and sobbing bitterly, while he uttered occasional growling lamentations about his wife and family.

The forenoon passed over in this way, no cessation in the gale. On the skipper's assurance that we must go ashore on the wild coast of the Long Islands, the scene continued so long the same, that all the impressions of the solemnity of our situation, lightly made on the youthful mind, wore off; there was a something within me which assured me it would not end fatally; what the feeling was, how it was generated or fostered I cannot explain. Hunger began to assert its right to alleviation. The skipper took no food, and offered none to the crew. I was afraid to ask for bread, lest he might think me a hardened sinner, which he assuredly would have done, but recollecting that when we left the fore-castle there was some beef and bread in the kids, I went out into the steerage, knocked down two of the bulkhead boards, let myself into the hold, and groping my way over the coals, reached the fore-castle, I found the beef and bread, from which I made a hearty meal, and not only much refreshed, but much less alarmed as to our safety. There is something wonderfully soothing in a good dinner, and dry beef and bread formed a delicious meal to me, hungry as I then was. My

lite appeased, I then began to cogitate over my situation. Of my own personal knowledge I knew little, although the skipper had shewn me the chart and asked my opinion. I fancied our position could not be either safe or pleasant. I secured some letters from my chest, and then went aft to the cabin, when the skipper formally announced to us that be considered our situation very dangerous; that, in fact, there was no hope, as it was a high rock bound coast on which we were driving, where there was no chance of saving our lives.

From occasional visits to the deck we could easily find out that the sea was increasing in magnitude, while the weather remained as thick and gloomy as ever, preventing our seeing any distance from the vessel. About 1h. P.M. a heavy sea struck the schooner, washing away the boat, bulwarks, main hatches, (never battened down,) and cabin skylight, at the same time shifting the coals into the lee side, and throwing the craft on her beam ends. The cause of our misfortune and its consequences were soon apparent. The wretched skipper became paralyzed and helpless, the mate however followed by the crew soon scrambled on deck; the throat and peak halliards of the trysail gaff were let go, and the sail got down. While another man and myself went forward, and loosened and set the jib, or rather partially set it, the helm being at the same time put up. During this time every surge she took into the sea, the water rushed into the hold, and the vessel must either be got on the other tack or she would soon sink. It is impossible to describe how intensely interesting the moments became, as she gradually paid off, on her beam ends as she was. I never expected to see her wear. She ran about a quarter of an hour, when a sea came rolling along farther aft than usual, and giving her a lift on the quarter, sent her spinning round on the other tack, we soon hove up the trysail with the winch, the jib blowing away before it could be secured; and nailing some spare tarpaulin over the main hatchway, we went down into the hold, and trimmed the coals amidships, afterwards pumping out the water, which had entered by the main hatchway and skylight. Our exertions over, and order as well restored as it could be, the question again came to be eventually asked, "Where are we?" The mate roused by his late exertions went to the main cross-trees and looked anxiously out to leeward; the weather however remained thick, and prevented his seeing any distance.

The craft was again wore, as it was supposed she would keep longest clear of the land on the port tack. This evolution was just completed, when about 4h. P.M., the weather cleared up; and, towering high above the mast heads, and close to leeward, were the immense precipitous cliffs of Barra Head. It was ascertained at a glance that the vessel had made

more lee way, and less headway than was expected, she was again quickly wore round, the reefed foresail set, and we just scrambled narrowly past the cliff. Once past, we had room, and knew our position. The mate who had once before been in Loch Bracedale in the island of Skye proposed going there, which the skipper at once agreed to. Away then we went at once before the wind under our tiny topsail, and, a few hours after our narrow escape, we were safely riding in security in three and-a-half fathoms water, in a most beautifully sheltered arm of Loch Bracedale, and within 500 yards of a farmer's house.

Here we remained refitting, repairing bulwarks, and such like necessary operations for a few days. The weather soon becoming finer and more settled, our skipper, however, would not venture out; he had not recovered his fright, and for three weeks we remained at anchor, although several opportunities for sailing occurred. We found the population here widely spread over the ground, all speaking Gaelic amongst themselves, although the better class could also speak English. We were within a mile of the parish church, where the clergyman resided, a worthy member of the Establishment. His services were in Gaelic, but when he became acquainted with our arrival, he intimated his wish to come down to the farmer's house close to the vessel, and preach a sermon in English for our benefit solely, which he accordingly did during the three Sundays we remained. While here the clergyman took the opportunity to go in our boat to the upper end of the loch to visit a distant part of his parish, and celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. This was to me a very interesting visit, as I got much information from listening to the minister's conversation during our passage up; and seeing a large congregation assembled together in a valley, beautifully situated between two gradually rising heath clad hills, to worship God and join in celebrating his praise in the open air, made me revert my thoughts to the ancient days of our church, when our covenanting forefathers were driven by necessity to worship in a similar manner.

In the farm house, and with the farmer and his very estimable family whom we were so near, I became very intimate. When I pulled the boat ashore with the master, he used to go into the parlour with the farmer, while I went by invitation into the other room amongst the family. Many a happy hour I spent amongst them, admiring their primitive manners and simplicity of mind, while my rather common fare on board was luxuriously added to by constant presents of eggs, butter, milk, and fish. While I used to be asked amongst the family, my shipmate, a rough unlettered, southern sailor, belonging to Yarmouth, one of the genuine tobacco chewing sort of tars, was wont to go into the kitchen, where there were two strong built highland lasses. Bill used to get close to the turf fire, and smoke his pipe in comfort, until he began to entertain the two servants with a long account of his first spree on shore, after a long voyage, going on to describe his riding in a coach with his shipmates and their girls. The simple highland lasses at first did not seem to understand him, gradually however, they became alive to the import of his communication; their virtuous indignation

was roused, they ordered him out, he looked amazed, and could not understand them, so little did he know what virtue was, until the stalwart dames seized on poor Bill and forcibly ejected him from the premises, with many an unpronounceable Gaelic gesture to testify their abhorrence of the fault committed.

The wind at length became absolutely fair, with fine clear weather, and even our un-energetic skipper gave orders to get underway. We sailed, and got as far as Barra Head, the scene of our late difficulty, when the wind came away from the southward, and the skipper, without waiting an hour, bore up for Loch Boisdale, a place of refuge nearer than the one we had left. Here we remained ten days, our provisions became scarce, we went over to the farm-houses in quest of some, and got a few potatoes and herrings, but here coffee or sugar were not to be had; oatmeal was procured, and porridge ordered for breakfast and supper. Poor Bill could never take it, and many a growl he uttered against the stuff, the country that produced it, and the people who could exist on it. Neither beef nor pork cured, could be purchased; but we heard that a farmer across the island, about five miles from our anchorage, had a pig to dispose of. We went across; the skipper concluded the bargain, and many a laugh we had at the progress across the island, Bill and myself alternately driving, and I yet distinctly recollect the skipper getting into a passion because I said I could not kill it. I soon afterwards gained experience in the pig-killing line; and I believe there are few sailors who do not in a measure understand the art.

Death of P. R. Marett, Esq.

It is with feelings of the deepest regret we announce the demise of this gentleman, which occurred on the 23rd ult. at his residence at Southampton. The Yachting public have lost a most valuable contributor to the knowledge necessary to form a just appreciation of the advantages of the Pleasure Navy. Many excellent Articles have appeared in the *Yachting Magazine* under various signatures from the pen of Mr. Marett, which have called forth the praises of numbers of our readers.

Bel's Life also has been favoured with his effusions, and like ourselves will miss the ever ready hand to promote the noble science. His thorough practical knowledge of Ship-building, gained in the Northfleet Dockyard, enabled him to form a just opinion of the capabilities of any Yacht with which he became acquainted.

His last work on "*Yachts and Yacht Building*," fully bears out the truth of this assertion. The extensive Sale it has met with proves the best testimony of the ability of the Author.

WORDS FOR THE SICK AND SORROWING.

Shall I tell you of Morning in crimson array,
With dewdrops for pearls in her hair,
Coming forth on her amber-hued car from the east,
For beauty and brightness are there.

Shall I tell you of forests, whose sylvan arcades
Are haunts for the hart and the hare:
Of the gay laugh of children in sun-lighted glades,
For beauty and brightness are there.

Shall I tell you of roses that blossom in June,
Of tulips and lily cups fair,
Of fields where the skylark pours out a glad tune,
For beauty and brightness are there.

Shall I point to the sky, when the pearl tinted clouds
Repose on soft summer air,
In the blue-vaulted heaven like angels of love,
For beauty and brightness are there.

No! Morning must yield up her sceptre to Night,
The leaves of the forest must die,
The roses and lilies with summer must fade;
The storm must o'ersadow the sky.

Then what shall I say to your sorrowing hearts?
How banish their dull load of care?
The pathway of life must have briars and thorns,
Though brightness and beauty are there.

I will tell you of Hope, with her rainbow of light,
Her blue eye and her sunny-hued hair,
Her flower-strewn path and her heart-cheering smile,
For beauty and brightness are there.

I will tell you that heaven lies open to view,
Cast your tear-bedimmed glance to the shore,
It is there we shall rest on the bosom of God,
All sorrow and suffering o'er.

It is there, oh! 'tis there, that our cup shall be full,
That our eyes shall not know of a tear,
Save such as sweet gratitude often may wake,
For the brightness and loveliness there.

Then smile with me, mourners, with Hope in our hearts,
The sky will again become clear;
We are journeying on to a better abode,
And may God be our comforter here.

Nugent House, Ryde

FANNY.

MEMORANDA OF CLUB MEETINGS.

ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S YACHT CLUB.

At the last General Meeting, the following officers were elected:—Commodore, the Marquis of Conyngham; Vice-commodore, Lord Otho Fitzgerald; Trustees:—Charles Vernon, E. J. Armstrong, and Edward Hornsby, Esqs., Committee:—Hon. George Handcock, H. Scovell, Esq., Hon. R. G. Talbot, T. Worthington, A. E. Bowen, Capt. Sandes, Rev. H. Westby, C. J. Bond, L. Balfour, E. Barton, J. Byrne, and W. C. Kyle, Esqs.

The meeting was numerously attended, and the utmost satisfaction expressed at the continued increasing prosperity of the Club. The balance in the bank is upwards of £1,000; and there is no liability whatever outstanding. Under these circumstances it may not be a matter of surprise to say that the Committee was ballotted for and elected without one dissentient voice.

The Annual Dinner took place at the termination of business, the Hon. G. Handcock in the chair, E. Hornsby, Esq., vice-chair. There were twenty-four members present, the entertainment was such that it left nothing to be desired. Due honour was paid to her Majesty, the telegraph having announced the auspicious event. The conversation naturally turned upon yachting affairs, and from the interest evinced, it is evident that the regatta which is this year under the auspices of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, as has been already announced, to take place in Dublin Bay at the end of June, will maintain its attractions undiminished; from the number and brilliancy of the prizes offered for competition we may expect one of the largest fleet of yachts that ever visited Dublin Bay. The season promises to be unusually early, several yachts being already at their moorings in Kingstown Harbour, and many more are fitting out.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB.

This club held its opening dinner at the Rock Ferry Hotel, on the 20th inst., which was numerously attended. In the evening the business of the club was commenced, and after an augmentation of members, the sailing and prize committees, measurers and stewards were appointed to carry out the regatta, which was unanimously agreed should surpass if possible any hitherto held by this club, and as this event will be attended with some expenditure, it was also resolved to open a general subscription to carry out the undertaking on a scale to afford amusement to the town and neighbourhood. Several very liberal sums of money were subscribed by those present. It was proposed to take place on the 19th and 20th of June, at Rock Ferry, the days will be ultimately fixed on at the meeting in May. Prizes will be given, in addition to those of yachts, for pilot boats, fishing boats, pleasure sailing boats, gentlemen's rowing gigs, boatmen's gigs, English and

American sailors, or mechanics' rowing races, Flatman's sculling races, and other sports. A dinner will take place on the second day at the hotel, and a display of fireworks in the evening. Several gentlemen are to be ballotted for at next meeting.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.

The annual meeting of this club for electing office-bearers, &c., was held in M'Donald's, Star Hotel, Glasgow, on the 16th ult., when the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing season:—Commodore, the Earl of Eglington and Winton; Vice-Commodore, J. Houldsworth, Esq.; Rear-Commodore, John M. Rowan, Esq.; Secretary, Captain Michael Kean; Stewards, James Smith, Esq., of Jordan Hill; Hugh M. Lang, Esq. Largs; Robert Aitken, Esq., Glasgow; James C. Buchanan, Esq., Greenock; R. S. Robertson, Esq., Glasgow; William Houldsworth, Esq., Glasgow; C. J. Couper, junr., Esq., Glasgow; William W. Hosier, Esq., Dunoon; George Middleton, Esq., (late Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.) A ballot having taken place, the following candidates were duly elected members of the club, viz:—George Coates, Esq., yacht Amini; Robert Scott, Esq., *n.n.*, Greenock; A. Leitch, Esq., Greenock; Peter S. Frazer, Esq., Edinburgh; John Donaldson, Esq., Edinburgh.

On the motion of John Houldsworth, Esq., Rules 4 and 5 of the club regulations were altered to the following:—

"Rule 4.—That at the annual meeting in April, a commodore, and vice-commodore shall be elected by a majority of those present, and nine stewards shall be elected by ballot, who shall act as a committee (three to form a quorum) for managing the affairs of the club till next election. The Rear-Commodore to be only eligible for one year at a time."

"Rule 5.—That at the annual meeting there shall also be elected a Secretary, who shall act as Treasurer, and have power to call meetings of the committee and club on all necessary occasions, and keep regular books, in which shall be entered all the transactions of the club, and shall furnish at the meeting in April a complete balance-sheet, detailing the income and expenditure, together with the arrears of subscription, if any should exist."

In accordance with the above alteration in Rule 4, John M. Rowan, Esq., yacht Oithona, was unanimously elected Rear-Commodore. It was resolved that the annual regattas of the club take place on the 26th and 28th of August, commencing at Dunoon.

A vote of thanks was then awarded to Mr. George Middleton, for the efficient manner in which the onerous duties of the secretaryship had been so long discharged by him. The reason of Mr. Middleton resigning the office of secretary, we understand, is owing to his time being otherwise much taken up, so that he finds he cannot devote that time and attention to the interests of the club which the office demands. The members present afterwards sat down to a very excellent dinner, provided by Mr. M'Donald of the arrangements for which gave great satisfaction.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

The usual monthly meeting of this club was held on the 20th ultimo, at the Caledonian Hotel, James Goodson, Esq., the Commodore in the Chair.

The Secretary having read the minutes of the previous meeting, which were duly confirmed, between a dozen and twenty new members were ballotted for and elected.

The opening trip of the club was announced for Saturday May 9th, the yachts to assemble at Blackwall and proceed to Erith, where the usual dinner will take place at the Crown Inn. The first match of the season for first and second class yachts to take place on the 18th of June, from Erith to the Nore and back. Entries to close on the 11th.

The second match for vessels of the third class to take place on the 2nd of July, from Erith to Coal-house Point and back to Greenwich. Entries close June 25th.

The Commodore pointed out the advantages that would result from the hiring of a first class steamer for the First Match; in which the whole of the gentlemen present concurred, and an authority was unanimously given to Mr. Eagles, the indefatigable Treasurer, to procure this desideratum at any cost. In reference to the opening trip, he hoped as usual, to see a numerous party at the dinner, and that the Hon. Secretary of the House Committee would take the names of any gentleman who intended to be present. He also alluded to the general satisfaction given by the Establishment of the Permanent Club Room, which had succeeded to the utmost of his expectations. Several fresh names were put in nomination for election at the next meeting.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

The members of this club opened the season on the 9th ultimo by a trip to their marine club-house at the Crown Inn, Erith, where the host Dean had provided ample stores to refresh the voyagers after their perilous navigation of Old Father Thames. On this occasion the following yachts composed the fleet, viz:—Silver Cloud, bearing the flag of Commodore R. Hewett; Phoenix, R. Green, Esq., (Vice-Commodore of the R.T.Y.C., who is ever ready to lend a helping hand in furtherance of yachting;) Zuleika, F. Britten, Esq.; Argonaut, G. Legg, Esq.; Anglesey, W. Reed, Esq.; Valentine, J. Fradgley, Esq.; Bittern, C. T. Chaffins, Esq.; Quiz, Berncastle and Poppleton, Esqrs.; and the Vice-commodore, E. Knibbs; bringing up the rear in his new yacht the Zillah. This vessel we expect to see the victor in some of the matches on the Thames this season; she is not unknown to fame on the sea. Several other travellers (besides the emigrants in the before mentioned craft) who had arrived by the overland route joined the festive throng, a very agreeable and harmonious meeting was spent.

The monthly meeting of this Club took place on Tuesday April 14th, E. Knibbs, Esq. Vice-commodore in the chair. The minutes of the previous

meeting having been read and carried, the following candidates were elected unanimously :—Captain Carr ; Messrs. F. E. Bucknell ; J. B. R. Langford ; Fisher ; E. T. Smith ; E. Chatterton ; R. J. E. Herring ; E. Searle ; J. Ash, (new yacht, 9 tons.)

The first match of the season will take place on the 19th of May ; the course being from Erith to Chapman Head and back. The 15th of May being the last day of entry. The first Prize will be a Silver Cup, value 25 Guineas. The second Prize will be a Silver Cup value 10 Guineas, given by the Hon. Secretary, Charles Frederick Chubb, Esq. The third Prize will be a Silver Cup, value £5, given by the Auditors, (A. Turner and J. Webster, Junr. Esqs.) Six gentlemen were proposed for next ballot.

Mr. Huxtable, 29 Charing Cross to be button maker to the Club, in the place of Mr. Joyce Swift, who is too ill to attend to it.

Editor's Locker.

YACHT CAPTAINS.

April, 20th, 1857.

MR. EDITOR—I could not help smiling when I read the article on Yacht Captains in your March number, as the writer appeared to be a fellow sufferer with myself, or he never would have been able to hit off the character of Smith, Brown, and Jones so accurately. Many persons are apt to think that to be the owner of a yacht is sufficient to constitute him a free rover of the sea, but after perusing the "description of the above worthies," I am inclined to believe they will change that opinion, and consider the aforesaid owner the victim of a class that study its own interests rather than endeavour to make the season conducive to the comfort of the employer.

Some years ago I commenced my career as a yachtsman, or more properly speaking a yacht owner, by purchasing a cutter of about forty tons, and being at the time a perfect novice in aquatics I engaged *her* skipper, and *he* retained *his* crew. Well, the inventory specified every requisite necessary "fit for sea," and I was congratulating myself on the prospect of having a comfortable craft, the outlay for which I already knew, when my skipper informed me that prior to our start for a cruise, which I had contemplated to Norway, it would be necessary to have a new jib, and indeed, "*If the craft were mine I would have a new suit,*" he added. "Is it necessary?" "Yes." "Then why did you allow me to pay for the stores as complete?" "Why? I had no business to interfere?"

Well, I thought, there might be reason in this remark, so I said "a new jib." I saw a smile lurking round his mouth, which created in my mind rather an unpleasant suspicion. However, the following day, numerous other wants appeared. These were supplied.

The evening prior to our intended start, some of the crew went on shore for necessities, but they forgot to return until late the following afternoon

when the wind having chopped round it, was impossible to move from our berth. I felt annoyed, and on speaking to the Captain he made some plausible excuse for the men, and in the end suggested our remaining until the following week when the Regatta would take place. I did not want to see a Sailing Match, I wished for change of scene, and "as soon as the wind is fair let us be off!" Days passed on, we were still at anchor: the regatta approached,—“Will you not have a try for the Cup, I know we can beat the yachts that are entered.” I saw that I was completely in this man's power, and I reluctantly gave my consent. Now came the discomfort; everything that we had stowed away so neatly for our voyage was *unshipped* and an additional number of hands and a pilot *shipped*.

With a mind far from easy I saw the vessels start, and from the observations I overheard from some lookers on, (for I was on shore during the race) I found my yacht had been entered merely to make up the requisite number of starters, without the “ghost of a chance” of winning,—and myself dubbed as “a goodnatured gentleman.” But from the tone and manner of the speakers I felt certain my skipper was serving others without ever consulting my wishes. My yacht came in second, (the third yacht having carried away her topmast) with such a distance between her and the first as left no doubt she would have been last but for the other yacht's mishap. I was much mortified, not at my defeat, but at the conduct of my Captain, who did not condescend to wait on me until the following morning: when of course, he had numberless reasons why he did not win,—and concluded by saying, “after we have had a thorough overhaul, and cleaned her bottom—we shall astonish some of the clippers.” “Indeed she will not!—I do not intend racing any more,” was my reply.

This announcement rather startled the fellow—but he put on a bold show of resistance, and endeavoured to convince me I was wrong. However, finding me determined he left my employ.

So much for my Mr. Smith. My next captain was in reality a thorough sea-dog, and I believe he was never more happy than when carrying all on, whilst other craft were close reefed. We made our summer cruise however, in good order, and with the exception of his rough and ready manners he was a very worthy man. I certainly respected him, for he was an excellent navigator and first-rate seaman. As we retained the first captain's crew, one or two of them were inclined to be troublesome, but Mr. Brown in plain terms told them if they wished to continue in the yacht they must obey orders—if not to take their “kit” on shore,—after this all went on smoothly. When I laid my yacht up, I had serious thoughts of abandoning the pleasure but on reflection I determined to study Navigation, and by the aid of an old friend, I launched on my second season with spirit, and became my own captain,—I engaged as first-hand or mate if you will—a smart active young man who carried out my orders, and I have now the pleasure of enjoying the sailing season without depending on the caprice of any man.

Wishing the Magazine every success, which it really deserves,

I am, Sir,

UNION JACK.

To the Editor H.Y.M.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- May 19.—Princes of Wales Yacht Club Match.
 " 30.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match.
 June 2.—Royal Thames Yacht Club first match—first and second class
 " 13.—Clyde Model Yacht Club opening trip.
 " 18.—Royal London Yacht Club first match—first and second class.
 " 20.—Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner match—first class £100, second class £50.
 " 27.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match
 " 30.—London Model Yacht Club Match, from Greenwich to Oran's Bay.
 " 30.—Royal Irish Yacht Club Regatta.
 July 1.—"
 " 2.—Royal London Yacht Club—second match, for third class only.
 " 17.—Princes of Wales Yacht Club Match
 " 17.—Clyde Model Yacht Club at Larga.
 " 18.—Royal Thames Yacht Club, third match—third and fourth class.
 " 28.—Ranelagh Yacht Club Regatta
 Aug. 5 and 6.—Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta.
 " 15.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match
 " 26 and 28th.—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta
 " 23.—Clyde Model Yacht Club at Dunoon.

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR MAY.

High Water D Lon. Bridge. m morn after.				The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained, by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.			
h. m. h. m.				h. m.		h. m.	
1	7	15	7	55	Aberystwith.....	add 5	23
2	8	35	9	20	Alderney.....	4	38
3	10	0	10	35	Bantry Bay.....	1	39
4	11	12	11	42	Bridlington.....	2	23
5			0	8	Carmarthen.....	4	3
6	0	30	0	50	Cork Harbour.....	2	23
7	1	7	1	25	Dartmouth.....	3	58
8	1	40	1	59	Dudgeon Light... 5	23	Dungeness.....
9	2	15	2	30	Eddystone.....	3	8
10	2	45	3	2	Exmouth Bar.....	4	18
11	3	15	3	32	Falmouth.....	3	8
12	3	50	4	5	Flamboro' Head... 2	23	Gravesend.....
13	4	25	4	38	Guernsey Pier.... 4	23	Greenwich.....
14	5	0	5	15	Hartlepool.....	1	38
15	5	40	6	0	Humber Mouth... 3	23	Howth Harbour..
16	6	30	6	57	Kinsale Harbour.. 2	23	Ipswich.....
17	7	30	8	5	Lands End.....	2	23
18	8	45	9	25	Leith Pier.....	0	15
19	9	57	10	30	Lynn Regis.....	4	38
20	11	5	11	30	Plymouth.....	3	26
21	11	55			Swansea.....	3	48
22	0	20	0	45	Torbay.....	3	58
23	1	10	1	35	Waterford.....	3	43
24	2	0	2	25	Weymouth.....	4	23
25	2	50	3	10	Whitby.....	1	38
26	3	35	4	1	Amsterdam.....	0	53
27	4	25	4	50	Antwerp.....	2	18
28	5	15	5	40	Bordeaux.....	4	45
29	6	7	6	35	Ocherbourg.....	5	23
30	7	2	7	30	Hamburgh.....	3	53
31	8	5	8	35	Brest.....	1	39
							New York.....

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1857.

THE SOUTHAMPTON RIVER—ITS YACHTING PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH unused to the wielding of a pen to write, or the fluency of speech to describe, the yachting gossip of our unrivalled waters to the lover of aquatic amusement and sport, yet, after reading the very interesting article from your correspondent H. F. R., upon "Boating on Windermere," I am induced to venture a few remarks respecting the prospects of yachting at Southampton this season.

In reference to the Southern Club, you have in your May number recorded the death of P. R. Marett, Esq., and in your June number will have to add that of R. Wright, Esq., an influential member of the club. Two greater voids could not have occurred, both were devoted supporters of aquatics, and, both eminent men. The one as a scientific and practical builder, with ample means and will to develop, and carry out important improvements in the art to which he was so ardently devoted, (only a fortnight before his death he laid down the keel, stern, stern-post, and transom of a twenty ton clipper, built upon peculiar and novel principles, and upon the completion of the success of which he spoke and dilated often): the other gentleman, no less practically valuable as a generous, warm-hearted lover

and patron of aquatic sports, whether carried out by a fleet of royal yachts, or contested between a dozen of the river fishing-boats. His estimable character as connected with domestic ties, I leave to abler hands to describe. I had the pleasure of personally receiving proofs of his esteem towards the votaries of his favorite amusement; but especially to the body of Itchen Ferry fishermen is his loss irreparable: born and bred in the immediate neighbourhood, his kindness towards them and their families, evinced by constant and continuous acts of unrecorded benevolence, together with the kindred character of their pursuits, and his delight on the same element, has had much to do with raising that village of intelligent fishermen to the universally acknowledged merit of first-rate helmsmen and yacht sailors, by his encouraging their annual matches, (worthy of being recorded in a future notice of this now celebrated spot,) thus turning the drudgery of their business of every day employment into emulation and enjoyment.

The Southern Club regatta is announced for the 5th and 6th of August, prior to the Royal Squadron and Victoria, this is a grand improvement upon the late periods of past years, and no doubt will bring a larger number of competitors, as well as spectators, and from the liberal amount of prizes offered, and the high and honourable character of the members of this aristocratic club, a very brilliant affair may be expected should the weather prove favourable.

The Southampton Town Regatta, which for many years was equal in sport and first-rate craft, and notoriously in producing amateur sailing and steering equal to any local register in the kingdom, has for the last three years sunk almost into oblivion; the same fine unequalled waters to contest upon, as fine a fleet of sailing craft to compete, the same spirit of friendly emulation in many a noble heart, yet all this is blighted by party interest being admitted into the management; and I would here tender a word of advice to those desirous of seeing their clubs flourish, that is, not to allow the interference (at their matches) of any one connected with the construction or fitting of yachts, as it mostly engenders a feeling of illwill between those parties, and will, like this once prosperous Town Sailing Club, dwindle into obscurity,

So it is, the advancing town and noble river that ought to present to the readers of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, as brilliant an account of the capacity and doings of its local sailing fleet, as any in

United Kingdom is become lethargic, vapid, and asleep, and this too with craft and crews equal to any port or station: how I wish the spirit of enthusiasm that possesses your Windermere correspondent would drop its mantle here, and extinguish the paralyzing influence of those who, like some yacht captains, turn pleasure-sailing into disrepute then; again, and not till then, will Southampton take an elevated position in your records of sailing deeds.

The Itchen regatta will be under the patronage of T. Chamberlayne, Esq., and as usual good sailing and sport is expected, thanks to the sober habits of the men, and consequent industry, they have, with a spirit of emulation brought out a fleet of boats equal, or surpassing in power any thing of the sort I have as yet seen. The rival builders (Hatcher and Payne,) have been employed in taxing their ingenuity for their own fame as well as for the gratification of their respective admirers.

In finishing this rough sketch of our present prospects, I do it with a hearty wish that, the season of 1857 may turn out brighter than appearances now indicate, and among those who would rejoice in hailing it, and communicating the fact, none would be more expeditious and pleased than

Southampton, May 1857.

ARGUS.

THE LOSS OF THE YACHT ZOE.

THE Earl of Yarborough's splendid yacht *Zoe* has been lost, on Hasboro' sand, on the Norfolk coast, on the night of the 24th May, and the noble owner (who was on board, with two friends) has addressed a letter to the *Times*, exonerating the captain from all blame: this act of generosity on the part of his lordship should silence those who were not present at the wrecking, but yet presume to express an adverse opinion: however as the particulars may be more fully explained by the captain, if so necessary, we will merely give the facts that have been made known. The yacht owing to the wind falling light, drifted by the tide on to the Sands. She struck the bank with great violence several times, and after some little time, rolling over, became washed by the sea. Sufficient time, however, elapsed to enable all hands to quit the boats, although too hurriedly to save any portion of the cargo, or property on board. Fortunately the water was smooth and the weather fine, which enabled them, after about three hours' pulling to reach the Coast-Guard station at Hasboro' in safety. It appears their signal lights were observed, but yet no boats put off to render assistance. This is rather an unaccountable circumstance as men on that coast are noted for their alacrity on such occasions.

YACHTING REMINISCENCES.*

BY BLUE JACKET.

A SUMMER'S CRUISE IN 185—

CHAPTER III.

H. M. PEMBROKE DOCKYARD—ADMIRALTY WARRANTS AND YACHT PRIVILEGES—
THE ADVANTAGES OF "CRACKING ON" ILLUSTRATED—GUERNSEY FOR
STORES—WANT OF GOOD SAILING DIRECTIONS FOR HARBOURS—
FIRST GRIEF—NEVER SET SAIL ON A SUNDAY.

NEXT morning early we were under way, and slipping up with the flood tide to Pembroke Dock, about four miles and a half above Milford; here the channel narrows greatly, from a projecting bank on the south side of the haven, which extends from abreast of Newton Noyes Point up to the entrance of Pennar Creek; opposite to which on the north side, the Wear Point runs a long way out into the channel, having a black buoy at the outer end in about four fathoms water; in working up as far as this buoy our pilot gave us very good marks, viz: the small Martello tower in the bight of the shore at south-west end of the dockyard, on with the towers of the Pembroke Dock Churches, viz: St. John's and the Dock Yard Chapel; the former for the limit on the Northern, and the latter for that of the southern shores of the haven: small vessels may however stand somewhat further across on either side, more particularly the north, which is tolerably bold.

Having passed the Wear Buoy (on the port hand) a ridge of rocks called the Carr Spit runs out from the south side just at the west end of the dockyard, indicated by a beacon buoy at the northern end, which has to be kept on the starboard hand, and after rounding it you make straight for the anchorage anywhere abreast of the dockyard, or to the westward of Hobb's Point Pier.

Having anchored close to the dockyard landing place, our first proceeding was of course to land and visit this extensive building yard, and were shoving off for the dockyard steps when our pilot informed us, we should not be permitted to land there, but must go to Hobb's Point Pier, at least a good mile round. We did land however at the dockyard, although no thanks to our "blue ensign" or our "admiralty warrant"; either; but to the politeness of the officer in command at the time.

* Continued from page 207.

whom we had the pleasure of being personally known, and from whom we learned that otherwise, whether we sailed under red, white, or blue, we should not have been permitted to land.

Now this is no doubt "*en regle*" as things stand at present;—and to suppose that yachtsmen should have the "entree" at all times to our naval establishments would be absurd; but surely if naval officers, whether on duty or not, (only in uniform) can always land at these steps, it would be no great matter to extend the privilege to yacht owners, who are duly authorised by warrant from my Lords of the Admiralty to carry a naval ensign;—if we are allowed to sail by special warrant under naval colours, it does appear to me that these colours ought to carry with them some at least of the minor privileges belonging to them; otherwise when one comes to think of it, we might as well sail under any fancy combination of bunting a club chose to adopt. True, our national flag has, or at least ought to have its advantages abroad, but is it to confer none at home? and not one privilege does it afford that I know of. We are supposed to be free of all government navigation dues, and yet let a yacht owner take his craft through either of the two government inland navigations, the Caledonian and Crinan Canals, and he will find to his purse's cost, that neither his "white," "red," or "blue" national bunting, nor all of the three together, however duly authorised to sport them, will avail him anything in the shape of a remission of dues. But setting aside the money privileges, it does seem somewhat anomalous that yachts should require the special permission of government to carry our own national flag, and yet with that permission not to have conferred upon them one solitary privilege: they have a *right*, as every British ship has to carry a *red ensign*, and if the white or the blue with their formal admiralty warrant confer no single advantage, it is difficult to see wherein lies the difference between an ensign carried *by right* of every British shipowner, and those conferred by special *admiralty warrant*. I have in a former chapter thrown out the suggestion of a grand National Regatta for our worthy club secretaries to notice; here is another one well worthy their "tackling to," viz: the privileges of Royal Yacht Clubs *at home* as well as *abroad*; for abroad I must say we meet with every civility, which civilities however are neither bestowed on account of our admiralty warrant, nor the colour of "ensign, but out of respect to our *club burgee*.

nbroke dockyard is a magnificent establishment, and well worth a yachtsman's visit, *en passant*, there are some dozen immense building sheds, all of them occupied with the "wooden walls of Old England" in every stage of progress:—here that noble ship the Duke of Welling-

ton was built, and Her Majesty's new yacht the "Victoria and Albert," both of which as noble specimens of naval architecture do this establishment in general, and its talented master shipwright in particular, the greatest credit. The interest in visiting the different ships in their various progressive stages from the embryo keel just laid down, to the stately and beautifully finished line-of-battle ship ready for launching, is very great;—but neither this interest, nor the clang of a thousand busy hammers, can equal the train of thought into which such a sight as this is sure to lead the thinking visitor, when he reflects on the purposes to which those noble works of art are destined! the scenes to which those brave hearts who tread their decks in times of war may be witness! and gazes on those grim tiers of port holes, destined to vomit forth death and destruction to our fellowmen.

Then comes the reflection "Where do all these floating castles go to?" for in peace or in war, in adversity or in prosperity, they ever go on building, one after the other! Some to sport their pennants during a brief season in commission, and some to rot "in ordinary," where, ten to one, if a return were made to-morrow it would be found more ships have perished, than ever did from fair "tear and wear" of "the battle and the breeze."

Having finished our inspection of the dockyard, and made a tour of the very uninteresting town of Pembroke Dock, alias Pater, we betook ourselves again to our gig, and pulled up the haven as far as Laurennay; for the waters of Milford Haven run up some eight or ten miles further, the tide flowing as high as Haverfordwest, on the river Cleddau.

And here I would recommend that no one cruising round to this part of the world should omit a pull up this beautiful river, or rather inlet of the sea, for in many places far above Pembroke you might run a three decker alongside the overhanging wooded cliffs, and cut the brushwood from her yardarms: but the singular beauty of the place consists in the interlacing of one point of land across the other, so as to form a continuous succession of land-locked lakes; some with bare and precipitous banks, and others wooded down to the water's edge.

On our return, as we rounded the point at Pembroke ferry, we met a whole fleet of oyster dredge boats—running up with the tide after the day's work, to their peculiar colony, a village called Languim, about a couple of miles above our highest ascent of the Cleddau: these boats are *manned*, as Paddy would say, with two *women* and one man; the former pulling the two after oars, and the latter an oar right in the middle; aided by a lug sail when the wind suits their somewhat erratic proceedings in dredging.

Having stopped one of them, and got supplied with a few hundreds of oysters at *one shilling per hundred*, we had an opportunity of a tolerably close inspection of the "natives," or aborigines of Languim, and altho' it is not fair to judge by one *lot*, I must say that their "native" oysters, which are excellent, were more to my taste: my friend, however, differed with me, and while the dumb natives were being counted out he endeavoured to cultivate an acquaintance with one of the talkative ones in red petticoats—their peculiar costume; but failed to make himself understood in Welsh, which consisted in not knowing one single word; and moreover that the natives of this part of "Little England beyond Wales," speak little or no Welsh, being satisfied with murdering the Queen's English as a substitute.

In front of the Dockyard on the north side of the haven is Neyland, a place with a *name*, but without any inhabitants, at least not more than what some three or four small cottages can accommodate; and yet here is the Great Terminus of the South Wales Railway! "Ye Gods and little fishes," but this is truly a marvellous place to choose for a terminus station on Milford haven to the Great Western and South Wales Railways! In the name of all that is wonderful why didn't they go to Milford, some four or five miles lower down, and so much nearer the harbour's mouth, to say nothing of the splendid roomy roadstead there, the ample space for dock accommodation, and tho' last not least some two or three thousand inhabitants, with shipbuilding yards, foundries, custom-house, bonded stores, and a large hotel, to begin with!

But not being able, and what is more, no one else having ever been as yet able to fathom the reason for selecting this outlandish place as a great transatlantic terminus,—we will "give it up," and resume our "Reminiscences."

My friend, who was well acquainted in these "Welsh parts," had very nearly persuaded me by his glowing description of Tenby to postpone our departure, and run across by land, the distance from Pembroke Dock being only some ten or twelve miles, but I preferred leaving this to another opportunity; and accordingly with the last of the tide we dropped down the haven, but there being no wind it was past midnight when we got clear of the harbour's mouth; here a light air sprung up, and we spread our wings "alow and aloft" for the Land's End.

the morning our "consort" was "hull down"—but the race is not always to the swift, above all when the motive power is dependent on the caprice of *winds* and *tides*, for just as we were about to round the L ships the wind failed us, and worst of all the tide was on the turn, — "a fleet of some fifty coasters, &c., were on the same errand as our-

selves, and all in a ruck, striving to round that horrid rock;—to our delight a breath of wind came off the land, and although insufficient to propel our heavy laden companions, we were soon through the fleet, and actually hauling our wind, having, as we thought, fairly rounded the Light;—in the midst of our satisfaction, at which the steward was ordered to transfer the dinner things from below to the deck; when just as I squatted down to my table (the top of a flat skylight, which from their great convenience as seats, or tables, &c., I prefer to the sloping ones,) away went our last breath of wind, and away went the Wildflower, stern foremost with the tide! right round the Longships, “back again”! and here we were for six mortal hours drifting away at the rate of two knots an hour to meet our “consort,” thus losing six hours for want of as many minutes gain of time in our run down: a striking instance of the advantages which I always maintain are to be found in carrying every stitch of canvas you can while making a voyage however short; and whether personally pressed for time or not, always to “crack on”: making short miles of it can never do any harm, while the contrary may lead to endless annoyance and trouble—and thus it was with ourselves on this occasion, that if we had only given our craft a jolly big foresail, which we had to set flying, we should have been eight or ten hours further on our voyage,—perhaps have altogether altered our stay at and time of leaving Guernsey;—and who knows but we might thus have avoided our close shave for life a couple of days later!—and of which anon.

It was between eight and nine o'clock, p.m., when we did get round the Longships, and put in for the night close hauled for the Lizard, off which, from the lightness of the wind, we only found ourselves at four o'clock the next morning, with our small friend and consort actually on our weather bow! having gone inside the Longships and kept well along shore in Mount's Bay, thus getting the light breeze more off the land.

So soon however as we “took our departure” from the Lizard, making a straight course of it for Guernsey, we again left our friends astern, and about eight o'clock in the evening we were entering the Russell Sound from the south end of the island, and in half an hour afterwards came to under Castle Cornet in the picturesque little harbour of St. Pierre, Guernsey; our friends coming to anchor lower down, from the late hour of their arrival, but in the morning they were anchored along of us.

Off the south-west end of the island a pilot offered his services, which we politely declined and sent him back to look for our consort, about six hours' sail astern of us;—for one of the great pleasures in cruising

interest and excitement of picking ones way into a strange harbour without a pilot. I have no objection to avail myself of their services, in any inland extension of a harbour such as that from the roadstead up to Pembroke Dock in Milford Haven, or in the Clyde above Greenock. But as to entering harbours, so far as bringing one's vessel to, in their best roadstead or anchorage ground, I maintain that the charts and sailing marks of every harbour in Great Britain ought to be so clearly and distinctly laid down, as to render pilotage for simply entering a harbour unnecessary;—but that on the contrary every man commanding a vessel, whether coaster or otherwise, should be perfectly capable of bringing his vessel into any harbour; that is into any harbour in his own country whether possessing published charts or not, and into any harbour in the world of which there are charts and sailing directions to be obtained;—this would be no hardship to impose on the coasting skipper, far to be a good one he ought as part of his practical education to have been at least once into every harbour of any consequence on our coasts, and that too by means of his own chart and lead, for a man unless he is a very remarkable and close observer derives but little knowledge from *being taken* into a harbour by a pilot or otherwise, while the same man *working the ship in himself*, if only for once, will never find himself at a loss in entering the same harbour a second time.

For this purpose however, and more especially for those yachtsmen who navigate their own craft,—much is still wanted in the way of harbour charts, and really good, simple, and practical sailing directions; the one tallying with the other—for most of our principal harbours it is true we have very good charts *per-se*,—but then if you want Sailing Directions you must turn up some old book (for I have in some cases found the older the better,) and between the old book in the one hand, and the new chart in the other, if you don't get puzzled and bewildered it is a wonder.

It has often occurred to me how much service could in this way be rendered, not only to the "Pleasure Navy," but to any navy whether Royal or Commercial. Let half a dozen, or a dozen yachtsmen, capable and willing to undertake such a work, be selected and formed into a Committee or a Commission—let them be furnished with a copy of every existing harbour chart, book of sailing directions, &c., then having during the winter season arranged together their plans of operation for the summer and allotted to each the harbours to be visited, let them so alter, simplify, and condense the necessary sailing directions into such small compass, as to be capable of being fully conveyed in a few lines of letter printed *on the face of the charts* themselves, so as to have all the requisite

information at a glance—the “Charts and Sailing Directions for the Harbours of Great Britain” thus combined, and arranged alphabetically as an Atlas or in some such convenient form, might then be published under the patronage and authority of the United Royal Yacht Clubs, and thus give yachtsmen the satisfaction of feeling that their objects can attain the twofold end of *duty* combined with *pleasure*;—and as a volunteer in carrying out so desirable and useful a work, the Author can guarantee the services at least of one “Blue Jacket.”

And now for a hasty peep at the picturesque town of St. Pierre, rising up, house upon house, from the water's edge, to the Governor's House; then gradually sloping down towards the north-east end of the island, to a pretty looking little fishing village, of which I forget the name, on the right; with Castle Cornet almost aboard of us on the left, and the islands of Herm and Seroq in our rear.

But there are few yachtsmen who have not “dropped their mud-hook” in the pretty little bay of St. Peters; so without waiting to peep or to describe any further we must now go on shore, and visit the “yachtsman's friend” old Cadic.

The routine here of tasting, and ordering—tasting—ordering and tasting again need not be dwelt upon;—nor how Mr. Cadic keeps continually opening bottles and filling glasses; nor how you descend with him into the “vasty deeps” of his vaults and cellars, where you may “call spirits” with the perfect certainty of their coming at your call;—nor how heartily you sneeze on visiting his tobacco and snuff manufactory: all this is well known to those who make their “annual Guernsey stores trip,” and to such as have never made this very agreeable, tho' business trip, I would say, “the sooner you go the better.”

Our stores,—at least those of the Wildflower, were *publicly* ordered to be sent on board and packed on Monday, the day on which they were ordered being Saturday,—for some of your gig's crew being allowed to stroll for an hour, and as a sort of natural consequence they find their way to Cadic's, and learn there the day on which your stores are to be shipped;—and in giving orders on board to the skipper or steward I take care to speak of something to be done some days *beyond the time* that I intend to stay, so in this instance spoke to them of something to be got on shore the *beginning of the week*; the consequence was that my crew did not care to ask for leave on shore all at once, expecti. to stay some days;—when *privately* Mr. Cadic has strict orders to re all on board that *same Saturday evening*,—which orders he so ill complied with that everything was packed away by nine or ten o' sk at night!—not even my friends on board whose vessel I dined were le

acquainted with my intention as to time of sailing—so that next morning all hands were on board,—the wind tho' light was fair ; and only one half hour before the time when the tide served to take us out by the north end of the island through the Little Russell, I gave the order to "get under way."

In most other vessels, with a magnificently brass bound, gold laced Captain, to consult in the matter, a pretty considerable difficulty might have arisen as to the execution of such an order; and the chances are about ten to one that it would have by some means or other *not* been executed at all,—not of course mutinously but persuasively evaded;—but being skipper myself, not only in the register, but on the quarter-deck, we were soon underway, to the surprise and amazement of my friend the owner of our consort, who happened to be one of those Yachting *martyrs* who leave *all* in the hands of a skipper.

Having parted with my friends (who were remaining a few days longer at Guernsey,) and arranged with them plans for our meeting again shortly either at Kingstown or in the Clyde in the course of our summer's cruise, we were slipping out of the Little Russell at about one o'clock in the afternoon, the tide being all we had to depend upon, as the wind was very light ; and plenty too is that same tide as it rushes and boils and frets away,—a good *friend*, but an inveterate *foe*.

At 3h. p.m., the north-east end of Guernsey bore S.S.E., distant 7 miles, and a fine breeze springing up, we spread every yard of canvas we could set, square-sail and *fore-topsail* determined to "crack on" under a wholesome reminiscence of what it might have done for us in rounding the Lands' End.

We steered a N.W. by W. course, with the wind *right aft*, and now plenty of it ; this course as may be seen by the chart making allowance of half a point for the indraught of the tide, was meant to make the Lizard, so away we bowled at a slashing pace, which our log said was better than ten knots, and so it was to our cost.

At 11h. p.m., we had thus run eighty knots, and by our reckoning ought now to be within the range of the Lizard Light ;—the wind was rising fast but we took nothing off her! and the sea, not that it was running so very high, but it seemed one mass of fire, every wave had its crest illuminated like the blaze of so many huge bonfires ! and so bright were they at a long distance off, and apparently so stationary, that every now and then the men on the look-out forward, thought they had made out the Lizard Light.

Other ten knots, it being now midnight and still no Lizard ! I now determined to shorten sail, but just before doing so, stepped down below

to take one cast more over my reckoning and the chart, giving the two men forward strict injunctions for their lives to keep a good look-out ahead; I had scarcely reached the cabin when I heard a noise on deck, and shouting out to the man at the helm "Luff, Sam, luff,—hard down!"

On reaching the deck, the man had put her helm "hard down," supposing as I did myself, that it was a vessel on our lee bow, but judge of my surprise and horror on stepping forward to learn it was land close under our bows! All our canvas was shaking like to burst every sail in the vessel! the main boom with all our sheet out had taken possession of the quarter deck! and amid the din of flapping sails, like musket shot the men kept repeating their replies to my first enquiry as to what was wrong—"Land! Land!—Oh! Lord, oh!"

And sure enough there was the land, black and looming through the lifting fog, close aboard of us! not further than a quarter or half a mile, as near as we could judge.—Down came our square-sail, as a first proceeding, which the skipper (who with his watch had just come on deck,) very wisely did on the instant: they were then in the midst of terrible confusion, endeavouring to hoist the staysail; but, however desirable this was, nothing could save us but getting our canvas, already set, well hauled aft, and thus gather headway to claw off the land if possible:—to put about and get her head off the land any how seemed the wish and intention of the skipper and crew; yet the danger of missing stays appeared so great that I determined to run the risk of keeping her on the same tack, and getting close hauled as soon as possible. In an instant I shouted to the man at the helm not to let her come round but to "*keep her away a little.*" This for a moment excited surprise, and counter suggestions from both skipper and crew:—it was a critical moment, in which however I was truly happy to find that neither did my own presence of mind desert me for an instant, nor was there a shadow of hesitation on the part of the crew to trust to and execute my orders; at a moment when it would certainly not have been surprising if they should have rather trusted to their own practical skill than to an amateur, however much they might respect that amateur's knowledge of seamanship on ordinary occasions. I had only to say—"Men, be cool, and for God's sake do nothing but what I tell you:" and I could feel they were quite ready to execute my orders, whether good or bad. I ordered two hands to the jib sheet, and ran aft followed by all the rest to the main sheet, flattened him aft as well as the fore and aft fo' il then sent a couple of hands away aloft to rid us with their knives o. or "cracking on" friend—the fore-topsail, for its gear was all jar'd somewhere.

"Now for the staysail, my good fellows, hoist away! Well done, my boys, up with him."

And up he went sure enough, making with our *cloud* of canvas already set rather *too much* for our little barkie. No matter—we must risk something, and now with all the press upon her, my cry to the steersman was still—"Keep her full!—keep her full!" With the land close alongside of us.

I was urged, privately, by the skipper, to come about, but we were gathering good way, besides the land seemed to recede slightly under our lee bows, while it appeared right ahead nearer to us, as though we were in some bay, of which that land was the promontory, and therefore indicating deeper water. So on we held a little longer, then at last put our helm down: the sea was now running very high; our topsail was cut adrift, but beating the devil's tattoo aloft, on his own account; and altogether I had my doubts as to our coming about, however down went the helm, and round came the good little ship, but away went the jib-boom like a carrot, and no wonder, with a big jib set in such a sea, and half gale of wind as it was by that time. Our jib-boom wreck was soon gathered in, our "cracking on" friend aloft was furled and silenced, and we were now able to breathe freely! another tack, and another, before I cared to speculate on where we had got to, which I did by going down below—not however until we had a stiff glass of grog served out to us on deck; and then we found we were in behind St. Anthony's Point at the entrance of Falmouth harbour! into Mevagizy bay, under St. Michael's near the "Deadman's Point!"

So here we had passed within the range of the Eddystone Light, without seeing it, and had got out of the Lizard light range by some unaccountable means or other drawing us to the eastward,—being a *whole point and a half* to the eastward of our course steered, viz.:—N.W.b.W. How this happened I am at a loss to conceive, it might be bad steering, which is not improbable, as the wind being right aft it was all they could do to steer our courses, and keep the boom on the *port-side*—so that always edging up to the eastward might make the difference.

Be this as it may, however, I learned two useful lessons from this our "first grief,"—viz.:—*never to set sail on a Sunday*, when you can avoid it; I apprehend all men sailing on *pleasure* can do;—and the other was one in Seamanship, which I strictly adhere to as a general rule (no rule of course without exceptions) and that is *never to carry our jib kites after dark*.

Such lessons as these are not easily forgotten,—nor do I hope the

impressions which they are so well calculated to make on the mind at the time, for it was with a heart truly thankful to the Great Disposer of events, that the author offered up his prayer of gratitude to God for our escape. The imminence of our danger may be judged of by reflecting on the fact that, had the men on the look out only relinquished their post for the time required to sail half a mile; in other words at the rate we were going (90 miles in eight hours) had they left their look out for only *three minutes*, we should have been a total wreck, with scarcely a chance of our lives!

MY CRADLE BOAT.*

BY TOMMY BLUFFBOW.

CHAPTER X.

FIVE ladies and five gentlemen were too many for my small yacht, so after moving about on the water (for it was nearly a stark calm) I suggested we should go ashore and spread our cloth on the turf, beneath the shade of a large oak tree; and thus enjoy our pic-nic, instead of being confined to the narrow limits of the little yacht.

The suggestion was speedily fallen in with, and the hamper carried ashore. Then there was the fun and difficulties of getting the ladies ashore without wetting their pretty little feet. And as the boat could not approach very close to the beach, there was no other way than by carrying them in our arms; a proceeding which occupied a long time and caused much merriment.

Then there was a difficulty experienced by some of the ladies to know how to sit down properly on the grass, with grace and ease; and so as to be able to enjoy the repast comfortably. One made five ineffectual attempts before she could place herself in easy attitude. But at last all did ample justice to the viands; and said, "a pic-nic was certainly good fun."

The water still continuing unruffled by the smallest breeze, and the slopes and banks of the river being charmingly shady and pretty; a stroll ashore was suggested instead of a further excursion by water: and I soon found myself lost in deep thought with no one near me but the beautiful Kitty. We had strolled a long way from the others, but thinking on the distance we had gone. I am a very bad hand at making, therefore dare not expose myself to the ridicule of my re-

* Concluded from page 72.

by relating the conversation which took place between Kitty and myself on that memorable walk. I will only add that I thought at the time I never saw her look so lovely in my life, and I could have wished our walk had gone on for hours longer : as it was we found the others waiting to embark when we returned to the old oak tree.

We had only a few miles to go up the river to get back to our homes, but I was much annoyed to find both my men had been making too free with the remains of the bottles, and were tipsy. I had a great mind to leave them ashore, but thinking it so short a distance by water I suffered them to aboard : when fearing they should topple overboard I requested them to keep below in the fore-castle, whilst Hart and I undertook the control of the yacht : but for want of wind, the tide drove us on the sands, and we were detained there upwards of an hour. Having succeeded in getting off safely, we landed our party, escorted them home and bade them good night.

Within a fortnight of this adventure Mr. Weasel was very busy about a marriage settlement : a document he took great pains with, because the young lady, the subject of that settlement, had neither father nor mother : and Mr. W. had been requested to secure the lady's property for her *separate use*, independently of the control of her husband ; and after her death for her *children*!

Mr. Weasel acted exactly in accordance with his instructions, and drew up a complete settlement, which he tendered for execution to Miss Kitty Murray, and afterwards to me! As soon as I had signed, sealed, and delivered it in the most formal manner, Mr. Weasel smilingly observed:—

"Now sir, you are at liberty to marry the young lady as soon as you please."

What a startling announcement, "marry the young lady as soon as you please."

"What," I thought to myself, "Tommy Bluffbow marry Kitty Murray?"

And so he did.

* * * * *

What my dear old aunt, Miss Arabella Bluffbow thinks of it, I do not know, I have never seen her since : and as I never expect a farthing of my money, do not trouble myself to look after.

as to John Lester thinks of it, I cannot tell : nor do I know whether he has ever heard of it or not. He obtained a berth on board an East India man after he left my service, and has never returned to England since.

What the world thinks of it I care not at all : but the whole village appeared to rejoice at the event ; and although I get less respect paid me as a married man than as a bachelor (at least by the ladies) I feel less eager to gain that respect.

What my readers think of me I am quite at a loss to conjecture : but probably they think me a naughty boy, a foolish fellow, a love-sick booby, or a simpleton, or perhaps all four.

In reply I have only to say that I care for no one's good opinion but that of my amiable little wife : for such I have found in the humble cottage girl, who has figured conspicuously throughout these pages. I am blessed with two dear little Kitty's, both the image of their mother, and the joy of their father ; which shows that Mr. Weasel's precaution of providing for *children* by the settlement was highly necessary. The only objection I have to them is, that I do not approve of their coming two at a time ; because I am not always prepared with two cradles, any more than I am with two "Cradle Boats."

ANOTHER AMERICAN YACHT.

By intelligence received from New York, we learn that a small yacht is getting ready to visit Liverpool. She is named the Charter Oak, is sloop rigged, and her lines, judging from the way she sits on the water, are everything that could be desired to insure speed and bearing. The Charter Oak is now taking stores on board, the owner having determined to cross the Atlantic. This is an undertaking of great daring, as will be perceived from the dimensions of the vessel, the length of which is only 40 feet, and her burthen 23 tons. Her canvas consists of mainsail, jib, flying jib, gaff-topsail, square-sail, and studding-sail—spreading in all 900 yards. The hull is built of white oak timbers and frame, with hachmatack knees ; the deck is of white pine and the ceiling of yellow pine.

She was built by her owner, Mr. C. R. Webb, a native of Stamford, Connecticut, and a ship-carpenter by profession. He is a young man, and has crossed the Atlantic some half dozen times on board the Phoenix packet. The crew will consist of the mate, Mr. W. A. Tucker, two seamen, and a cook—in all five hands, including Mr. Webb, as captain.

She is to carry provisions and water for 90 days, which are safely stowed away in the poop cabin. This apartment is considerably roomy inside, and contains eight berths, a cooking stove, coal bin, cask of water, &c. Mr. Webb feels confident of reaching Liverpool within three weeks, but will, if possible, perform the voyage in less time than the yacht America. He proposes to start on the 15th inst. (June,) and our "Cousins" recommend the Liverpool folks to look out about the 8th of July for a little black sloop, with a water-line and deck rail.

MY LOG FOR 1856.*

BEFORE leaving Rothesay my patience was sorely tried at the post-office, where I went to get my letters and newspapers:—two good hours had I to wait for them; not alone however, for there was a large batch of unfortunates in the same plight as myself, the post-master coolly informing us all that “If we waited long enough we should get what we wanted.” This was adding “insult to injury,” and not very soothing to the angry multitude, and to me, who was losing the best part of the day, with the wind fair, and everything ready for a start (I was anxious to get clear of the land before nightfall,) it was beyond a joke rather, my amiability was soon run out, and I could not refrain from giving the door a taste of my brogues, and hinting pretty strongly that they had better open it at once before the pannels were stove in. This performance soon brought out an angry official, who broke out with—“Are ye no ashamed o’ yersel, dingin the door in that fashion? Ye’ll no get yer letters the sooner, I can tell ye!” “Here,” I said, “look at this notice fixed outside—‘This office is open for the delivery of letters and payment of money orders, from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 4.’ What does that mean? Now its half-past 10, and if you don’t cash this order at once, I’ll write to the Post-master-General!!” “Wall, wall, let the door alone and come in;” which I did, and in about five minutes was on my way rejoicing, leaving the bewildered post-master to the mercy of the other applicants, who seeing my success, followed up the advantage, and no doubt got what they wanted.

When I got on board again at half-past 11 all was ready for a start, the vessel had been warped to a buoy for the convenience of slipping at once—the first jib hoisted with the “rotten stops” ready for breaking; foresail ready for running up; the jib-headed topsail fluttering in the embrace of the clewline; and after securing the boats, water casks, &c., the tiller was shipped, the order given “up foresail—fore sheet to windward, ease off the main sheet—let go the warp!” the topsail is sheeted home and we are away once more, just as Rothesay Church chimes the hour of noon. It is a beautiful warm sunny day, a fine breeze, fresh and fair with smooth water,—the very perfection of sailing, and the bright green waves rush hissing past us, as we dance over them with just enough motion, and no more, to keep us alive and brisk.

Being past twelve “we made the sun over the foreyard” of course,

* Continued from page 131.

the gentlemen doing it in half-and-half, or legitimate grog,—the ladies performing the same operation in “Parfait amour,” or curacoa.*

Here we are off Holy Haven and Lamlash again, its only five days since we were here before, and yet how much we seem to have seen in that time—the breeze falls light, so we shift the No. 3 topsail for No. 2; in the meantime we will go below to lunch, for

“Lips tho’ rosy, must be fed.”

This over we go on deck, and the breeze still failing we again shift topsails and set our largest: by this time we were abreast of Pladda Island, old Ailsa’s shadowy outline looming in the blue distance, and the Irish land far far away, shewing clear and distinct on the starboard hand. We have the sea breeze now, and that dark streak to windward tells us we are going to have more of it, but, being still fair, so much the better.

Why we are abreast of “the Craig!” tho’ its not two hours since we passed Lamlash; if we carry this breeze all night we shall be in Douglas Bay before daylight tomorrow,—fifteen miles from the Pladda to the Craig in one hour and twenty minutes, is not bad sailing. The sea however rises rapidly, especially as we near Corsewill Point. The sea always gets up about 5 p.m. we think, (our hour for dinner, which is partaken of less composedly than luncheon was,)—somebody upsets a glass of beer,—“Whose potatoe is that in my wine glass?” How unlucky,—the salt is spilt, and so is the sauceboat, and a flood of brown gravy that has been ebbing and flowing with the swing of the table at last breaks its bounds and trickles all over my nice white trousers, that I have taken such a pride in all day.

The steward who has been reeling to and fro, making wild dashes at the plates and dishes with the insane idea that he is handing them round, succeeds at last in removing them. By-and-by we hear a smashing sound which bodes no good to the crockery:—anon he appears with lengthened countenance, and apologises for the non-appearance of the rice pudding, which having been stowed away on the lee side of the captain’s cabin, had been incontinently sat upon by the unfortunate skipper, either through ignorance or a surge of the vessel. Well, never mind, accidents will happen, &c.—clear the table, and as the evening is waxing cold I’ll have some hot toddy as we are in Scotch waters yet. (When I go to Ireland, whisky punch is my usual beverage; in ^W of course, I take “malt and hops,”—at any rate at dinner time.

However, the evening being breezy and chilly, I took my warm

* By the way, curacoa and sherry in equal parts make the best bi know.

and went on deck to confer with the skipper, and see how we were getting on.

We were just clear of the Clyde as the setting sun was pouring a glorious flood of ruddy light over sea and sky, the Morne mountains in Ireland being so distinctly thrown out in dark relief they appeared to be only a few miles from us, while Ailsa Craig, only fifteen or sixteen miles away, looked like nothing more than a great red port wine stain in the sky.

We were rapidly running along the land past Corsewill Point, at the rate of 9 and 10 knots, when the skipper with a touch of his cap, draws my attention to an object close on Laggan Point, which as we near turns out to be the after part of a steamer, the fore part entirely gone, and the after deck nearly so; but the funnel and two masts still standing. From her black and white chimney we knew her to be one of the Liverpool and Glasgow line of steamers (we afterwards learnt she was the *Princess Royal*), which had got on the rocks in a fog just inside the beacon placed on Laggan Point. She belonged to the same Company that owned the unfortunate *Orion*, which went down on a calm summer's morning (when every one was asleep, including the look out man,) only a few miles from this place, when so many lives were sacrificed.

At 10h. p.m. we were off the Mull of Galloway (only twenty-one miles from the Point of Ayre,) and having passed it, both sea and wind fell considerably. Between 1 and 2 a.m. we were in Ramsey Bay, when I turned in, as it was my watch below by that time, and about 3h. we anchored in Douglas Bay.

We rose next morning (and a bright summer's morning it was,) as fresh as possible, and I rather think my party, now they found they were safe back again to the point we started from, and the cruise brought to a successful close, felt a secret pride in themselves as experienced voyagers, and adventurous mariners, and hurried ashore after breakfast to receive the congratulations of our friends.

In Douglas I remained some time, as I was much interested in the Regatta about to be held there; and a more delightful bay, or one better suited for a regatta, could not be. Moreover, the island placed as it is midway between England Scotland and Ireland, has always a large attendance of yachts. Another advantage is that you may lay in stores / cheaply at the Isle of Man, not so much so as at Jersey or Guern-certainly, but at a very much lower rate than in any other part of kingdom. I have often thought that if a Central United Yacht Club could be established in Douglas, consisting of Members of any local Yacht Club it would be very desirable and would be well supported.

From its central position in the Irish Channel, Douglas is especially adapted for such a project, moreover Government have recently surveyed the bay, and declared their intention of making a floating harbour there. This done, nothing would then be wanting to make it one of finest yachting stations in Great Britain. There are first class hotels about the bay and harbour, where rooms and sufficient accommodation might be procured, or land for a Club-house may be got at a moderate price.

I have heard now and again of sundry rumours of a Society proposed to be formed, a sort of Yachting Brotherhood, wherein none are to be admitted but those who have some practical knowledge of yachting in its various branches. It is suggested, I believe, to class this body in two or more grades according to proficiency; the candidate in every case to go through an examination.

I should certainly like to see such a scheme carried out successfully, and well organised. I think it is feasible, and I am sure of one thing, there are many of the Irish Channel yachtsmen (by which I mean the Royal Mersey, Royal Western of Ireland, and Royal Northern, &c.,) who would be ready to join, and moreover are fully competent to pass a stiffish examination, either in Navigation, Seamanship, or the construction of vessels; and I repeat that Douglas, with an United Club-house such as I have suggested would be the very place for testing the value of the scheme I have just referred to.

I must now leave my log awhile, and hasten over a long and sorrowful period, owing to an event which it is not my wish or my province to dwell upon in these pages. Intelligence reached me two days previous to the Regatta, that a dear brother, who had just got leave from his regiment purposely to join me, had been carried off after a few days' illness. I had been hourly expecting him in a friend's yacht from Ireland; and, under these circumstances the shock was doubly severe.

It was Saturday, the 2nd of August, when I again joined the yacht, and at 10h. P.M. that evening, left Douglas with all the large canvas set; light breezes, but steady from N.W. Our destination was Beaumaris, where we anchored next morning at 7 o'clock, after a pleasant run of nine hours. Just as we rounded to off Beaumaris pier the boat dropped to a dead calm, and it was a cause of much congratulation to ourselves that we had scraped in before it did so, thus avoiding a halt at sea all the day. As it was, the awning was rigged, all the skylights opened wide, the wind funnels brought into play, while we, now and

to diversify the cooling process, dabbled about the sand barefooted, collecting shells, &c.

The next day or two was spent much in the same manner, but on Thursday 7th, tired of waiting for a wind, we sent for our pilot, and determined to "tide it" through the Straits at once.

A favourite spot of mine is Carnarvon, with its noble castle and quaint old houses; the Menai Straits with its shores fringed with luxuriant woods, smooth green swards, and pretty quiet little creeks, and Penmon Mawr, Snowdon, and the magnificent range of mountains between them as a back ground and on a fine August evening, when the sun is setting in the west to watch the purple shadows gradually subduing the golden light diffused over the mountains opposite, and again in their turn giving way to the silvery gleam of the glorious harvest moon, is a sight of rare loveliness not soon to be forgotten.

The evening of the 7th was indescribably charming, as we were borne gently on by the tide alone—not a breath, not a ripple, or sound, save now and then the cool gurgle of the tide along the smooth copper, and everything so perfectly in unison with the dreamy silence around, that to have moved one foot faster would have spoiled all. All onboard fell imperceptibly into the enjoyment of this true "*otium cum dignitate*" as we lay on a sort of divan we had established aft, with cushions and mattresses; the very pipes of the smokers had gone out from sheer laziness; the helmsman alone, being the only one awake apparently.

Most reluctantly at last were we aroused by the order "Stand by to see the anchor all clear!" but now all was life, for the roadstead was studded with yachts and other vessels, boats flitting to and fro, and scores of people crowding the pier, and we started to our feet as we swung round to our anchor; just as the Commodore's sunset gun was waking up the echoes around, and the blue flag descending from the Club-house flagstaff.

Here we were warmly greeted by many old comrades, and it was with difficulty we got on shore, so numerous were the calls we were compelled to make on our way.

The Royal Welsh Yacht Club held their regatta on the 8th August, and though the attendance and entry of yachts was but meagre, the day was clear and sunny, the town full of holiday people, funny looking old men in their red cloaks and hats—rosy young "Jenny Jones's," &c.: Club-house terrace and walls crowded with gay parties of ladies and gentlemen;—and a very pleasant and enjoyable day was the result. The sailing matches owing to a scantiness of wind were not very interesting; but to tell the truth the other attractions were so powerful we

hardly heeded the racing; so long as we knew our friends were winning, we were satisfied.

A fine display of fireworks in the court-yard of the Castle, and a ball wound up the regatta; and the next day having collected together a pleasant party of yachtsmen, good and true, for the purpose of visiting Llanberis Lake and Pass and Snowdon, which are within a short drive of Carnarvon, (not more than 6 or 7 miles,) we mustered at the Sportsman Hotel, where the landlord, Mr. Rae, had prepared us a four-horse omnibus, in which, (stowed away under the seats,) Mrs. Rae, the most obliging and attentive of hostesses had placed sundry means and appliances, she had devised for our comfort and refreshment on the journey, which received our fullest approbation I must admit.

A pleasant drive of about an hour brought us to Llanberis and the Victoria Hotel, where after ordering dinner, our party separated for a time; some to fish the lake, or stroll about; and the rest, myself included, collecting all the *horse-flesh*, (horses I can scarcely call them, for the whole lot hadn't more than two legs amongst them,) and rode through the Pass, a distance of 7 miles. This Pass is remarkably striking in its savage grandeur, and the still black lake with Snowdon rising abruptly from its margin, lends additional interest to the scene. A thunder-storm amid these crags must be grand beyond measure, for the reverberations caused by the blasting in the slate quarries at Llanberis even, produced effects perfectly startling; echoing alternately from side to side, at one time over our heads, and then apparently miles off. We rode as rapidly as the condition of our steeds would admit of, and many were the stumbles, and narrow were the escapes we had; but we returned to our inn in safety; and our party having reassembled we sat down to a good dinner, with the best of all sauces—a good appetite. I need not say ours was a happy party, for nothing to my mind is like a reunion of yachtsmen, known to each other perhaps for years, and yet never meeting except on occasions like these; collected from all parts of the kingdom, notes are compared, reminiscences called up, old friendships revived with all the kindest and best feelings, which the stories of *auld lang syne* (recalled first by one and then another) are sure to call forth.

We returned to Carnarvon about eleven in the midst of a whole gale of wind which had been brewing the whole of the day, and as we assembled on the pier we could see our vessels now and then as the moon broke dimly through the driving clouds, pitching and scattering heavily, and sometimes taking the seas bodily over the bows. Getting on board was out of the question, for even if the boats could be sent

the sea surging high on the landing slip would have prevented any attempt to come alongside, moreover we could not make ourselves heard from the pier end, so we went quietly back to the Sportsman Hotel to spend the night, and as we could see by the fitful glances of the signal lantern hung on the forestay, that the watch on deck was wakeful we went away the less anxious.

It had been my intention to sail south from Carnarvon at once, but as several of my friends were returning to Liverpool, I thought it need not be much out of my way, so on Monday I offered to convey them back, and a merry party we had. Loth was I to part with them, but southward, ho! was the word, and after staying three or four days in Liverpool we "up stick once more." The Mersey is certainly not a good yachting station, heavy tides and a crowded river must ever prevent it becoming so, nevertheless better yachtsmen than the Royal Merseys are hard to be found, and the very drawbacks to the station seem to have brought out their good qualities, go where you will, the "Liver and Crown," is sure to be there. Well, at noon on the 16th, having taken my brother and a friend on board, we turned our heads seaward, with a long cruise before us, the wind was nowhere, and we had to get the gig ahead to tow to the Rock Light, which we passed at one p.m.; here we got the first of the ebb which brought us a fine fair breeze and carried us rapidly out to sea. At 10h. p.m., we were off the Skerries near Holyhead, where we met an adverse tide which delayed us nearly four hours, our turn again came, and the next ebb carried us past Bardsea Island, the entrance to Cardigan Bay.

Now the wind freshens, and at 3h. p.m., the topsail is taken in, topmast housed, and the vessel made snug. Sunday morning, breaks dull and gloomy, and very breezy looking. We are now (about seven o'clock) about half-way across Cardigan Bay, noted for its fatal indraught, which has been the destruction of so many noble ships sailing to and from Liverpool: Some years since a yacht too was lost on the bar, off Barmouth; the owner and his wife, (and another lady I believe were on board,) but every soul was lost, and nothing was ever seen of the vessel but the iron ballast she had left on the bar. Besides the indraught there is, I understand, a local attraction near here that effects the compass, and which was the cause of the above catastrophe.

noon we were off the Bishop and Clerks, (most unsanctimonious looking rocks,) and seeing several vessels going through the Ramsay Sand we resolved to follow them, and attaching ourselves to a very able schooner, were piloted safely through, besides learning a good deal of information as to tides, &c.

Jack's Sound came next, and we thought we could not do better than follow the same rule (and the same vessel,) so hove to, to let the schooner lead. There is a rock right in the middle of this passage, to avoid it, keep pretty close to the mainland. It so happened that only two days before a large yacht from Liverpool struck on this very rock and seriously damaged herself, and I should advise all strangers never to take either Jack's or Ramsay Sound, except when absolutely necessary, and in all cases to have a pilot.

Having made St. Ann's, we had a dead beat up to Milford against a strong breeze of wind, and at half-past three p.m., we came to anchor. We found afterwards that Neyland is the most convenient place to anchor at, as there you are close to the railway. Pembroke Dock is about three miles higher up. We were not sorry to have got thus far, as the weather was getting very wild and there must by this time have been a very heavy sea outside. The screw steamer from Liverpool that was advertised to leave there at noon on Saturday (the same hour we left) only came in at seven, p.m. on Sunday; and next day in the height of the gale, we were considerably astonished by the arrival of the *Mona* yacht, of only 15 tons, belonging C. C. Pole, Esq., who had left Carnarvon that morning! We were kept at Milford five days from stress of weather, and I must say we had much rather have been detained anywhere else, as with the exception of the dockyard there was absolutely nothing to see or do.

MATCH BETWEEN THE SHADOW AND COQUETTE.

THE yachting season commenced at Ryde on Thursday the 7th of May, by a private match for £50 aside between the *Shadow*, cutter, 53 tons, Sir G. E. Gilbert East; and the *Coquette*, schooner, 47 tons, J. H. Smith-Pigott, Esq.

It appears this match had been in contemplation some time previous to the event coming off; and on the approach of the appointed period great fears were entertained that the *Shadow* would not be able to leave Bembridge harbour, owing to the contrariness of the winds, however, on the day before the contest she made her appearance in tow of a steam tug, which having cast off, she continued to cruise about during the remainder of the day; in order to test her spars, and rigging, and to be ready for the trial of speed, seamanship, and judgment. Our friend, the proprietor of the *Isle of Wight Observer*, has furnished us with the following account of the sailing:—

On Thursday morning both yachts took up their stations, Co

on the northern Admiralty buoy, and Shadow on the southern, in a line with Ryde pier, the Coquette having the windward berth. At 9h. 30m. a "challenge" gun was fired from the R. V. Y. C. battery, which both yachts accepted; and the following canvas was allowed to be set; the schooner, mainsail and fore-and-aft fore-sail; the cutter; mainsail only. Both sailed under the red burgee of the Club.

At five minutes to 10 o'clock the "preparatory" gun was fired, and the crews were alert to outvie each other.

At 10h. the "starting" gun was fired, the jib and foresail of both yachts were instantly set, and they slipped from their moorings, Coquette slightly leading. The wind was East, and blew quite fresh, with a flood tide. Course, round the Isle of Wight, out to the eastward; consequently it was a dead beat against tide. Each yacht first reached inshore, and made a series of short boards to shun the strength of the tide; but on the third reach off, the Coquette made an evident mistake in not going about sooner, as upon the next reach the Shadow weathered her, before they arrived at the Sandhead. Nothing was noticeable after until they came abreast of Sea View, when the Coquette laid her course to the East end, while the Shadow went about, in order to weather and leave the Noman buoy on the starboard hand. Of course this made a great difference; either the Shadow had gone a good deal out of her way, or the Coquette had forfeited her stakes by not carrying out the condition of the course. Upon enquiry at head-quarters we ascertained that the agreement was, all buoys to be left on the starboard hand: so that the Coquette was wrong.

After rounding the Noman buoy, the Shadow followed in the wake of the Coquette, for a run down channel to the Needles; they went out of sight, from Ryde as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Coquette.....	11	3	40	Shadow.....	11	15	10

The Shadow rapidly overhauling her opponent. On rounding the Foreland, the Coquette set balloon jib, square-sail, and two gaff-top-sails, the Shadow, balloon jib and gaff-top-sail. Off Bonchurch the Coquette was one mile and-a-half ahead, which was increased to three miles off St. Catherine's; but the wind gradually drew to the southward with the ebb tide, so that the advantage to the Coquette was lessened, and when arrived at the Needles she was jammed by an hour's ebb, which forced the Shadow to come up. Both then beat up the West Channel, tacking for tack, until they arrived abreast of Sconce, when the brig, not knowing probably the yachts were in a race, being on track of the Coquette would not give way, so that the schooner had

to go about, which allowed her opponent to pass her. The Shadow afterwards gradually gathered ahead, and off Cowes was a mile and a-half to the windward of Coquette.

At 5 o'clock both hove in sight of Ryde, and after a short reach towards Osborne, both made for the goal, arriving as follows :—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Shadow.....	6	5	25		Coquette.....	6	21 5

Thus only beating by 15 minutes 40 seconds,—a much less distance than any nautical judge would have anticipated.

Taking this match as a whole it was a very spirited affair, and is indicative that the great national sport of yachting is not on the decline. With the slight exception we named at the commencement, the Coquette was well handled, and very skilfully piloted, especially at the East end, but the vessel was not quick in stays, which was an immense disadvantage with the strong flood against her in making for the Warner. As the sails of the Shadow were bent only the day before, and her trim not being properly ascertained, she did as well as could be expected, but not so well as she is evidently capable of doing. No accident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day, or to afford an excuse for losing or winning. Mr. Pigott entertained a large party on board, in fact he made it a pleasure trip, and the ladies behaved admirably, which in a "six-knot breeze" is saying a great deal.

There was a capital little episode in beating home ; the little cutter Triton, belonging to Mr. Mears, hove to at the Needles, and waited the return of the racers, and kept up with them, making tack for tack from the Needles to Cowes. The Snake cutter, Captain George Brigstocke, accompanied the yachts round, and was by no means a bad antagonist. The crews were entertained on the Saturday following, by their owners, with a liberal dinner, each party on board their respective craft ; the "Coquettes" were unanimous in the opinion, "that had the start been an hour later they would have beaten their opponent."

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE first match for the season of 1857, was contested on the May, on the Thames, by the vessels belonging to the above Club the following regulations :—

The first gun (on the arrival of the steamer) will be for the yachts to take their stations;—No. 1 taking the Southernmost buoy, the others follow in

numerical succession; the Commodore or other officer in charge of the match will inspect the yachts when at their buoys, after which the second gun will be fired to prepare; and then in an interval of about five minutes, the third gun to start.

The course to be from Erith to the Chapman Head and back again to Erith:—The yachts will round the steamer at the Chapman, keeping her on the port hand; and on returning to Erith, will pass the winning buoy to the southward, keeping the buoy on the starboard hand.

The crew of each yacht not to exceed one hand for every two tons, no including the Member steering, and one friend. Vessels of an odd number of tons, classing with the nearest tonnage larger.

No restriction as to rig or canvas.

No ballast to be unshipped, shifted, or trimmed, during the match, or the Yacht will be disqualified: and no water ballast allowed.

No one but a Member of this Club allowed to steer.

The Officer in charge of the match is empowered to shorten the course, if necessary, when the steamer will be brought to an anchor, and a gun fired to intimate the same.

On our nearing Erith the telescopes were at work to discover if any of the entered vessels had *levanted*, but great was the joy on board when it was ascertained that all had put in an appearance,—“the band” if we may be pardoned for using the word, struck up something, but what they themselves only know.

The following yachts were at their moorings:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
875	Silver Cloud.....	cutter	7	Commodore R. Hewett, Esq.
546	Julia.....	cutter	7	P. Turner, Esq.
607	Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
981	Valentine.....	cutter	7	J. Fradgley, Esq.

The respective partisans after a careful scrutiny began to invest the needful, and the drawing for chances also was much in vogue. Each little craft looked very clean and neat,—fresh paint, white canvas, and well scrubbed decks; showing that their crews had a desire to conform to the Sanitary laws.

The prizes to be sailed for were exhibited, and consisted of a Silver Cup and cover, given by the Club, of the value of Thirty-five guineas for the first yacht; a Silver Cup, presented by C. F. Chubb, Esq., the Temporary Secretary, of the value of Ten guineas, for the second yacht; and a Silver Cup of the value of Six guineas, presented by the Auditors, for the third yacht. They were manufactured by Mr. Benson of Ludlow Hill.

The course was from Erith to the Chapman Head and back. One minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage.

After some delay in inspecting the competitors, and giving the necessary instructions, the starting gun belched forth the welcome sound at 12h. 21m. 10s. and then the exciting scene of swinging round, and heisting canvas caused a Babel-like noise on board the steamer. The Little Mosquito was first round and under canvas,—Valentine second, Julia third, and Silver Cloud last, which, as on a former occasion had some difficulty to set her cloth. The Valentine had her jib-headed topsail set first, and bowled ahead, followed closely by Little Mosquito, and Julia, with square-headed topsail set. Silver Cloud hoisted an immense topsail, and away they rattled at a good pace through the Rands. When near Purfleet the Julia shot past the Mosquito and Valentine, and became first vessel; Silver Cloud also passed Mosquito to windward, overhauled Julia and passed her, leaving the Valentine all alone in her glory.

Off Gray's Silver Cloud jibed, and Julia stood on. After passing Broadness Point Silver Cloud again jibed to leeward, and Julia took the lead again, which she increased, so that when off Northfleet she was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of Silver Cloud, to which vessel the Mosquito was creeping up to leeward, Valentine considerably behind.

Off Rosherville Silver Cloud having caught up the breeze challenged Julia for lead, and a struggle took place between them, which the Julia succeeded in maintaining. Off Lower Gravesend Mosquito drew gradually on Silver Cloud, and passed to windward, also passed Julia and became the leader, which she did not long retain. At this juncture the race was very fine, and the three yachts so close that, to use a sporting phrase,—a sheet would have covered them. The Valentine a long way in the rear. All of them had now set square-sails, except Mosquito.

Off Holy Haven it was a mere drifting match, and here the Valentine succeeded in overhauling the trio. "Go ahead," said the captain of the steamer, and away we smoked for the Chapman, and dropped the mud-hook. All eyes were now turned cockneyward, watching the progress of the wee barkies, as they came sweeping along jauntily,—first came the saucy Julia, with the ever pleasing face of a certain M.D., radiant with delight at the prospect of his pet being hailed the winner;—next the Silver Cloud with her joyous owner at the helm;—then followed Little Mosquito with Dan Hatcher, and lastly the Valentine steered by a jolly Guest, with Ben (not the boatswain) on board:—they ran according to our time thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.
Julia.....	2	48	10	Little Mosquito.....	2 5
Silver Cloud.....	2	48	53	Valentine.....	3

The wind about W.S.W., which had lulled considerably before rounding, now began to show symptoms of awakening up, and the tide having more than half an hour to run they prepared to beat up, having stood a short tack to the northward, they jibed towards the Blyth Sand, Little Mosquito sketting. The Julia made short tacks along the Sands, and was baffled by a yacht not in the race. It is a strange fancy some yacht owners have, of not entering in a match, yet like to show off, what they consider, we suppose, their cleverness in marring the sports of others. If a vessel so intruding belong to the Club, the Sailing Committee should take cognizance of it, and bring the case before the club, this would soon put a stop to the nuisance.

The Mosquito had succeeded in passing Silver Cloud, and came so close to Julia that she had to bear up to allow the other room. The race was now very exciting, but was shortly after ended by the Julia getting on the Sands. The Silver Cloud and the Valentine also passed her whilst so fixed, and it was a fortunate circumstance, that the tide was rising, for after some minutes delay, by using spars the crew were enabled to launch her once more into the deep.

During this time the Mosquito was making the best use of her time and gradually left her competitors behind. The Valentine kept third place until nearing the Mucking Light, when the Julia wrested it from her, and they continued in the following order till the finish, Mosquito first; Silver Cloud, second; and Julia, third. Before reaching Gravesend it was certain how the match would finish, barring accidents. The Mosquito was ploughing away ahead that no fears were entertained of her winning. The steamer keeping company with the Silver Cloud and Julia, the tactics of the Mosquito were unknown to us on board. But on nearing Gravesend the steam was put on, and we arrived in time to note the rounding at the flag-buoy off Erith in the following order :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Little Mosquito	6	28	20	Julia	6	33	45
Silver Cloud.....	6	32	10	Valentine.....	6	47	10

The Little Mosquito was consequently hailed the winner, and her worthy owner (Mr. Bulmer) was warmly congratulated by the company on board the steamer. She was sailed by her builder (Mr. Hatcher,) and he no doubt was highly pleased with her performance.

The Julia has been lengthened 4 feet 7 inches amidships, but it does appear to have benefitted her speed. However we must wait for her trial before passing judgment.

The Silver Cloud has undergone some alteration since last season ; the keel has been altered to cause more draft aft and less forward ; she

certainly sailed better, but with smaller canvas might be improved. Her owner Commodore Hewett has a *penchant* for large sails.

The Valentine was well sailed, but the day was against her.

The Cups were presented to the respective winners by Vice-Commodore Knibbs, the company drinking success to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, &c. The steamer turned homewards, and after an excellent match, accompanied by splendid weather we landed safely on *terra firma*. One circumstance at the close tended to cast a cloud o'er the pleasure of the day; the Hon. Secretary C. F. Chubb, Esq., announced that he was about leaving England for Australia, and therefore he must resign the office he had so long held. This was received with deep regret by the Members, as the services of this gentleman have been very instrumental to the prosperity of the Club. Early associated in office with the late Commodore, J. Berncastle, Esq., by their united efforts the Prince of Wales Club became widely known for its literary and scientific associations; and Mr. Chubb will no doubt carry with him, not only the good wishes of the Members for his success, but mementoes of the high opinion they entertain of his exertions.—“May his shadow never grow less.”

The Oread steamer was chartered for the occasion, and we feel it our duty to say, that throughout the match, the Captain displayed the greatest anxiety to give his passengers a fair chance of seeing the manœuvres of the competing yachts without getting in their way.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

THE members of this colonial club are as indefatigable in promoting the pleasures of yachting as their brethren of the mother country, and they spare neither labour nor expense in carrying out their projects. We have proofs of this zeal by the receipt of a letter from Edward M. Hodder, Esq., (commodore of the club,) accompanied by an excellent well got up pamphlet of some thirty pages, and twelve charts. From which we subjoin the following extracts:—

“I have taken the liberty of sending to your address a pamphlet entitled *The Harbours and Ports of Lake Ontario*, which I have just published for the use and guidance of the members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, as well as the sailors generally.

“The lake is about 200 miles long, by an average width of 60 miles, it is remarkably free from rocks or shoals, except at its eastern extremity.”

but during the summer months, (our yachting season) it is subject to most violent thunderstorms, coming up with great rapidity, and almost amounting to a hurricane while it lasts, but which fortunately rarely exceeds half-an-hour. These storms are generally preceded by a calm of short duration, and with intense heat; not a thread of canvas can be shown on these occasions, and our safety consists in plenty of sea room; a lee shore being fatal to our boats, as no anchor will hold.

"With a view to promote more frequent and longer cruises than were generally considered safe, I last year made the tour of the lake in company with the *Rivet*, where I made sketches of all the ports and harbours, took soundings, compass bearings, &c., and the result is the little work which I now forward you. My own little pet the *Cygnets*, 8 tons, behaved nobly, we encountered a heavy south-east gale which lasted for twenty-four hours, obliging the largest lake steamers of 600 tons, and schooners of 200 and 300 tons, to run into port for safety."

TORONTO HARBOUR, OR BAY.—This spacious anchorage is without doubt the best natural harbour on Lake Ontario. It is nearly circular, being formed by the main land on the north, and by a long, low, and narrow spit of sand, on the east, south, and south-west, called the Peninsular or Island; it extends in a south-westerly direction from the highlands in the township of Scarborough, and terminates in a point which suddenly turns to the north opposite the Old Garrison, and upon which trees of stunted growth are thickly scattered: thus is enclosed a beautiful basin of about two and a half miles in diameter, capable of containing a great number of vessels.

Lighthouse.—The south-west extremity of this island is called Gibraltar Point, on which is erected the lighthouse, 66 feet high, having a fixed bright light.

Channel.—The entrance to the harbour is by a narrow channel at its north-west corner between the Queen's Wharf and a row of buoys south thereof, which are placed in about ten feet water. The present channel is about 300 feet wide, and about 600 or 700 feet long, having an average depth of 11 feet; but owing to the extreme narrowness of this passage, large and heavily laden vessels often find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to beat in or out against a head wind.

his channel, however is widened from year to year by the constant of the dredge; and I believe it is the intention of the Harbourster to continue this useful work until a clear available space of 400 t has been obtained.

Harbour Lights.—On the Queen's Wharf are placed the Harbour

Lights—the northernmost a fixed red light, the other a bright beacon light on the western extremity of the pier. These lights when brought into line indicate the entrance to the channel. They bear W.b.N. of the lighthouse on Gibraltar Point.

In working up the Lake from the eastward at night, give the shore a good two-mile berth when abreast of the Scarboro' heights, otherwise the light on Gibraltar Point will be hidden by the trees on the Island. If bound into Toronto Harbour, keep nearly a mile to the west of the lighthouse, then steer north for the harbour lights. In the spring and fall fogs are prevalent, which hang near the surface, and do not ascend more than thirty or forty feet from the water; the harbour lights, then, will not be seen, in which case, when well to the westward of the lighthouse on the Point, steer for the North Star, immediately under which will be found the red light on the wharf.

When the fogs are so dense as to obscure all the lights or other land marks, the only safe guide is the lead line, and the shore should not be approached where there is less than six or seven fathoms water.

Shoal.—A sandy shoal stretches into the Lake for a quarter of a mile in a S.W. direction off Gibraltar Point, and is thence continued along the west side of the island extending north to the bar buoys which mark the channel into the bay, at an average distance of a quarter of a mile from the island.

Vessels running for shelter from an easterly gale should anchor on the west side of the island about one mile from the shore, where there is good holding ground in six or seven fathoms water, mud and clay bottom; if too near the island the anchor will not hold in the sand, and a sudden shift of wind will put them ashore on the bar.

Danger.—There is a large boulder stone within five feet of the surface, nearly midway between the Queen's and Garrison Wharves, and a little to the south thereof.

Remarks.—Much having of late been said regarding the advantages which Navigation, Commerce, and the City generally would derive from an eastern entrance to the bay, I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without raising my voice loudly against a measure, which if carried into effect, must be followed by the most disastrous consequences to the best natural harbour on Lake Ontario.

The authors of the able reports on "The Improvement and Protection of the Toronto Harbour,"—to whom prizes were awarded in 1854, by the Harbour Commissioners—are unanimous in condemning not only as useless, but actually prejudicial, a canal through the or south-eastern portion of the Peninsula. If the integrity of the

is maintained, there is not the slightest fear of the present channel ever closing, even if left entirely alone; it may become narrower, but it would never become so blocked up, as to convert the present bay into a small lake or pond: natural causes are at work to prevent it. During the eight months of the year that the bay is clear of ice, the amount of water taken from its surface by evaporation is enormous: experiments prove incontestibly that three-fourths of an inch a day is a fair average to allow for loss from this source alone. Let us assume, however, that only half an inch takes place. What will be the result? From the 1st of April to the 30th of November we have 244 days; this divided by 2, gives 122 inches, or 10 feet 2 inches, the quantity of water taken from the surface of the bay during the above-named period. Again, taking soundings of the bay from the water's edge to its deepest part, we find that ten feet would be a fair average depth; thus we perceive that there is actually more water removed by evaporation than the bay is capable of containing at any one time. How, then, is this loss supplied? By an *under-current* of cold water constantly rushing into the bay from the Lake, between the end of the Queen's Wharf and the bar buoys. This is clearly proved, both by experiment and by resorting to the same means which put me in possession of the fact. I have dived at least an hundred times from a boat moored in the channel near the buoys, and when at the bottom, with my eyes open, I have *invariably* seen myself drawn inwards towards the bay, nor can I call to mind a single instance where the under-current set outwards or in the opposite direction.

I am well aware that the surface or upper-current will run out of the bay, while the under current is running in, for this I have seen a minute after coming to the top of the water; neither will I deny that occasionally, just after an easterly or south-east gale, when the waters of the Lake are driven up towards its head, and when the bay in common with the Lake partakes of this rise; or after a strong south-west blow, which produces the same effect, that this under-current may be overcome by the pressure of the increased quantity of water in the bay, and that a reflux current may for a short time be established.

The form or shape of the bar immediately opposite the Queen's Wharf, also proves the steady indraft into the bay. I have always likened it to an's foot; the shoal which runs from the north point of the island, unites suddenly near the spot where the red buoy is usually placed, I have compared to the heel; the northern end of the bar runs parallel with the wharf, and represents the sole of the foot; and the sandy prolongations which run easterly may be likened to the

To this natural cause, and to this alone, the persistence of the channel at the Queen's Wharf is dependant: do away with this current or lessen its force, by another opening at the east end of the bay, and in ten years' time the sand would gain such a mastery as to bid defiance to the dredge.

There are many other weighty reasons against making a canal at the south-east end of the bay; they are, however, so ably set forth in Capt. Richardson's admirable report, that it is quite unnecessary for me to allude to them.

Might it not be desirable to build a short pier of crib work, say two or three hundred feet long, parallel with the Queen's Wharf, and at whatever distance from it to the south that the Harbour Commissioners may deem sufficient for the width of the channel, and upon the ends of which lights should be erected?

This pier would not in any way interfere with the escape of ice in the spring; it would clearly indicate the width of the channel, and for which purpose the present buoys are perfectly inadequate at night; and it could not have any injurious effect in causing the sand brought in by the wash of a south-west wind from being deposited in any other situation than that in which it now takes place.

[We will return to this pamphlet in a future number.—Ed.]

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCH.

ACCORDING to previous notice the first match took place on the 30th May, and caused great interest among the aquatic brotherhood, as out of an entry of eight vessels, five were new specimens of the rival builders' handiwork, and consequently were untried boats.

The following came to the start:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.	Builders.
Wasp	2	J. S. Bishop, Esq.....	Owner
Elfin.....	3½	A. Whitworth, Esq.....	Kelly
Glide.....	7½	J. Wilkinson, Esq.....	Owner
Mayflower.....	7	Rear-Commodore.....	Owner
Snake.....	7½	J. Wilkinson, Esq.....	Owner
Charm.....	7½	J. Poole, Esq.....	Kelly
Electric.....	7	J. A. Clarke, Esq.....	Bishop
White Squall.....	4½	W. L. Sutherbery, Esq.....	Owner

The following alteration in the rules was made:—"A blue flag, as a starting signal will be hoisted by the Commodore for the yachts to be at their stations. The signal to start will be a gun fired. Yachts may have their

mainsails and topsails hoisted ready, with their head sails down; and on the gun being fired, to hoist head sails and slip cable. The Rear-Commodore or his Deputy, shall have power to disqualify yachts refusing to obey his regulations in starting for a match."

The prize was a beautiful silver cup, of the value of £20.

The morning opened gloriously, and a good match was anticipated. On the Woodside Pier banners floated to the breeze, and directly off the pier, lay the celebrated Cymba, T. Brassey, jun., Esq., gaily dressed in flags: she was placed at the disposal of the Committee for the day. The Surprise, T. W. Tetley, Esq., Windward, W. Sinclair, Esq., Ranger, J. A. Clarke, Esq. and Plover, R. J. Tetley, Esq., all more or less ornamented with bunting.

The small yachts of the club were flitting to and fro, like butterflies in the sunny air, and the thousands of spectators assembled were delighted with the sportive tactics of the elfin craft, and——avast! up goes the signal, and hark—they're off.

Precisely at 2h. 20m. p.m., they were released from their moorings, the Glide taking the lead, followed by the Charm, Elfin, Electric, Snake, Mayflower, and Wasp, in the order in which they are given. From the almost total absence of the wind the sailing qualities of the new yachts could not be developed, and for the first time for some years it was a beating race to Eastham, but the wind fell so rapidly that a close contest could scarcely be expected, the Glide retaining the lead at every flag-boat, and coming in an easy winner. The following is the order in which they arrived at Woodside Ferry:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Glide	6	23	15	Snake.....	6	40	40
Electric	6	31	4	Charm	6	41	0
Mayflower	6	36	14				

On the arrival of the Glide she was loudly cheered. She has added one more laurel to her fame, and being the holder of the Challenge Cup, value £50, which will be sailed for on the 15th of August, great hopes are entertained by her friends that she will retain it. The Electric is also well-known, and has won three cups.

The management of this match gave universal satisfaction, and at its conclusion the members and their friends dined at the Club-house, and enjoyed a happy evening. We have on more than one occasion noticed the prosperous state of this club, and we hear it is still progressing in numbers of members and yachts.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

club, which holds its head-quarters at Chelsea, commenced its season on 26th ult., and although there were but three vessels entered to compete for the prize (a handsome silver cup,) yet much interest existed among members, and the steamer was comfortably filled.

The following yachts started:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
Cremorne	cutter	3	J. B. Burney, Esq.
Selina.....	cutter	3	J. Pick, Esq.
Anglesey	cutter	3	W. Reed, Esq.

The inspection by Vice-commodore Guest completed, the starting gun was fired at 2h. 30m., when the Selina, piloted by Mr. Roe, was first round, but unfortunately several minutes elapsed before she could hoist her mainsail. The Anglesey, steered by Mr. R. Hewitt, was first in trim and took the lead, followed by the Cremorne, but the Selina having overcome her difficulties, overhauled the latter just below Wandsworth, and the different rounds were finished thus:—

	1st. Round.			2nd Round.			Finish.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Anglesey	3	7	0	3	44	35	4	19	0
Selina.....	3	14	0	3	50	20	4	23	20
Cremorne	3	18	0	4	15	0	Not timed.		

After rounding the first time the topsails were struck, and in the best to the mark buoy at Wandsworth the Anglesey crept away from the Selina, but in the run back with topsails set the latter gained on the former, and improved her position 1m. 45s. on rounding the second time: the Cremorne in the same round lost upwards of 25m. The last round was well contested between the Anglesey and Selina, but all the skill of the latter's sailing-master could not succeed in getting the lead, yet it was evident that had she got off well at the commencement, the match might have been differently finished, as the Anglesey only won by 3m. 40s.

The yachts were brought up alongside the steamer, and after the Commodore had presented the prizes, it was proposed to finish the day's pleasure by a trip to Richmond. The steamer therefore bore her merry freight to that famed place, and returned to the Cadogan pier about 9 o'clock. Thus terminated a pleasant day's amusement.

LONDON MODEL CLUB MATCH.

THE first match for the season of this Club came off on the 25th ult., on the Serpentine, Hyde Park, and attracted an immense number of spectators, including many of the aristocracy,—the "Drive" being so close to the water that an uninterrupted view is afforded to the occupants of the carriages frequenting the park. The hour, about two o'clock, is generally the time for the "morning airing" of the fashionable world, and the London Model Club an boast of a greater assemblage of beauty and fashion than any Royal Club.

The sailing of the little models create much amusement, as frequently standing over from one shore to the other, (the proper course,) a puff of wind will act differently on each vessel, and one will rush across, whilst others are in stays, apparently considering which course to take. No doubt that

great art in fixing the tiller, and managing the sails before the start. For it must be understood these vessels are mere toys.

On the present occasion seven boats entered, to contend in heats, for a Silver cup, the whole affair under the management of Vice-commodore Williams, who is starter and umpire, and his orders are cheerfully carried out.

First Heat.—1, Thought, lugger, Mr. J. Puxley; 2, Anne, lugger, Mr. G. Kerriage; 3, Fenella, schooner, Mr. Weymouth; 4, Flirt, cutter, Mr. West.

The Fenella took one of the freaks before alluded to and fouled the Flirt, consequently it was resailed, and the Thought won, Anne being second.

Second Heat.—1, Sylph, lugger, Mr. J. Harrison; 2, Extravaganza, lugger, Mr. E. Taylor; 3, Phantom, schooner, Mr. Eltham.

The Sylph, was the favorite at starting, and she shot across the water, and returned the winner, followed by Extravaganza second.

Third Heat.—1, Phantom; 2, Flirt; 3, Fenella.

Fenella again fouled the Flirt, and the heat being resailed was won by the Phantom easily.

Final Heat.—1 Sylph; 2 Thought; 3 Anne; 4 Phantom; 5 Extravaganza.

The Sylph had the lead at starting which she maintained to the finish, her old antagonist the Anne closely pressing her. But on this occasion the former showed better handling we suppose, for the cup was awarded to her.

The following which appeared in *Bell's Life*, from its characteristic style will more fully enlighten our readers as to the method adopted in sailing these miniature yachts:—

"On arriving about five o'clock at the east end of the Serpentine, I found several of the clippers lying on the shore—caricatures of racing yachts, as might be expected, lean bodies, very deep keels, loaded with lead, outrageous spars, and enormous calico sails. The dimensions of Mr. Harrison's, which was out and out the fastest, and had by far the largest spars and sails, were, length on deck 6ft. 6in.; along the keel 16in.; breadth 16in.; height to main topmast head, 10ft. 6ft.; bowsprit outboard, 4ft. She was rigged like a schooner, gaff topsails and all, except that the sails had yards instead of gaffs, and that the jib or fore-staysail reached to the topmast head, and to the mast.

"There was but one cutter, she was 5ft. 8in. long, with a bowsprit longer than herself; the others were schooners or luggers, as I believe they are called by model yachtsmen. The stern rakes considerably, and there is a considerable drag; these arrangements are probably to promote easy steering, which is, of course, the great desideratum. There is always a boom to the staysail. The tiller fits into a sort of notched rack in front, by which the rudder can be fixed at the angle, found by experience to be best. They all nearly of the same tonnage, which is measured by some rule, multiply length and breadth. With the wind a-beam the vessels went incredibly light, and I was told that they would run straight before the wind, if the was not too high. The rigging is exceedingly simple, and after the sail is over, the sails are unbent, bowsprit and masts are unstepped, and the ole is rolled together, and carried off on a boy's shoulder, whilst two

others carry off the hull. They never seem to shorten sail for high winds, and think nothing of seeing their vessels on beam ends for a few seconds during a puff. The course whatever the wind may be, is always from one side of the Serpentine to the other and back again, and any vessel not striking the shore within certain bounds, is out of the match. When the wind is across the river they beat to windward, being put about by their sailers when they reach the shore. There was a strong east wind, nearly a-beam both ways. I only arrived in time to see the final heat, which was between five vessels, schooners as aforesaid. Previous to the start they were stationed twenty yards apart, the sterns just aground, and on the signal being given, the owner or sailer of each ship, standing on shore with a light boat-hook, gave a terrific push to his ship and launched her off as far as he could. This seems one of the great arts of the model yacht sailer, and is generally performed by a professional, of whom there are several.

Mr. Harrison's yacht, which I have described above, had No. 1 station, this being to windward brought her rather under the lee of the trees, and was decidedly the worst station. Soon after starting she came into contact with No. 2, which was making a wild shoot to windward; but they soon separated, and No. 1, pursued a very straight course, and in 2m. 5s. reached the opposite shore, the two leewardmost boats being about ten seconds later, the rest nowhere. In the meantime their respective sailers who had run round, dashed into the water with great spirit, trimmed the sheets, shifted the tillers, turned the ships round and again launched them with consummate dexterity. The unlucky No. 1 now ran into a calm, and when that was over took a perverse fit of sailing up the water; one of the leeward boats ran into the same calm, turned round and came back; the other went tolerably straight across, and came in a long way ahead. It seems, however, that by the rules of the club, if there has been a foul there is a fresh start, but this is only to be allowed once, and on the second start the match must be sailed out foul or no foul. Accordingly a fresh start took place. No 1, was rather becalmed, but reached the shore first, was turned round and launched again, and would have come in a winner by some twenty seconds, but when very near the winning shore she was becalmed, and showed signs of turning, which must have astonished her owner; however, after about ten minutes of irritating anxiety a favourable puff set her straight, and she reached the shore in triumph some seconds a-head of anything else. C. M.

PEMBROKE DOCK ROYAL REGATTA.

This Regatta is to take place on Tuesday 7th of July, and from the programme issued a good day is expected:—a Cup, value fifty guineas is off to cutter yachts of 25 tons and upwards; a thirty guinea Cup to schoons of 30 tons and upwards; and a twenty guinea Cup to yachts of any rig under 25 tons. The Hon. Secretary, G. Arber, Esq., will give any further information that may be required on application.

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

On Tuesday, June 30th, and Wednesday, July 1st, the regatta of this club will be held in Kingstown Harbour, when a Piece of Plate presented by the Royal St. George's Yacht Club, will be sailed for, besides money prizes, varying from 100 sovereigns to 5, for Yacht Sailing and Boat Racing, the annexed are the

Sailing Regulations.

1.—All yachts to be entered with the Secretary at the Club House, Kingstown before 6 o'clock in the evening, on Saturday 27th of June, the entrance fee paid, and the distinguishing flag made known. No yacht can be allowed to enter after the above date, unless good cause for the delay be shown, to the satisfaction of the Committee.

2.—All yachts to enter according to old measurement, and in the event of dispute as to tonnage, to be measured a-ground at the expense of the party in error.

3.—Cutters shall carry four sails only, viz., Mainsail, Foresail, Jib, and Gaff-topsail; Yawls, same sails, with the addition of Mizzen; Schooners may carry Mainsail, Foresail, Fore-staysail, Jib, Main-gaff-topsail, Fore-topsail, and Top-gallant-sail; Luggers, three Lugs, Jib, and Topsails; no booming out or sweeps allowed.

4.—Each yacht must go fairly round the course, and in the event of not going fairly round, or touching any boat, buoy or vessel, or running foul of another Yacht, shall forfeit all claim to the Prize.

5.—Yachts on the Port tack must invariably give way to those on the Starboard, and in all cases where a doubt shall exist of the possibility of the Yacht on the Port tack weathering the one on the Starboard, the Yacht on the Port tack shall give way: or if the other Yacht keeps her course and run into her, the owner of the Yacht on the Port tack shall pay all damages that may occur, and forfeit all claim to the Prize.

6.—Yachts going free, must in all cases give way to those on the wind on either tack.

7.—Each Yacht must carry her distinguishing flag at her Main-topmast head, which is to be hauled down if she gives up the race.

8.—If the race be not concluded before 9 o'clock, P.M., the Prize to be run for at such other time as the Committee may appoint.

9.—If any objection be made to any vessel in a race, such objection must be stated to the Committee, in writing, within one hour after the vessel making the objection shall arrive at the Flag Ship, and in case a difficulty of decision shall arise, the Committee reserve to themselves the power to direct the course to be sailed again.

10.—The Preparatory Flag of the Club (Red) will be hoisted by the Flag Ship for the yachts to take their stations with their Head-sails down. Five minutes before the time of starting a Blue Peter will be hoisted, and at the expiration of that time a gun will be fired to start. No shifting or turning of leeward, or throwing ballast overboard, or taking ballast in, during the race allowed. Platforms to be kept down and Bulk heads standing; and no yacht receive assistance in any way, unless she hauls down her Flag and gives up contest.

11.—Every Yacht over twenty tons must carry a suitable Boat, subject to the approval of the Committee.

12.—Three Yachts to start or no race.

13.—The owners of Yachts entered to sail shall draw lots for stations, and No. 1 to take the Weather Berth, the other yachts to follow in succession. Lots to be drawn at the Club House at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on Monday 29th of June.

14.—On entering a Yacht, it shall be necessary to produce her Custom-House Register, or other papers, if required by the Committee.

15.—Every Yacht sailing at this Regatta (except in the 12 and 6 ton matches) must have the owner on board, or in his absence a member of a Royal Yacht Club, who will be looked to for the fair sailing of the Vessel.

16.—No Yacht to carry a crew consisting of more than one man to every 7 tons or fractional part of seven tons, exclusive of the Master and one Pilot.

17.—The Yachts, together with the spars and sails, must be *bona fide* the property of gentlemen in whose names they are entered.

18.—No putting out or taking in ballast during the days of the races.

19.—In rounding a flag boat or buoy used to mark the course, Yachts must give each other sufficient room to pass clear of the flag boat or buoy; should the flag boat or buoy be touched from a breach of this rule, the penalty is to attach to the Yacht which infringed it.

20.—Yachts running on shore may use means by hands, boats, or anchors on board for the purpose of getting off, afterwards weighing that anchor and getting the boat in.

21.—No gentleman to be considered as a member of a Royal Yacht Club unless he shall have paid his subscription for the current year.

22.—The following time for tonnage will be allowed, viz., from ten to sixty tons, 30 seconds; from 60 tons and above, 15 seconds; Schooners to be rated one-fourth less their tonnage, O.M.

23.—The Sailing Committee reserve to themselves the power of altering the day or the time of starting for any race.

24.—The Commodore or Vice-Commodore, or whoever shall be appointed by the Committee, to be the judge of all the races, and to award the cup or prize to the Yacht which he shall consider entitled thereto, unless a protest be entered within the time limited by the 9th Rule.

25.—The Yachts of each race to start together, and time to be allowed on arrival.

26.—If two Yachts, by the wind, approach the shore or a vessel together, so close to each other that the leewardmost cannot tack clear of the other, and by standing further on would be in danger of running on shore or foul of the vessel, the weathermost Yacht must, on being so requested, immediately put about. The leewardmost Yacht, must, however, in that case, tack at same time with the one she hails.

27.—Any Yacht deviating from the foregoing regulations, or from any national regulations the Committee may think it expedient to establish, forfeit all claim to the prize. Any other sailing matches not mentioned in programme to be alike subject to these rules, the Committee reserving power of alterations as circumstances may demand; and in all matters the decision of the Committee to be conclusive.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1857.

THE PLEASURE NAVY.

WE are now in the midst of the regatta season, and the necessary adjuncts—wind, weather, and liberal prizes at present combine to render 1857, as successful as any that preceded it. The pleasure navy of the United Kingdom is one of magnitude and power. How other nations, even our “go-ahead cousins” must open their eyes and shrug their shoulders, I calculate, when they overhaul *Hunt's Universal Yacht List*, for there we find logged no less than 780 vessels, (consisting of 511 cutters, 138 schooners, 19 *steamers*! 75 yawls, and 37 of various other rigs—sloops, luggers, &c.) which are kept solely for amusement by British subjects:—noblemen, merchants, and tradesmen are the owners of this fleet, and the success attending yachting is principally owing to the kindness and urbanity shown by the possessors of the larger craft to those of the smaller. There exists in yachting a friendliness not known in any other branch of our national sports.

The estimated tonnage of this fleet is about 30,000, and contains vessels from 480 to 3 tons: to man which several thousand seamen are employed, and this for a period of, at least, five months in the year: in addition to these, builders, sailmakers, riggers, and a host of

others, whose chief employment throughout the year is confined to the *materiel* required by the pleasure navy. To give even a guess at the amount of money expended appears to me impracticable.

During last year upwards of £4,000 was distributed in prizes for yacht sailing.

Can it after this perusal be a matter of surprise that England is the first maritime country in the world. Many of our naval heroes, began life as yachtsmen; and, as a nursery for useful and active seamen none better can exist. The man or boy who ships on board a yacht, must be sober, honest, civil, and obliging, or he gets "ticket-of-leave" instantar. No skulkers are allowed—all must be ready and willing, in fair and foul weather to obey orders; and we must say it is rare that a man is discharged for drunkenness, incivility, or inattention:—such characters are unknown amongst yacht sailors.

Yachting is one of the best and cheapest amusements any young man with a moderate income can pursue: cards, dice, and gambling of every description is prohibited at the clubs, and when betting on a race occurs it is generally for a few bottles of wine. It must therefore be evident that yachting, whilst it invigorates the frame, and imparts health to the constitution, is the most beneficial to the youth of this country.

Now, Mr. Editor, we will turn our attention to another subject;—"Yachts' Names:" there is a want of *attention* in this department, we will not use more harsh terms; but the similarity of names is a source of much annoyance at regattas, and gentlemen who launch new yachts, seem to take no heed of the additional confusion they cause in adopting a name by which some two, three, or perhaps more yachts are already known. It was but the other day that a yacht was launched, and because no other name, I suppose, occurred to her worthy owner he called her the "Dream," when there are two others with the same cognomen. However, without wishing to dictate, beg to suggest an addition to this favorite name, viz. "*Happy*." Now, I am sure nothing can be more agreeable than this, for what delightful associates and scenes do we not encounter when revelling in a pleasant dream. We do not find on the turf, two horses with the same name, then why should there be such confusion in the pleasure navy. It sometimes happen that yachts of the same name, rig, and tonnage belong to the same club, as witness the two Ospreys. In a race last year two yachts named Scud contended, and nearly of the

same tonnage—the lookers on were somewhat puzzled. Is there no remedy for this? Yes! let each builder, before he launches a new yacht, overhaul the *Universal List*, (which most of them keep,) and a repetition will be prevented.

The following list will shew the number of yachts bearing the same name, and of which it be well to alter about 220.

2 Alarms	2 Ellens	2 Nimrods
4 Albatrosses	2 Falcons	4 Ospreys
3 Almas	5 Fawns	3 Pearls
2 Amazons	4 Firefllys	3 Pets
2 Alices	3 Flirts	6 Petrels
2 Antelopes	3 Floras	4 Phantoms
2 Arabs	7 Foams	2 Phoenix
2 Ariels	3 Frolics	2 Pirates
2 Arrows	2 Gannets	2 Plovers
2 Atalantas	2 Gauntlets	2 Rifleman
4 Auroras	3 Gazelles	3 Ripples
4 Avengers	8 Gems	3 Sapphires
2 Bacchantes	2 Georgianas	2 Scuds
2 Banshees	4 Gipseys	2 Seabirds
2 Bitterns	2 Gitanas	2 Sybils
2 Camillas	3 Hawks	2 Secrets
2 Charms	2 Helens	2 Snakes
2 Caprices	2 Heroines	2 Snowdrops
2 Circes	2 Hildas	4 Sprays
2 Clouds	2 Idases	2 Stellas
2 Comets	2 Irenes	4 Sylphs
2 Constances	2 Irises	5 Sirens
4 Coquettes	3 Julias	2 Sylphides
3 Cormorants	3 Kathleens	2 Tritons
2 Corsairs	2 Kelpies	3 Undines
4 Curlews	2 Kingfishers	2 Venturas
3 Cygnets	2 Kittens	2 Vespers
2 Czarinas	2 Lapwings	2 Visions
2 Cruizers	3 Ledas	2 Violets
2 Darings	2 Lizzys	3 Wanderers
3 Dashes	5 Lotuses	2 Wasps
5 Dolphins	3 Louisas	2 Waterlilys
2 Dragon Flys	2 Magics	5 Water Wyverns
2 Dreams	2 Marinas	4 Waves
2 Echoes	2 Merlins	4 Whims
2 Emeralds	4 Midges	4 Wild Ducks
2 Enilys	2 Mosquitos	2 Wizards
4 Enchantresses	3 Mysterys	2 Zouaves
3 Eugenes	4 Nautiluses	

As no legislative difficulty exists at the present time to prevent the changing of yachts names, I hope, Mr. Editor, after the above list is conned ver, the proprietors will be induced to make the necessary alteration.

BURGEE.

FISHBOURNE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

DURING the past week we visited one of the most secluded and picturesque sites on the north shore of the Isle of Wight, and there amid the most luxuriant foliage, extending to the water's edge of the Solent, we arrived at the shipbuilding yard at Fishbourne, commonly called Fishhouse, situate on the port hand, at the entrance of Wootton Creek, and in the neighbourhood of Quarr, a celebrated abbey of the name founded in the year 1131, by Baldwin, Earl of Devon. It was in our peregrination over those ruins that we were induced to refer to the guide or hand-book for information, wherein it is mentioned that "through a richly wooded country down to the sea shore we come to a small village at the mouth of the Wootton Creek, called Fishbourne, where there is a shipwright's yard in which during the early part of this century several frigates for the royal navy were constructed," and we may add also, several yachts belonging to the various yacht clubs, more particularly the celebrated frigate-built ship *Falcon*, which for years bore the flag of that ever-to-be-lamented and revered commodore, the late Earl of Yarborough. No one can mention that name without heaving a sigh, for in his days "Yachting was Yachting," *O tempora, O mores!* At length, strolling on through the copse, a pleasant walk of about a mile, we reached Fishhouse, the thermometer at eighty degrees and a calm. We thought of the "down easters" who profess to build their evergreens in the forest and cut them off by the mile as they are wanted, then transporting the mid-ship carcase to the sea shore, and after putting two ends to them, send afloat to "go seeking" thus we may account for those wall-sided vessels, or sugar boxes. Taking this simile, we had here *de facto* "vessels built in the copse," nevertheless we paused and wondered with astonishment that such a sheltered and secluded harbour of refuge should be apparently so little known and seemingly neglected. Nor is it to be wondered at, as few have been induced to visit it, except when their interests or business led them thither. It presented to us a perfect harbour of refuge for yachts, approached by a somewhat circuitous channel between the mud banks which extend some distance off the Motherbank, but at high water affording sufficient depth for every purpose.

In the creek we found a collier brig discharging her cargo, some mile or two inland, and several yachts snugly ensconced behind a spit of land, extending into the creek, among them the *Camilla* just returned from the Mediterranean, thus embayed they are protected from every sea, whilst the elevated land on both sides of the creek secures them from

southerly gales of wind. Several yachts avail themselves of the seclusion during the winter. In the yard, if we may term it, we noticed a very handsome model of a cutter of about 25 tons ready for launching, building for Thomas Hayes, Esq., of Cork; and Mr. Brain the builder informed us he had a sister vessel to lay down as soon as this yacht was launched. This little craft has been inspected by several nautical persons; and there is something so beautifully clean about the water line, and with a due regard to accommodation, that we opine she will turn out to be a very fast vessel.

On the adjacent blocks there is a schooner, the *Pirate*, belonging to Mr. Cunningham, who is well known to the nautical community, as the inventor of the reefing gear, the *Pirate* is to be lengthened amidships.

We have since learnt that the *Wildfire*, *Marina*, and several other yachts rendezvous here during the winter, or in other words lay up there.

HARBOUR CHARTS AND SAILING DIRECTIONS.

In an article named "Yachting Reminiscences," by "Bluejacket," he suggests the propriety of forming a committee of some half dozen or dozen yachtsmen to take into consideration the existing harbour charts and sailing directions, with a view of condensing and simplifying them for the use of the pleasure navy. The proposition is good, and it must be allowed by all hands, that something of the kind is much needed; the proposer sets a good example, by offering to be one of the committee—surely this will be responded to by other gentlemen, who have time to devote to such a purpose. In our last number we stated the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was in possession of Charts and Sailing Directions, of Lake Ontario, and that at the trouble and expense of the Commodore. Such an act shows that yachting is carried on in that colony with spirit, and great praise is due to that gentleman for the care and attention he has bestowed on the subject.

It may not be out of place at this time when the subject of Charts and Sailing Directions is under consideration, to give the title of the Canadian work in full—as it will show to those who are willing to join "Blue Jacket," what is the nature of the undertaking required for our own coasts.

"The Harbours and Ports of Lake Ontario, in a Series of Charts accompanied by a description of each, together with the Light Houses, Harbour Lights, Depth of water, Courses, Distances, &c., &c, compiled from authentic

sources. The Charts of Capt. Owen and Lieut. Herbert, from Recent Surveys, as well as from Personal Observations, by Edward M. Hodder, M D., Commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club."

In the following extract the author fully explains the feeling that actuated him to devote so much time and labour to this praiseworthy task :—

"For the Members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, this little work has been compiled, and to them it is dedicated, in the hope that it may not only interest, but also excite and encourage in them a taste for that invigorating truly British pastime, and manly sport, Yachting, and make it rival in their affections the glorious game of Cricket, the Hunt, or the Gun: to the love and encouragement of these, may not Old England mainly attribute the courage and daring, the athletic frames, and hardiness of her sons? for let it not be forgotten, that the effeminacy of a people is the surest forerunner of the decay of a nation.

"May it also be useful to them, by giving such sure and accurate information relative to the various Harbours and Ports on Lake Ontario, as may create in them a fondness for cruising, from the conviction, that in any weather they can speedily reach some haven of refuge, where their gallant little Barks may, in shelter and in safety, ride out the fiercest storm."

Having now shown what one man can do when in earnest, we hope some practical yachtsmen will notify to us their willingness to join "Blue Jacket," which will ensure the appointment of a committee.

THE SURPRISE YACHT.

Mr. W. Foster, of 114, Fenchurch Street, has just published a beautiful Portrait of this yacht in the act of winning the Royal Mersey Challenge Cup, in 1856. It is drawn and Lithographed by Mr. Chas. Taylor, and as a Work of Art will rank with the productions of Condry, Dutton, and Robins.

STORMY NIGHT AT SEA.

Dark clouds hang lowering o'er the deep,
And billows dash with sullen roar,
And o'er each wild and rocky steep,
The white surge foaming laves the shore.

The wind blows high; the dreary sound
Portends the heavy coming show'r;
The forky lightnings flash around,
And thunder speaks,—Almighty Pow'r!

Heard you that pealing, awful crash?
How loud, how grand that bass note roars!
Whilst mountains high the wild waves clash,
The mingling storm the tempest pours.

Convulsive elements around,
Thy gloomy grandeur I survey;
With rapture hear the awful sound,
With rapture catch the vivid ray.

The God of Tempest now commands;
He bids the thunders loudly roar;
They, sounding o'er the yellow sands, ,
Responsive join the billows hoar.

Nature, now in the awful hour,
Of storm, of tempest, and of night,
Proclaims unbounded heavenly power,
E'en in the darkest, wildest night.

For now no sunbeams shed their light,
No whispering breezes gently play;
Objects more grand my soul invite
Than the mild blush of op'ning day.

No twinkling star o'er heaven's expanse,
Now shoots its pale and glimmering ray;
Objects more grand my soul entrance
Than twilight veil'd in silver gray.

Tho' oft beneath the beechen shade,
At the calm hour of ev'ning mild,
I've mark'd the dewy-scented glade,
And oft the vacant hour beguil'd.

And then pale Cynthia's lucid beam,
Passing thro' clouds of ether bright,
Shew'd her enamour'd partial gleam,
And woo'd the stillness of the night.

On the lone spray, sweet Philomel
Would warble forth her plaintive strain,
Amid the dark, embow'ring dell,
Then fly into the woods again.

The glow-worm too, with brilliant rays,
Would cast its little lustre round,
To light the merry dancing fays,
Whose tiny gambols mark the ground.

So fly the shades of summer-night;
Oh! how unlike this midnight blast,
Where not one gleam of dim, faint light,
Is seen to cheer those at the mast.

By the rude mercy of the winds,
O'er the rough sea their bark is tost,
Death's fancied form assails their minds,
Hope is extinct, life's treasure lost.

The waves clash o'er the vessel's side,
Sad terror reigns, and wild dismay,
OMNIPOTENCE, be thou their guide,
Protect them through the watery way.

O! let thy thunder cease to roll,
Thy fiery flashes cease to play,
Support each sinking, drooping soul,
And shed thy ever-healing ray.

Dispel the fury of the blast,
The howling of the hollow wind,
And let the storm be hush'd to rest,
And hope pervade each anxious mind.

For life is valued, friends are dear;
The tender ties of love how kind!
And the rude pilot drops one tear
For those left far, too far behind.

Perhaps the partner of his rest,
With Anguish hears the hollow storm,
Clasps the lov'd infant to her breast,
That bears his dear remembered form.

And sighs, and weeps, and counts the hours,
And doubting looks for his return,
She summons all her feeble pow'rs,
Alas! life's dearest hopes are flown.

But soon will joy give place to grief,
And rapture soon beam thro' her tears;
The God of Mercy sends relief,
To raise the languid sailors fears.

And now the vessel smoothly glides,
The storm is hush'd, the thunders cease;
Soft Zephyrs curl the placid tides,
The winds are still, all, all is peace.

TWENTY *versus* SIXTY, OR, THE LADY NON-SUITED.

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

DOCTOR Scalpalini the celebrated sawbones of the Italian city of — had been in bed just half-an-hour, the night being one of the most serene. The sound of the doctor's nasal music, might have been heard by a passenger in the streets, at several doors distant, from his house, indeed the police occasionally stopped to listen, and had Scalpalini's lodging have been over or adjoining a carpenter's workshop it would not have required an Indian rubber stretch of the imagination to set down the noise as arising from his neighbour "chips," being busily engaged in the planing of a plank thickly studded with knots, to carry on the metaphor, the doctor appearing to arrive at these knots very often, as he repeatedly woke himself by the action of his imaginary plane being suddenly arrested by them.

A sharp ring of the door bell however put a stop to his unmusical music, and as he had an instinctive ear for a professional summons it was but the work of an instant to jump from his couch, hoist the window, and address the disturber.

"By the bones of Esculapius, thou must have taken my bell wire for a chain cable.

"There's little time for ceremony," replied an individual at the door, who had dismounted from a horse to get at the bell handle, "the Countess is impatient of your presence, and by what I could glean from the attendants of her chamber you have but small time to waste in words."

"All right Guieseppi," said the doctor, for by this time he had recognised the messenger "I will be with the lady as soon as my quadruped which is of the right sort can carry me there," Scalpalini hereupon summoned his servant and giving him the necessary directions to prepare his mule for the journey, he forthwith proceeded to dress himself, placing certain professional implements and restoratives in the pockets thereof, whilst he is so doing and the messenger is on his return to assure the patient that the doctor is *en route* to her assistance, we will enlighten reader a little as to the lady who thus urgently required his services. The Countess of ——— was a beautiful woman of twenty, she was native of Seville and was another of ten thousand instances we see of did views being allowed to interfere with the choice of a husband, and

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she consequently became a victim to pound, shilling, and pence consideration, being compelled by her parents to marry an old fellow of sixty.

The count her husband was shortly after her marriage ordered to Peru on a diplomatique mission, but just before the time for his departure for Cadiz arrived, madam, in order to avoid accompanying him, pretended to be taken alarmingly ill, and as she represented herself to be in that condition which comes under the denomination of "interesting," the Count was persuaded of the necessity of sailing without her, contenting himself with arranging for her voyage to rejoin him after the event which was to make him the happy father of a son or daughter or both as the case might turn out.

It is needless to say that her husband was scarcely half way to Madeira, (whither the ship he was in intended touching) than madam recovered her health and spirits, and secretly hoped that her loving, but not loveable spouse was gone for ever, one thing is certain that if ever a pang shot across her for this cruel wish she endeavoured to forget such an unamiable feeling by cultivating the acquaintance of a pleasing young Englishman, who assisted his father in carrying on the business of a wine merchant in Xeres. The countess had met this youth at a ball given by the Governor of Seville, and having danced and flirted with him, she could not avoid drawing comparisons between her piece of old shrivelled-up parchment of a husband, (her partner for life,) and the handsome young gentleman which was only entitled to be her partner for a dance. After the ball the meetings between the youthful pair were more frequent than could fairly be attributed to chance, did the countess appear upon the Alameyda attended by her duenna (who by-the-bye was in the former's interest.) Young Mildred (for so was he called) was sure to be there, at the Theatre, the Opera, or at the Plaza de Toros, there too was the swain, in short reader he became the shadow of the countess, everybody noticed the remarkable fact, still no one wondered at it when they reflected on the spindle shanks and emaciated appearance of the count, and comparisons indeed became odious when these were contrasted with the handsome features of Mildred, who in addition to these qualifications was in possession of that style of health and vigour which marks the owner with a pair of ruddy cheeks.

Well! whilst the countess was fast improving her convalescence by those innocent meetings, (her "interested condition" as reported) the count having been palpable mistake on her part, old Count Decemur, her husband, was wending his way for Cape Horn; he was not however fated to double that promontory so perilous to old husbands with young wives, in short dear reader we must make a clean breast of it, and with

blushes inform you that the meetings to which we have referred at the Alameyda, the theatres, the ball, &c., resolved itself at length into a case of

“Meet me by moonlight alone;”

and the requirement of Doctor Scalpalini's services, as mentioned in our opening page was the result, unless the fame of the fair lady can be cleared by supposing that the very affectionate letters which she received from old Spindle-shanks, was the primary cause of her maternity, but we are going ahead too fast!

It was about seven months after the departure of the count, his lady began to reflect that certain aged spinsters living in Seville were for ever on the look out for the chance of a little scan mag., and so poor an opinion had they formed of their own sex in that pleasant city that a register was duly kept by them of the marriages and births that took place in the neighbourhood, and although in many cases their calculations undeniably resulted in favour of the parties who were under the ordeal of this, anything but an impartial jury, yet there certainly did happen now and then instances which would require a very strict search through all the back numbers of the *Lancet*, before one could light upon such *lusi naturæ*, as to enable the scrutinizer to overturn the unerring principles of nature or Cocker, and clear the fair fame of the maternals; of this latter class she had the best of reasons for believing she was likely to become a member, and therefore determined to depart from Seville and baffle the arithmetic of the seedy old tabbies we have alluded to, she accordingly announced the intention of travelling for the benefit of her health, and whatever might be the suspicions of the hostile party as to the reasons of the countess's resolution, yet they feared (like the mariner, who, in a ship "at sea, has not been blessed for some days with a sight of the celestial bodies,) that their calculations would be so far baffled by the removal of the terrestrial body as no more to be depended on than that termed amongst mariners the "dead reckoning."

Taking with her no other domestic than her duenna (who we have remarked was also her confidant,) the countess for the reasons we have just assigned set out on her travels, and after the usual amount of annoyance from quarantine and custom-house officials arrived safely in the city of —, where (after a short stay in furnished apartments) she proceeded in hiring a pleasant villa, a short riding distance from the ; but close to the sea coast. Having consulted Doctor Scalpalini on case, that worthy recommended the villa, the property being his ; he also procured for the lady the services of Guieseppi, and further red the attendance of others when circumstances should happen to

require their presence; *that* period had now arrived, hence the hasty summons of Scalpalini as we have already stated, but ere we proceed further the reader must be told that Young Mildred had left Spain some weeks before the countess, being destined for the Levant in furtherance of a commercial speculation, undertaken by his father. Having now handed in our brief which shews the count to be on his travels, the lady to be settled for the present in the suburbs of —, Mildred pursuing his way to that country where the wise men are said to come from, and Scalpalini on his road at the urgent call of the countess to be with her in the hour of "nature's sorrow," we may accompany the doctor, and for a short time lose sight of the count and Young Mildred.

As Scalpalini crossed the back of his mule a vivid flash of lightning had well nigh blinded him, the heavens suddenly became overcast, heavy drops of rain began to patter; gusts of wind were succeeding each other fast, in short, all the elements were at work, and it was evident a storm was brewing. On travelled the doctor amid the war of elements, his business admitted not of delay. A sudden flash and then a loud report of a peculiar sound convinced him that the latter was not of Heaven's artillery; but that some tempest-tossed vessel was in peril. Scalpalini was a humane man, nevertheless in went the rowels of his spurs to the flanks of his mule, and as the flash from the guns came from a direction which he was compelled to pursue in order to reach the villa of the countess, he was not as yet losing time.

In the interim the storm was raging with all the fury of a "gregalli," (as these Mediterranean north-east gales are termed.) Peering through the darkness, now and then dispelled by the vivid lightning, the doctor at length discovered the outline of a vessel: a rocket sent up at the same moment from her convinced him that she it was who had put forth the previous signals of distress. A still further ride of half a mile brought Scalpalini to a spot nearly dead to leeward of the distressed ship: here the little man observed that the beach was smooth and free from rocks, although a tremendous surf broke at some distance from the high water boundary; the thought instantly occurred to him that could he succeed in guiding the vessel to the spot where he then pulled up, it was possible that some lives might be saved. She was now distinctly visible, he saw at once the impossibility of her being able to work off the lee shore, losing ground as was but too apparent, at every attempt the man made to tack the ship; and to wear her round was quite beyond the question. The roar of the surf added to that of the tempest rendered it impossible for the human voice to be heard had he attempted to hail the ship—what then was to be done? To invite the crew to

their devoted bark at the precise spot on which he might select as the most fitting: not a single habitation was there within a mile, and that was the villa of the countess: before he could possibly reach that and return with a signal light in a lanthorn all would be over with the distressed ship.

The only chance therefore of guiding them to the avoidance of the terrific rocks which stretched out to the right and left of him was, by the use of the flint and steel which he carried for the purpose of lighting his cigars. Scalpalini instantly set about making a vigorous application of these showers of sparks soon evolved from the steel, and as another awful flash of lightning showed the position of the vessel, a few minutes after these efforts to signalise her—he had reason to hope the stratagem had succeeded, for she was now coming in before the gale with her head directed to the spot the doctor was so anxious to indicate to her crew. Hope now arose in his breast that he had been the humble means of saving many, if not all of the crew; and although the sufferings, and perhaps peril of his patient, the countess, was not forgotten amid his present proceedings and delay, yet thought Scalpalini upon the principle—

“Of two evils choose the least.”

I may here save forty lives, and putting the very worst feature of the countess's case in view, it might result in the loss of two,—mother and child; but *that* is according to all human calculations a very remote contingency, and would but prove an exception rather than the rule.

The last gun had now been fired on board the hapless ship; alas! to thirty souls on board her it was but as the death signal, for melancholy to relate, she “broached to” from some unknown cause, just as she was on the point of clearing the formidable ridges (perhaps her wheel ropes parted,) and in an instant was dashed upon the rocks—shrieks were heard, and three minutes afterwards not the strongest flash of lightning could enable the spectator to see a vestige of the ship, for she had gone to pieces on the ledge, and the “under-tow” was eddying the wreck to seaward. Scalpalini wrung his hands and wept, and was preparing to remount his mule and proceed to his patient, when a light glimmered in his rear—it approached, and in a few moments he recognised Guieseppi.

“Ah! Guieseppi,” said the doctor, “would that you had appeared with light a little sooner, it might have served to guide the stranded vessel to a safer landing; but speak, quick! How gets on the countess? need not leave the beach whilst hope remained of saving the pooriners.”

The countess,” replied Guieseppi, “is anxious for your appearance,

but with ordinary speed I think, as far as I can judge of such matters, you will have time."

"But," answered the doctor, "we must closely scrutinize the beach, and about the rocks whilst we have the lanthorn and candle; there may be some poor wounded fellow from the wreck, gasping for human aid."

"True, master," observed Guieseppi, "let us proceed then in the good work, and may Heaven make us the humble instruments of saving a fellow creature's life."

Hereupon the doctor and his companion advanced to the edge of the surf and closely examined every crevice in the rocks, or spot likely to be the one where the eddying waves might be expected to deposit particles of the wreck. At length their efforts were crowned with success, for on turning the sharp angle of a projecting ridge two human beings were discovered. On feeling their pulses Scalpalini had considerable doubt, touching the power of any earthly being to restore their suspended animation, however he quickly raised their heads from the ground, and having with the assistance of Guieseppi removed them beyond the reach of the waves as they broke with fury on the shore, he administered restoratives to each, little thinking when he placed these in his pocket for the countess that a portion of them would come so opportunely to save the lives of the shipwrecked men he had thus by his perseverance discovered. Scalpalini knew that for the present he could do nothing more for the poor fellows, so he arranged to leave them in charge of Guieseppi whilst he proceeded on to the countess, and from thence despatching hastily constructed litters to bring them to the house, where they could be stripped of their wet clothes and put between warm blankets.

On arriving at the villa he found the countess on the eve of confinement, and after changing his wet clothes for some of Guieseppi's, he had but barely time to communicate to her the cause of delay, and receive a *carte blanche* to avail himself of anything the house afforded for the reception and recovery of the wrecked men, when her ladyship became the mother of a fine boy; in the meantime assistance had been sent to the beach, and the patients speedily brought up, and every thing needful towards their recovery put into requisition. As the countess was doing well Scalpalini soon had an opportunity of turning his attention to them, and it was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing his treatment produce a favorable result, and on his leaving the villa about 3 o'clock in the morning they were pronounced out of danger, so that Scalpalini on his return home, after a stiff glass of brandy and a good night's rest, went to bed a happy man, and at peace with himself and all the world, certainly not the less so at the prospect of receiving a few dollars when he should pay his second visit to the countess.

Guieseppi, occasionally relieved by the gardener, continued to watch over the couches of the rescued voyagers: they passed a favorable night, and on the return of Scalpalini to the villa he found them entirely free from danger, and only suffering slightly from the wounds they had received amongst the rugged rocks—these were of a kind which admitted of an easy cure, being all exteriorily; anxious as the doctor was to learn the particulars of the shipwrecked crew and their vessel, he forebore from entering into conversation with his patients—indeed he enjoined them to refrain from any exertion beyond expressing their immediate wants, promising that on the morrow this restriction should (if all went on as well as it then promised) be entirely removed. The sufferers were but too grateful to their preservers, and of course readily complied with the doctor's injunction.

On the morning of the third day after the shipwreck, when Scalpalini arrived at the villa he found the voyagers sufficiently recovered to write letters apprising their friends of their shipwreck and present whereabouts, in order therefore to carry out this and receive letters of credit and other correspondence they requested the doctor to inform them to whom they were indebted for such comfortable quarters, and expressed their wishes to see their host or hostess, not being aware whether it was one or both of these who acted on the occasion the part of the "good Samaritan;" the doctor explained that the lady had been recently travelling for the benefit of her health, and finding the suburbs of the city to her taste she had taken the house they were now in, for a short time, and had just been confined of a son; indeed, the event had taken place almost immediately after they themselves had been brought in from the beach; the title of the lady was the Countess of — but it was the doctor's opinion that this was not the real name of his patient, however, with that he had nothing to do, she was liberal and had taken his house, and if it had given her any satisfaction to adopt a particular name or title, he could only say after the manner of Dickens in his novel of David Copperfield, "that Barkis was willing:" thus *thought* Scalpalini, for he was too discreet a medical man to *say* that much to the convalescent gentleman.

The latter were therefore precluded for the present from an interview with their hostess, and as it would take some time before they could receive replies to their letters, they at the pressing invitation of the countess (sent through the medium of Scalpalini) agreed to remain at the villa, in the meanwhile they paid a visit to the bank in the city, and experienced no difficulty in renewing their funds, one of the gentlemen as it turned out being personally known to a director of the establish-

ment, they therefore availed themselves of the circumstance to patronise the "Stultz," and "Hoby" of the city, every particle of their wardrobe, (except that portion on their persons when rescued on the night of the wreck,) having been lost with the ship. It appears the vessel belonged to the Austrian States, and was from Rio de Janeiro bound to Genoa, she had touched at Gibraltar, being short of water and provisions; there, she renewed these essentials, but having had a case of yellow fever on board during the voyage from Rio, no one was permitted by the quarantine authorities to leave the ship, there being no lazaretto at Gibraltar. But as there was no restriction as to passengers from that place embarking, she took in some few there, making altogether at the time of the shipwreck, thirty-two souls on board including passengers and crew, of which we have seen only two were saved; the elder of these had now been twice cast away, having been previously picked up by the Austrian ship with several others, drifting about in open boat, and in endeavouring to make for land they had fallen in with "Il Puritani," for so was she named. It appears that the vessel they had abandoned took fire, and a rush to the boats ensuing, (the night on which it happened being a very dark one,) they lost sight of their companions in misfortune, and was not therefore enabled to speak as to their fate of those rescued by "Il Puritani," amounting to 14; some of them would have gladly landed at Gibraltar had not the quarantine officials determined otherwise, as to the younger gentleman now staying at the villa, he had embarked in the ill-fated ship at the last named port, having been some weeks awaiting the sailing of some vessel to the very place "Il Puritani" was bound. The primary cause of her being dashed to pieces was, the loss of her rudder at the commencement of the gregalli gale, and before a temporary one could be fitted, the ship had drifted with the increasing wind and sea too close to the shore to avert the calamity. It further appeared that at the critical moment the temporary rudder broke, caused by the descent, after the uplifting of her by a huge wave, and having thus lost all command of the ship, she "broached to," and bumped upon the ledge.

A fortnight had now elapsed since the confinement of the countess, she was convalescent, had come down into the drawing room, and had appointed to see her guests on the following day, in the meantime they were awaiting their letters from their respective homes, these were only expected to arrive, on the receipt of which it was the intention of the elder guest to return westward, whilst the younger one pursued his travels in an opposite direction.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE cutter matches for first and second class vessels came off on the 2nd of June, and as will be seen by the annexed entries, several celebrated vessels were "at the fore," yet much disappointment was manifested at the non-appearance of the *Cymba* (a recent addition to the Club), and the renowned *Amazon*, (which has been purchased by a Mr. Johnson, since the demise of her worthy and much esteemed owner, Mr. A. J. Young,)—but altho' these did not show, still we had our old favourites, *Mosquito*, *Phantom*, *Thought*, and the saucy *Kitten*, all of whom are well known, in every part where yacht sailing has been in vogue. The others,—*Cyclone* was built by her owner in 1856, and although she has started on several occasions, yet victory has not crowned her efforts.—*Extravaganza* came out last year, built by Wanhill, and notwithstanding many of the "sages" condemning her, she has turned out a better vessel than they anticipated. She won three prizes last year. It is needless to say anything of the *Glance*, as her success last season has made her doings known to all. The *Emmet* is a new vessel by Wanhill, but we must see more of her performances before passing judgment. In our humble opinion it is unfair to speak in disparagement of a vessel on her first appearance. Whether it is to be thought "knowing" or not, we cannot say, but too many jump at conclusions without any just reason, before a vessel's capabilities have been ascertained. Very frequently we find a yacht quite the reverse of their hasty expressions of "orank," &c. The *Silver Star* made her first appearance last year, was built by Tovell, of Colchester, the builder of the *Margaret*.

The day was fine, and the Club steamer punctually started from London Bridge for the scene of action—Erith; having on board the noble Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, Vice-commodore Green, and a numerous company. On arriving at Erith the following were at their moorings, viz:—

First Class, exceeding 35 tons, for a Silver Tankard and Salver, value £100. Half minute allowed for difference of tonnage.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
{	<i>Extravaganza</i>	cutter	40	Sir P. Shelley
{	<i>Cyclone</i>	cutter	43	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
{	<i>Mosquito</i>	cutter	59	T. Groves, Junr., Esq.

cond Class, exceeding 20, and not exceeding 35 tons, for a Silver
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Gilt Claret Jug and 6 Cups. Half minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage.

Numbered in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
864	Silver Star	cutter	25	J. Mann, Esq.
462	Glance	cutter	35	E. G. Bankes, Esq.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
327	Emmet.....	cutter	32	E. Gibson, Esq.

The course was from Erith to the Nore and back.

On the steamer coming within about a mile of Erith the above vessels were found ranged in two lines, and anxiously waiting for the signal to engage in the contest. The day was remarkably fine with a light breeze.

At 11h. 30m. 20s. the preparatory gun was fired, and the starting gun five minutes after. Now all were as active as kittens,—p flew the canvas, and away went the gallant fleet, Extravaganza leading, Cyclone second, and Glance third.

In the Rands Reach the Glance put Mosquito about, the wind being very baffling, and the Emmet now came up with a breeze. Off Purfleet Mosquito crossed ahead of Glance on the wrong tack, making a very close shave, and gaining fast on the other vessels; and when Mosquito next put about on the Essex shore she came in close with the Cyclone, and the trio being too near to be pleasant, the Glance being desirous of taking advantage of their position made an unlucky tack, and was headed by the wind, which now flew round to S.W., and brought the Thought flying up to the other vessels. The breeze carried the fleet merrily down Long Reach, and they entered Fidler's Reach in the following order:—Extravaganza, Emmet, Thought, Mosquito, Cyclone, Glance, Phantom, Silver Star. The breeze now settled to a pleasant south wind, Phantom catching it first, passed Glance and Cyclone. Gravesend was reached at 12h. 50m., Mosquito having by this time passed Thought, a long way ahead of Phantom, Cyclone, and Glance, Silver Star far astern. There was a good steady soldier's wind in Sea Reach, and the Mosquito passed first Emmet, and then Extravaganza, but the Glance did very little to better her position. On the way down Cyclone passed to windward, and Glance to leeward of Phantom, they rounded the Nore rather before low water as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito.....	2	35	30	Cyclone.....	2	41	10
Extravaganza.....	2	36	40	Glance.....	2	49	10
Emmet.....	2	37	30	Phantom.....	2	50	10
Thought	2	42	50	Silver Star.....	2	51	10

This left a good match between Mosquito and Extravaganza, and between Emmet and Thought, the betting and excitement being high. The vessels ran back nearly in the same manner as they had run down, with big topsails set. Soon after rounding, the bobstay bolt at the end of the Emmet's bowsprit gave way, and though the damage was to a certain extent repaired, her chance of winning was materially diminished by the accident. Glance came up to Cyclone, but could not pass her, leaving Phantom a long way astern. In turning through the Lower Hope, the Thought came up to Emmet and ultimately passed her. Glance nearly weathered Cyclone, but while these two were manœuvring Phantom came up, and in Gravesend Reach passed Glance, which seemed out of spirits, and made no attempt at stopping, she then passed Cyclone. At the upper end of Long Reach, Glance out-manœuvred Cyclone and passed her, they arrived at Erith in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	6	3	0	Phantom.....	6	29	30
Extravaganza.....	6	12	35	Glance	6	31	30
Thought	6	21	20	Cyclone	6	32	0
Emmet	6	26	0	Silver Star.....	6	50	0

Mosquito and Thought being, of course, the winners in their respective classes of the prizes, which were duly presented to them in the usual manner by the Commodore. Mosquito was unlucky at the beginning of the match, but seems to retain her superiority over everything old or new, in the hands of the present captain, Walker. The Thought was sailed by Pittock, (her old skipper,) she and the Phantom have now each beaten the other four times. The Glance was sailed by her old captain, R. Penny, and no alteration has been made, except that a little ballast has been taken out, which cannot have done her any harm. Her defeat was a great surprise to many, numerous bets having been taken at very low odds that she would carry off the first prize, and though Time was considered a dangerous enemy, no one imagined but that she would have come in before Thought or Phantom.

The Prince of Wales steamer, with the band of the Life Guards, was engaged by the club, the Sea Swallow being chartered by independent speculators to attend the match, both vessels were well filled. The steamer started from London Bridge with exemplary punctuality, and though the time occupied by the match was rather long, she returned to London Bridge at a few minutes past eight o'clock. The new plan of going from and returning to London Bridge without stoppages, appeared to give great satisfaction: those impatient grumblers who talk so much of delay could not complain on this occasion, the weather being so warm, and withal pleasant, few matches have given greater satisfaction to the

general company assembled. The Aquiline, Clymene, Dart, Drift, Halcyon, Phoenix, Will-o'the Wisp, and many other yachts were under-way, but we did not hear any complaints of their annoying the competing yachts.

SCHOONER MATCH, *June 19th.*

WE find ourselves once more afloat in the Prince of Wales steamer, to witness one of the prettiest contested matches ever sailed on Old Thames, so far as two of the vessels are concerned, however, we must not anticipate, but begin in regular order. We started from London Bridge with punctuality, notwithstanding the noble Commodore was absent, "Time and tide waits for no man,"—and we may designate the worthy "Vice" as the former, for he is noted for keeping to the exact minute,—so away we went, hissing and fuming through the Pool; once or twice in very close contact with a larger steamer, which felt much inclined to give us a broadside:—however, "go-ahead" was the word, and we quickly left the lubbers behind, passing one of the wonders of the world (the Great Eastern); by-the-bye, when we were boys the wonders "were limited,"—*how many are there now?* There's a job for you my fine fellows, just log that and when you please give us the answer.

As we neared Blackwall (which we gave as wide a berth as possible without taking a trip into Kent) we observed a speck in the water, and some objects like unto mill sails tossed in the air, when lo! and behold, it was the noble commodore in a waterman's boat, endeavouring to attract attention by waving his arms. Some few seconds elapsed before "ease her" was wafted on the wind, and then Lord Alfred was soon on board.

The place of rendezvous (Gravesend) was reached, and the following were ready for the start.

First Class.—For a handsome Silver Ewer value £100.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1254	Zouave	schooner	90	R. Arabin, Esq.
651	Mayfly	schooner	113	G. P. Bidder, Esq.

Second Class.—For a Silver Gilt Tureen, value £50.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
43	Aquiline	schooner	64	J. Cardinall, Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	60	J. T. Turner, Esq.
1025	Vestal	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.

The *Pet*, 160 tons, belonging to A. Tooth, Esq., was entered but did not attend at the moorings. Various were the reasons assigned, and we believe "*the sailmaker of Gravesend*," gave the true version, "she sailed down the river the previous day and was out of trim!" This vessel was built last year by Moore of Plymouth, but more *anon*.

The course was from Gravesend to the Mouse Light and back to Greenhithe. Time—Quarter of minute per ton up to 150, beyond which no time allowed.

The situation for starting was unfortunate, as several craft (coasters and others) were in the way. The first gun, however, was fired at 12h. 29m. 30s., and the second at 12h. 33m. 35s. The usual five minutes not observed, because the *Aquiline* was dragging her moorings. The *Vestal* was the first round, but we made out the *Aquiline* first under canvas; the *Wildfire* was much hampered by a brig, which she had to go to leeward of. She had, also, some trouble with her foresail. During this time the *Zouave*, which was slow in hoisting her canvas, soon after starting, took the lead, the wind having slightly increased. They proceeded in the following order: *Zouave* first, *Vestal* second, *Aquiline* third, *Mayfly* fourth, and *Wildfire* last. A very sharp contest between the two latter, and the *Wildfire* obtained fourth place. In the Lower Hope they were all near each other, and the *Vestal* passed the *Zouave*, after a very pretty race between them. The *Wildfire* having kept to windward through the Hope, came up to the leading yachts "hand over hand," and when off Shellhaven, being on the wrong tack, she crossed the *Aquiline* which had to go about, and immediately hoisted a protest. After this the *Wildfire* gained rapidly on the two leading vessels, and passed the *Zouave*, which had been making strong efforts to head the *Vestal*. The *Aquiline* had not been idle, for she succeeded in passing *Zouave*. The wind, at this time, was very strong, with a heavy rolling sea, through which the several craft ploughed frequently bows under. The company forward on board the steamer was several times treated with a taste of the "briny." On one occasion a bevy of ladies on the port-bow, were anxiously watching for the *Mouse Light*, when the steamer made a lurch, and Father Neptune poured on board an extra quantum, which these merry lasses received with laughter and joyous screams, although they were drenched from head to foot. However, it was a beautiful, sunshiny day, and the warm bath, although it disarranged their attire for a time, did not prevent them enjoying the race.

Tack after tack was contested by *Vestal* and *Wildfire*: more excellent seamanship has seldom been witnessed; and the *Wildfire* at last

obtained the lead. We doubt whether the steamer would have gone so far as the Mouse, had it not been such a near thing between these two vessels, but reach the Mouse we did, and the steamer hung on the light vessel, the poor fellows on board which, no doubt, were highly pleased with this little *divertissement* to their usual monotonous life. Here we waited for the racing craft, which rounded as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Wildfire	3	30	30	Zouave	4	46	0
Vestal	4	34	30	Aquiline.....	4	49	30

The three first rounded in first-rate style, and the Aquiline, which had been well handled throughout the match, would assuredly have been close on the Zouave, but for a slight mistake, having made too short a board before running for the light, was forced to go about again, which lost her some time.

Owing to her small sails, and the tide being strong against her, it was a matter of surprise she rounded at all. The larger vessels were often buried in the waves, but this saucy little jade came dashing along defying the elements. The Vestal lost four minutes in beating down to the Mouse; and as she had to allow 3m. 30s. for difference of tonnage, it was considered by the partisans of the Wildfire a "certainty;" and many had "booked her to win;" but "there's many a slip," &c., and so it proved at the finish.

Immediately after rounding, each prepared for the run back, and the wind having drawn a little more northerly, a gallant race was expected: reefs were shook out and a press of canvas hoisted, that sent them flying homeward at a rattling pace. The race was now between the Vestal and Wildfire, and by the time they reached Leigh, the former had gained four minutes on the latter, and was stem and stem. From this to the entrance of the Lower Hope, the handling of the yachts was the admiration of all—never do we remember a more exciting scene. Most of our readers have, no doubt, seen a running match, when neither *peds* can best the other. Whenever the Vestal made a spurt, up stepped Wildfire, drew a *little* ahead; then came Vestal with fresh dash, outstepping Wildfire, and thus they continued until the Vestal abreast the Mucking drew clear ahead of Wildfire and slipped away with a quiet steady pace; still no harm was done, 3m. 30s., was considered a sad bar to her winning; however on passing Tilbury Fort she had gained 18s; up the Reach she flew whilst the Wildfire seemed spell bound. At Gravesend, as she appeared to be without motion, the wind having suddenly at this point fallen. In the meantime the Vestal was far ahead, and the steamer had to make the "pot boil" to get to Gt

hithe in time to see her round the flag buoy. The steamer having taken her station all attention was centered on the racers, which rounded at the following times:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Vestal.....	7	19	5	Zouave.....	7	27	50
Wildfire.....	7	23	25	Aquiline.....	7	46	45

The Vestal was thus conqueror of Wildfire by 50s., and of Zouave by 15m., taking into consideration allowance for difference of tonnage.

The Vestal had some mishap with gaff-top-sail halliards just before rounding the flag-buoy, and immediately after so doing her immense balloon jib carried away her jib-boom. Great interest was manifest respecting Wildfire before she came round the buoy, as she appeared to be bowling along at a rapid speed after getting clear of Gravesend. This was a match which should be seen to be appreciated, for no writer (not even *mine ancient* George) can sufficient convey to the reader the exciting changeable scene from the rounding at the Mouse to the finish.

After all had rounded the flag buoy, F. O. Marshall, Esq., the owner of the Vestal was hailed to come on board the steamer, as according to the rules of the R.T.Y.C., if a boat in the second class comes in actually ahead of all the boats in the first class, she takes the first prize; and the first boat in the second class takes the second prize; but a great question was raised, whether in that case there was any time to be allowed between two boats of the second class. Fortunately, however, the success of the Vestal rendered it unnecessary to go into this subject or into that of the protest; tho' just as the prizes were being distributed, a cry was raised, that the Aquiline was approaching with her ensign flying by way of protest against somebody or something, and great was the relief at hearing, in answer to the commodore's hail, that the protest was against the Wildfire. The prizes were accordingly given without further delay, the first to the Vestal, the second to the Zouave.

The Vestal on this occasion was sailed by Pittock, who is well-known as a former captain of the Volante and Thought. She was painted white, in conformity we presume to the purity her name implies.

We should observe that the absent Pet joined in the fleet coming up from the Nore, but where she came from none could tell, there she was enough, and appeared a very pretty top-sail craft: and if her owner take the trouble to get her into racing trim she may ornament his board.

The Zouave is a new vessel, and was built by Inman not Ratsey, as d by mistake in the *Universal Yacht List*. She is a good stout

sea boat, and as her worthy owner is an excellent seaman himself, and is generally on board during a match, no doubt everything is done in first-rate style: we hope to log him as a winner during the present season.

The Wildfire's sailing in this match, was highly praised by those *who are good judges* of this art, and great regret was expressed that there was no third prize to award her.

The Aquiline maintained her character as a dauntless sailer, her owner and crew are well mated, for neither wind, sea, nor weather can deter them from doing their utmost to win.

At the present and last (1856) schooner match in the Thames, there was plenty of wind to try the capabilities of the vessels, although this year was mild in comparison to last, for then it blew in squalls, whereas on this occasion there was a good steady breeze.

The distribution of prizes at this match have led to a discussion in *Bell's Life*, from which we extract the following:—

MR. Editor :—As one of the sufferers from the extraordinary, and I may say unjust, decision on the late schooner match in the Thames, I should feel obliged by your giving the following remarks a place in your impartial and valuable paper. I had taken 2 to 1 to some amount that the Wildfire would win the first prize, and laid even money that she would win the second. There is no doubt but that had she started with them she would have come in first. I would, therefore, ask, who places the vessels in their positions previous to starting, and why not give them all an equal chance? Why was the line not taken above the coal-brig, instead of placing the Wildfire in such a position that in getting under weigh she must either go to leeward of this brig or foul of her? There is no doubt but that the Vestal is justly entitled to the first from having beaten the first-class vessels without time. The Wildfire did the same, and thereby became a first-class vessel, and, I maintain, was both in law and equity entitled to the second prize. I think Mr. Turner Turner, for the credit of his vessel, and for the sake of those friends who have backed her, ought to dispute this most incomprehensible and unfair decision. The Vestal may thank her large balloon jib for being able to run the Wildfire, which the latter had not.

Yours, &c., A SUFFERER.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just been reading an account of the animated match for the prizes given by the Royal Thames Yacht Club yesterday, and I desire to point out an error in the regulations regarding the award of those prizes which needs only to be pointed out to be at once rectified. The yachts started for two prizes—those yachts above 75 tons contending for the first prize; those under 75 tons contending for the second—but, by a wise regulation, if a yacht of the smaller class should come in first becomes entitled to the first prize, the first yacht of the larger class becomes entitled to the second prize. The injustice to which I allude is exempt

in the following case that occurred yesterday:—The *Vestal*, second class, obtained the first prize. The *Wildfire*, a yacht of the second class, though beating the *Zouave*, a yacht of the first class, obtained no prize at all! Surely this is hard! I would suggest the substance of the following rule:—“Where two prizes are sailed for on the same day, the two leading vessels shall be entitled to them in the order in which they arrive at the goal. Should either of these vessels, however, belong to the second class, then the leading vessel of that shall be entitled to the second prize.” This would be a short and comprehensive rule, and would not give an undue advantage to the smaller vessels; for it never can be thought just that a smaller vessel beating a larger vessel, as in the case quoted, should be disentitled to a prize merely because she is the smaller vessel. I only beg to add that I have no acquaintance whatever with the owner of the *Wildfire*, and never even heard of the vessel before, and that I write only in the cause of

London, June 20, 1857.

FAIRPLAY.

MR. EDITOR:—I perceive in your paper of last week two letters of objection to the award of prizes in the late Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match, and as the rule of the club does not appear to be commonly understood, I venture to state what it has long ago been decided to be:—That when two classes of vessels sail, and there is a prize for each class, the vessel coming in absolutely first takes the first prize, and the winning vessel of the other class takes the second prize. The rule has never been that the prizes are given to the first and second vessels, but one prize to each class; and “A Sufferer” has no more reason to complain of the decision, and to talk of injustice, than the owner of the *Zouave* has reason to complain, because, being first of the first class, he has not the first prize, or because he was not allowed to shift ballast, or of any other rule. The present rule seems, at first sight, to be fair enough, and is certainly better than that proposed by “Fairplay,” which, as printed, cannot be understood. There is, however, great doubt whether the club will not be forced to change the rule, and to give the first prize to the winning vessel of the first class, whether beaten by a second class vessel or not, otherwise great difficulties may arise at some time. Suppose three vessels of 76, 74, and 60 tons to come in as follows:—74 at 6h., 76 at 6h. 10s., and 60 at 6h. 3m. Here, according to the present rule, 76 cannot take the first prize, having been beaten by 74, a second class vessel; but 74 again cannot take any prize, having been beaten (with time) by 60, which again can have no right to the first prize, having been beaten by a first class vessel. It has been contended that in such a case the first should go to 60, and the second to 76, but surely there can be no on for giving the first prize to the *third* vessel merely because *another* vessel of 74 tons happens to be a little faster than one of 76 tons? for this would practically bring the vessels into one class. The general result appears to be that, if there are to be two classes, they must be kept distinct, and a prize allotted to each; and in answer to the objection that a beaten vessel

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ought not to have the first prize, it may be said that the larger vessels are generally much more of yachts and less of sailing machines, and that the main object of having two classes is to encourage such vessels. As an instance, I should say, judging from appearances, that for all purposes of a yacht, except match sailing, the Zouave is far superior to the Vestal or Wildfire; and that any one who had the opportunity of choosing a yacht would much prefer the Zouave.

Yours, &c., C. M.

MR. EDITOR:—The recent decision of the Sailing Committee, on the race between the Vestal, Wildfire, and Zouave, awarding the second prize to the third vessel, one of the first class, while the two first were of an inferior class, seems to me not only anomalous in itself, but contrary to the express rule of the Royal Thames Yacht Club; and opposed to its object the 26th rule specifies that "if in any match a yacht of an inferior class shall come in ahead of a superior class, she shall receive the prize, to which she would have been entitled, if she had belonged to such superior class." Under this rule it is clear the second vessel, notwithstanding her being of an inferior class, must be entitled to the second prize; yet the Sailing Committee have decided otherwise, and have passed over my yacht, the "Wildfire," in favour of the "Zouave," which came in third. Surely this is neither politic nor fair. I think the committee, in justice to all parties interested in these matches, should assign the reason for departing from their own rule.

Yours, &c., JOHN TURNER TURNER.

Bramshaw House, July 2nd, 1857.

MR. EDITOR:—You were good enough to insert a letter of mine last week on the subject of the Royal Thames Yacht Club prizes. By a misprint, however, or by a mistake of mine, the whole pith of the rule I proposed is gone. In your impression the rule stood thus:—"When two prizes are sailed for on the same day, the two leading vessels shall be entitled to them in the order in which they arrive at the goal. Should *either* of these vessels, however, belong to the second class, then the leading vessel of that class shall be entitled to the second class." It should have been: "Should *neither* of these vessels, however, belong to the second class," &c. Begging you to insert this obvious mistake,

I am, &c., FAIRPLAY.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE first of the *series* for the season of 1857 came off on the 1st. June, and gave universal satisfaction. It must be a great pleasure the Committees of Management of Clubs, when every act meets

the approval of the members. On this occasion there were five prizes for contention, between two classes of vessels belonging to the Club, viz.

First Class.—A Silver Inkstand, value £50., for first yacht, a Silver Inkstand, value £20., for second, and £10. cash for third. The following contested :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
956	Thought	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
786	Phantom	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
843	Rose of York	cutter	22	R. Clay, Esq.

The Silver Star was at her moorings, but owing to the non-arrival of her owner did not start.

Second Class.—A Silver Claret Jug, value £30, for first yacht, and £10 cash, for second. The following came to the start :—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1245	Zephyrine	cutter	19	W. Chillingworth, Esq.
193	Cormorant	cutter	11	J. T. Talmadge, Esq.
704	Mystery	cutter	18	J. P. Dormay, Esq.
573	Kitten	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.

The Gnome was entered for the first class, and the Black Swan (formerly Diavolo,) for the second ; but neither made an appearance.

On arriving at Erith in the club steamer (Father Thames), we found the yachts were placed in two lines according to class. The wind was fresh from the N.N.E., and the "sun shone brightly." The preparatory gun was fired at 11h. 37m., and the start at 11h. 42m. All attention was rivetted on the doings of the Phantoms, Thoughts and Kittens, as they seized the halliards with a will, and "bear-a-hand, my hearties," sounded from more than one skipper. They canted beautifully, and up flew the snowy canvas ; the saucy Kitten slightly with the lead followed closely by Phantom. Thought met with an accident immediately after starting, carried away her bob-stay, and, before she could repair the damage much time was lost, as she fell so to leeward that she was unable to stretch through the Rands Reach, as the others did.

When passing Purfleet they were in the following order. Kitten, Phantom, Rose of York, Cormorant, Thought, Zephyrine, and Mystery ; and before reaching Stone Ness, the Phantom drew ahead of them. On entering St. Clements, the Thought shot ahead of the mighty Kitten, and the Rose fourth well up. In Northfleet Hope

the Thought shifted jibs, here the wind headed them, and they beat down Gravesend Reach, the Phantom still ahead, passing the town about 12h. 40m. The wind now freshening she took in her topsail, which example the others followed, the Kitten keeping well up to Thought. In Sea Reach they encountered several heavy seas, which they shipped plentifully. When passing Holehaven the outhaul of the earring of Phantom's mainsail gave way, and she had to haul down a reef.

About two miles below Leigh, the commodore ordered the steamer to anchor, as the flood was beginning to make, and the following rounded.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	2	41	0	Kitten	2	50	9
Thought	2	46	30	Zephyrine	3	9	0

Immediately they rounded up went topmasts and topsails, and the Phantom and Thought flew through the water at railroad speed. The steamer did not wait for the others rounding, but, meeting the Rose, she stopped to allow the yacht to pass round, as was the case also when the Cormorant and Mystery were met. The leading vessels having by this time gone a considerable way ahead, steam was put on to catch them, and the leading yacht Phantom was passed off Purfleet, the race finishing thus :—

<i>First Class.</i>				<i>Second Class.</i>			
	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	5	15	0	Kitten	5	34	0
Thought	5	17	30	Zephyrine	5	55	0
Rose of York	5	51	50	Cormorant	6	3	0
				Mystery	6	8	0

The Phantom winning by 1m. 30s. in addition to the time allowed her by Thought. The Kitten gained first prize in her class. Tom Dutch of Itchen Ferry, as usual, sailed the Phantom, and Pittock sailed the Thought. The Kitten was sailed by her captain, Norman. The prizes were duly delivered to the winners, each of the vessels in the first class having one, and the Kitten and Zephyrine having the two second class prizes.

It is doubtful how the match between the "old rivals" would have ended, had the accident not happened to the Thought's bobstay. We understand that the closing of the entries was postponed at the request of Mr. Lane, to enable Mr. Marshall, who lately purchased Thought, to become a member of the Club, otherwise she could not sail. We hope this is the fact, as hitherto we believe the former and Mr. Lane were not on the most friendly terms, as regards yachting.

The day was fine with plenty of wind, and although the roll of

steamer when at anchor off Leigh, might affect a few of passengers, yet the company generally enjoyed the trip.

The United States frigate *Susquehanna*, under the command of Captain J. R. Sands, was saluted by the steamer which was returned by the frigate. The *Susquehanna* is from the Mediterranean station, last from Lisbon, and has been deputed by the American Government to assist the *Niagara* in laying down the Atlantic telegraph cable. She is a splendid frigate of 2,424 tons, manned with 330 hands, and with a gentlemanly set of officers on board; is in perfect order, and from her great beam presents a clear deck and good quarters. Captain Sands was in command of the *St. Lawrence*, which conveyed to this country the American products and arts to the Great Exhibition. The presence of the American frigate has quite enlivened the river, and has been visited by a number of persons, and we cannot omit mentioning the urbanity and courtesy of the officers displayed on receiving them.

SECOND MATCH, FOR THIRD CLASS YACHTS.

As our publication is delayed beyond the usual magazine day, we consider it a part of our duty to give a report of the matches that take place up to the latest period.

On the 2nd inst, the following prizes were given, viz: Claret Jug, value £20 for first yacht, £10 cash for second, and £5 cash for third. Time one minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
607	Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
534	Invicta.....	cutter	7	W Tuckwell, Esq.
546	Julia	cutter	8	P. Turner, Esq.
	Blue Belle	cutter	6	J. Ridgway, Esq.
1037	Violet.....	cutter	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
	Undine.....	cutter	9	E. Searle, Esq.

The course was from Erith to a boat moored off Coal House Point and back to Greenwich.

The morning was gloomy, and had every appearance of an uncomfortable day, but by the time of starting the wind had veered more to E.E., and was very light. The first gun was fired at 11h. 33m., the second for starting 11h. 39m. The *Little Mosquito*, (which was sailed by Truckwell of Itchen,) was instantly canted and under canvas, but being most to leeward, and out of the tide, fell behind, so that the *Undine* was first off, but favored by the tide, the *Undine* and *Violet* soon

took the lead, Violet passed to windward of Undine;—all carrying large topsails, except Undine.

Shortly after passing Purfleet, Little Mosquito tried to pass Julia, but was unsuccessful. Off Greenhithe the wind came round to east, and the Little Mosquito again came up to Julia; both were fast overhauling Undine, the latter being very slow in tacking, and consequently after a short time both Julia and Little Mosquito passed her. The Julia in Northfleet Hope tacked apparently too soon, as by so doing she allowed her opponent to get to windward. At the lower end of the Reach, Violet, was unfortunately obliged to bear away into the bight, whilst Little Mosquito and Julia with a better wind were able to weather the point. Off Northfleet the Undine caught the breeze, and bowling along the North Shore, whilst the others being more to leeward fell into a calm, this gave her the lead, followed by Little Mosquito, Violet third. But Julia had not lost any way, as she fetched through Gravesend Reach without tacking. Shortly before reaching Coal House Point the Little Mosquito passed Undine, followed by Julia, and they passed round the flag buoy, as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Little Mosquito.....	1	35	10	Undine.....	1	36	30
Julia.....	1	35	50	Invicta.....	1	43	0
Violet.....	1	36	5	Blue Belle.....	1	46	0

The Little Mosquito soon as she rounded set large topsail and square-sail, as did Julia; the tide at this time being very low the latter apparently touched the mud, and hung long enough to allow the Violet, which had set a squaresail, to pass her. The Undine in attempting to shift her canvas, lowered her jib, and went ashore, where she remained until the club steamer towed her off, after this she abandoned the race. At this time there was no best, and the winner could not be even guessed at, but when off Gravesend, the Little Mosquito showed undeniable signs of being A 1, and carried on steadily; wind being very light. The Invicta and Blue Belle were in company all this time, and the former having a large balloon jib, and small topsail gained on Violet. The flood caught the vessels at Erith, after which the wind fell so light, that Little Mosquito scarcely had steerage way. Here Violet set a square topsail that enabled her to creep away from Invicta. After passing Halfway Reach the breeze freshened, and came round to E.S.E., and the flag-buoy off Greenwich Hospital, was eventually passed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Little Mosquito.....	6	50	20	Blue Belle.....	7	26	
Julia	7	2	20	Invicta.....	7	26	
Violet	7	9	0				

The Little Mosquito thus adding another, and the second this year to her list of prizes. We heartily congratulate Mr. Bulmer on his success, and we believe this feeling is reciprocated by every one who knows him.

The Undine is a new boat built by her owner, and when, after this first trial, she is more suitably sparred, will stand a better chance.

The Invicta, we suspect, does not come up to the expectations of her owner, who thought he was building the champion of the Thames.

ROYAL MERSEY YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

ALTHOUGH we have many subscribers and friends at Liverpool, we are forced to take our report of this Club's doings from *Bell's Life*, in order to keep up our racing records.

The regatta which takes place annually under the auspices of this club commenced on Friday, June 19, under circumstances of more than usual brilliancy. On this occasion her Majesty was graciously pleased to patronise the club, by the presentation of a silver cup, value £100, to be competed for by yachts from any part of the kingdom, no entry required. In consequence of this liberal patronage on the part of the Sovereign, the list of yachts whose owners were desirous of competing for the royal cup thus vouchsafed to the Mersey was large.

Nine yachts were placed on the competing list, but before the day of competition arrived, several accidents occurred to their ranks, and at the start only three were on the ground. The Oithona had entered, but did not arrive in time to start, having carried away some of her gear in coming round, and the Plover, 32 tons, was dismasted shortly before the race while carrying an enormous topsail and big balloon jib; others were detained outside by the easterly winds.

The early morning was exceedingly fine, with just sufficient promise of a breeze to give liveliness to a yachting contest, without being equal to the development of full powers of large craft. The steamer Sea King, Captain Leach, was engaged by the club to convey the Commodore and members, along with their friends, from St. George's pier; and it started about a quarter before eleven o'clock, with a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, for the flag-ship, moored off Rock Ferry, at which the numerous matches were to commence and terminate.

Immediately on reaching the moorings of the flagship, Commodore L. Edale, Rear-Admiral Grindrod, Messrs. Fletcher and Melling, went on board her Majesty's royal steam-yacht Victoria and Albert, the Hon.

Captain Denman, commander, her Majesty having specially commanded the yacht to be present to grace the occasion, and after a brief stay Commodore Littledale and Mr. Fletcher returned on board the *Sea King*; Rear-Commodore Grindrod and Mr. Melling proceeding to the flagship.

The following yachts soon after took up their stations:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
928	Surprise.....	cutter	19	T. W. Tetley, Esq.
189	Coralie.....	cutter	86	A. B. Byrne, Esq.
217	Cymba.....	cutter	50	T. Brassey, junr., Esq.

The course was from the flag-ship down Victoria channel, leaving the black buoys on the starboard and the red buoys on the port hand, the Bell Beacon Buoy on the port hand, the N.W. Lightship on the port hand, the Bell Beacon Buoy again on the port hand, the N.W. Lightship again on the port hand, again to the Bell Buoy Beacon, leaving for the last time on the starboard hand, and so up channel, reversing the order of passing the black and red buoys.

The start was made at 11h. 41m. 40s., and at 11h. 42m., before she had passed Tranmere, the *Surprise* was caught by a sudden squall from the E.S.E., and carried away her bowsprit and topmast. She of course was effectually disabled, and compelled to abandon the race. At 11h. 56m. 25s. the *Coralie*, struck by a similar squall, sprung her topmast crossrees, and had to strike her topsail. She continued to run along, keeping close to the Cheshire shore. The *Cymba*, headed to a considerable extent by Mr. Dawson's yacht *Pearl*, which, although not in the race, continued all over the course, shooting far ahead. At 12h. 13m., when a little below the fort, off New Brighton, the *Coralie* set her jib-headed topsail, and continued the race. The yachts passed the Bell Buoy Beacon for the first time as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba.....	12	57	50		Coralie.....	1	10 12

The N.W. Lightship was rounded in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba.....	1	21	0		Coralie.....	1	

The second round of the Bell Buoy Beacon was made as follo

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cymba.....	1	55	2		Coralie.....	2	1

As this juncture the *Coralie*, having hauled down her distingui

flag, withdrew from the race, and stood up channel; the race consequently ceased to be a contest; but the Cymba proceeded on her course, and, after rounding the N.W. Lightship once more, made her third round of the Bell Buoy Beacon at 2h. 15m. 30s. From this point there was an animated contest between the Cymba and the Pearl, the latter keeping away from her competitor, which was gradually, though not very rapidly, gaining on her. At 3h. 42m. the Cymba, having made all snug, weathered the Pearl, and from that moment shot ahead of her, but for several miles the contest was stiff, though not doubtful. At 4h. 51m. 45s. the Cymba was saluted as victor at the flagship.

A Purse of £30 was given for a match by Pilot Boats.—For this twelve entered, but only six started.

These were the Auspicious, Victoria and Albert, Prince of Wales, Queen, George Canning, and Perseverance.

At starting they all got well away, and, under the influence of a fresh breeze, which had become steady from the east, varying a little to the north, they stood down the river in spanking style.

This course was round the Bell Buoy Beacon, round the North-west Lightship, and home to the flagship. The following is the order in which they rounded the Bell Buoy:—Victoria and Albert, 1h. 14m. 53s.; Queen, 1h. 18m. 22s.; Auspicious, 1h. 23min. 15s.; Perseverance, 1h. 29m. 35s.; George Canning, 1h. 30m. 48s.; Prince of Wales, 1h. 30m. 50s. The Victoria and Albert (No. 5) of the Pilot Boats, led confidently, rounding the N.W. Lightship, followed closely by the Queen (No. 10), and the Auspicious (No. 4). At a few minutes past three, p.m., when a little to the north-west of the Formby Lightship, the Victoria and Albert, at this moment to all appearances the winning vessel, went round and stuck fast. She was soon passed by the Queen and the Auspicious, the latter gaining rapidly on the former. When a little below New Brighton, the Queen had to make a tack, losing ground considerably, which she was never able to make up. The Victoria and Albert got off at 3h. 36m., but not in time to save her lost opportunity. The Auspicious came in a winner at 4h. 51m. 10s., and was followed by the Queen at five precisely. This was a well contested race.

The Mersey Cup, value £20.—For this cup there were five entries.

The course was round the Formby Lightship. The Charm came in first at 4h. 6m. 35s., followed by the Ranger at 4h. 10m. 50s., and the Pearl at 4h. 20m. 34s. The other two entered were disqualified.

PEN SAILING BOATS, TWO PRIZES OF £5. 10s. AND £1. 10.—For this race there were thirteen entries, but several disqualified. The first

was I Will If I Can ; the second was Elizabeth ; the third, Sea Witch. The prizes were awarded to the two first-named.

The Regatta Cup, value £15.—The following seven yachts were entered, but four only started :—Charm, J. Poole ; Glide, T. Wilkinson ; Mayflower, G. Harrison ; White Squall, J. Sutherland ; Wasp, J. S. Bishop ; Alma, W. Scott ; Snake, J. Wilkinson. The start took place at 2h. 45m., and at 4h. 23m. 10s. the Mayflower passed the flagship, and was declared the winner. The others were not timed.

At the close of the different matches, the presentation of her Majesty's Cup to Mr. Harrison, in the absence of the owner of the Cyma, took place on board the Sea King. The cup, a very handsome one, of open silver filagree work, embossed in spirals of tasteful foliage, stands about fifteen inches high, and is placed on a silver salver, richly chased in frosted work, and foliage and scroll, the leading device being grape clusters and vine leaves. It has three embossed shields, two of which are enriched by the royal cypher, V.R., entwined, the third being engraved with the subjoined inscription :—“ The Royal Mersey Yacht Club, 1857.”

Our Mersey friends have only themselves to blame for this short account, especially the latter part ; and we hope on another occasion they will think of the *Yachting Magazine*.

HARWICH ROYAL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE regatta of this club is generally looked to with much interest by the Essex and Suffolk pleasure seeking public, as it presents to the admirer of good seamanship a day of real enjoyment, and, to the mere spectator, affords a very delightful excursion. If we may judge by the large influx of visitors on Tuesday, June 30, to this improving watering-place, the interest of past years does not appear to subside. The excursion trains from London, Chelmsford, Colchester, and intermediate stations brought down passengers in hundreds, and the steamboats from Ipswich, with vehicles of every imaginable description, assisted to swell the numbers to many thousands.

A heavy shower of rain, about half-past ten, created some doubt as to whether the weather would suit the occasion, but the yachtsmen were satisfied that the wished-for fresh breeze from the S.W. promised valuable to their beautiful craft, and that all would go merry as a bell.

The harbour presented a very animated appearance. The *A. River Queen*, *Prince*, *Orwell*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and the *I-*

steamers (the last a fine sea-boat intended for Rotterdam), with yachts, schooners, cutters, sailing and rowing boats, were moving about, well laden with living cargoes of beauty and fashion, in every direction; the ladies, as usual, having a decided majority.

The worthy and much respected Commodore, Andrew Arcedeckne, Esq., of Glevring-park, Suffolk, kindly placed his beautiful little yacht, the *Gnome*, at the service of the committee, who dressed her out in gay attire, and which formed the starting point for the day. The vice-commodore, J. Cardinal, Esq., of the *Aquiline*, and R. Arabin, Esq., of the *Zouave*, also dressed their splendid yachts with oodes of signals, which caused them to be much admired. The sailing committee were Captain Stephens, R.N., R. B. Nalborough, R. S. Barnes, and J. C. Wadling; B. P. Goodwin, treasurer; Lieut. Gutamer, R.N., honorary secretary; C. M. Nalborough, assistant secretary.

The prizes were exceedingly good for yacht sailing and rowing, amounting, in the aggregate, to upwards of £130, and this, for a club which has met with various fluctuations, must be considered a very good omen of its future prosperity. The present staff of officers will, by their good management, restore the club to its former *prestige*. They are real supporters of aquatics, and advocates for the amusements of the people. Some idea of the interest the club is at present creating, may be formed when the following list of yachts which attended on this occasion, is examined:—

Vestal, 74 tons, F. O. Marshall, Esq., winner of the R.T.Y.C. Cup this season; Dewdrop, 18 tons, A. Cobbold, Esq., Rear-Commodore R.H.Y.C., anchored near the lighthouse. At anchor, or cruising about, we recognised the *Secret*, 11 tons, F. J. Wiseman, Esq.; *Gulnare*, 24 tons, G. F. Browning, Esq.; *Thought*, 29 tons, F. O. Marshall, Esq.; *Georgiana*, 18 tons, H. Ayckbourn, Esq.; *Kitten*, 18 tons, R. Leach, Esq.; *Avalon*, 38 tons, J. Goodson, Esq., Commodore R.L.Y.C.; *Violet*, 29 tons, J. R. Kirby, Esq., Vice-Commodore, R.L.Y.C.; *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, 55 tons, G. Taylor, Esq.; *Spell*, H. Trower, Esq.; *Mars*, 23 tons, G. Haines, Esq.; *Phantom*, 27 tons, S. Lane, Esq.; *Bittern*, 43 tons, C. F. Cheffins, Esq.; *Silver Star*, 25 tons, J. Mann, Esq.; *Quiz*, 12 tons, R. D. Poppleton, Esq.; *Greyhound*, 10 tons, — *neis*, Esq.; *Waterkelpie*, 4 tons, J. Gardiner, Esq.; *Stella*, 5 tons, rdy, Esq.; *Vesper*, 6 tons, C. M. Nalborough, Esq.; *Rifleman*, 8 s, P. Bennet, Esq.; *Amy*, &c., &c.

The business of the day commenced by the following yachts sailing a Prize of Twenty Guineas given by the Eastern Railway Company.
18—Half-a-minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1025	Vestal	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
573	Kitten	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.
68	Avalon	cutter	38	J. Goodson, Esq.

Course—To slip from their own anchors abreast of the starting-vessel (the yacht Gnome), thence to the Cork light-vessel, thence to the mark-boat with red flag at the Stone Bench, returning into the Harbour, passing between the starting-vessel and the boat with a white flag, thence to Arwarton Bay station-boat (red-flag), thence to the starting-vessel; leaving the Cork Light and all the station-boats on their star-board hand; twice round.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 45m. (there had been a false start prior to this, as the Kitten and Avalon mistook the second or preparatory gun for the signal to go). The Vestal was first under canvas, but the merry Kitten took the lead under mainsail, foresail, and jib; the Vestal went to windward and soon passed Kitten, the Avalon last. Off Land-guard Fort, the Vestal getting a slant of wind, was obliged to bear away, and the Kitten slipped round and took the lead, which, however, was soon wrested from her when her larger opponents were clear of the harbour. The crew of the Kitten feeling the impossibility to lead, turned their attention to keep their craft *within time* (she having to receive 30½m. from Vestal, and 12½m. from Avalon.) All now put on a press of canvas, the Kitten and Avalon booming foresail out to windward. Away they flew up the Stour, passing Arwarton Mark Buoy, and back to the starting vessel, passing which they again proceeded, (Vestal leading considerably,) for the second round, each being finished as follows:—

	First Round.			Second Round		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vestal.....	2	7	30	4	54	15
Avalon	2	16	45	5	15	45
Kitten.....	2	23	45	5	13	45

The Kitten was then declared the winner with 11m. to spare on Vestal's time, and absolutely beating Avalon 2m. independent of the allowance. It was, however, laughable to see the saucy Kit, before started, lying at anchor with her formidable rivals—Tom Thumb—the giants. But this must be stated in justice to Mr. Marshall and Goodson, that they entered their vessels to prevent disappointment none of the Kitten's size would tackle her.

The next race was for a Piece of Plate, Value Sixty Guinea

sented by A. Arcedeckne, Esq., the Commodore of the Club, to be sailed for by yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to a Royal Club. The owners to be on board during the sailing. The winner to supply three dozen of champagne to the dinner. Time race as before. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
956	Thought.....	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
864	Silver Star	cutter	25	J. Mann, Esq.
642	Mars.....	cutter	23	G. Haines, Esq.

Course, same as the previous match. The Silver Star did not start, the others went away at 12h. 15m. This being virtually a trial between the two cracks (the Mars being out of consideration), great was the excitement manifested by all classes. Instantly the gun fired up flew the canvas as if by magic ; it seemed as though the same haul covered both yachts, the Mars slowly showing her cloth. The Phantom took the lead, followed closely by her rival. The boats kept in this position for some time, when Mars, seeing that her only chance was to dance attendance on her two fast rivals, left them to gallantly struggle for the much coveted prize. Pittock, who sailed the Thought in his usual excellent style, now took his favourite earnestly in hand, determined, if possible, to pluck the laurel from Mr. Lane's brow, and, in the opinion of men well qualified to give an opinion, with some probability of success. Mr. Lane appeared equally alive to keep the Phantom's well-earned reputation, and would not allow a chance to pass, keeping a good look out, and the crew handled the boat in a masterly manner. On passing the committee's yacht the first time, the match appeared to be well contested, and doubts were expressed as to the Phantom keeping her place. In due time, however, the Phantom again passed the Commodore's and Vice-Commodore's yachts leading the way, and every man on board animated and determined to win. The Thought did not keep the spectators long in waiting, but came rushing down and followed in the wake of the Phantom. Round the signal and back again flew these two spirits of the deep, but the Phantom had gallantly maintained her position, and after one of the finest yacht races ever witnessed the time thus recorded :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Phantom	5	14	0	Thought	5	17	0

Phantom winning by 2 minutes, and 1 minute for tonnage.

The Third Prize was a Piece of Plate, value ten guineas, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding 12 tons, belonging to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club; the winner to pay £1 towards the club fund. The following yachts entered:—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1637	Violet.....	cutter	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.
832	Rifleman.....	cutter	8	P. Bennet, Esq.
	Greyhound.....	cutter	10	— Francis, Esq.
1023	Vesper.....	cutter	6	C. M. Nalborough, Esq.

The course was from the starting vessel as before round a flag-buoy on the rolling ground, returning to the harbour, passing the starting vessel, up to Arwarton, and back:—twice round.

At 12h. 40m. they all got off, the Violet with the lead, followed by Greyhound, Rifleman third, and Vesper last, which after a short time gave up, and the three former without any change finished each round as follows:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Violet.....	2	15	15	3	57	30
Greyhound.....	2	19	30	4	5	30
Rifleman.....	2	21	30	4	8	30

The Violet thus winning by eight minutes, and maintaining the reputation she earned in the Thames, as a pretty little racing boat.

This was followed by a race between the dredging boats for a purse of ten sovereigns, presented by the vice-commodore (J. Cardinall, Esq.), the boats were not to exceed sixteen tons, and belonging to Harwich or Ipswich. The following started:—Providence, 13 tons, Mr. Vapling; Margaret, 8 tons, Mr. Durrant; Aid, 15 tons, Mr. Watts; Ruby, 12 tons, Mr. Denny; Magnet, 11 tons, Mr. Webb; Queen, 15 tons, Mr. Lewis.

The prize for this match is annually given by Mr. Cardinall, to encourage the stone dredgers, in their laborious employments, to look forward to a day of relaxation, when they may not only enjoy themselves, but get money at the same time. The prize is divided into three parts, and on this occasion the Aid received five guineas, Providence three guineas, and Margaret two guineas. The others had given up in the race.

A purse of Fifteen Sovereigns (five of which was given by G. Broke, Bart., R.N.) was next sailed for by four barges, the Etherden, Levanter, Rapid, and Charles Napier, which was won by two first, over the same course as the larger yachts, once round.

Two small yachts next entered to contend for a cup, value Five Guineas, presented by the Rear-Commodore, (A. Cobbold, Esq.) viz:—Quickstep, 21 feet, Comet, 23 feet. The former belongs to Greenwich, and had ventured round to Harwich to contend against all comers. The voyage would have been fruitless, had not her spirited owner, Mr. Rowe, cut and altered his spars and sails.

The gun to start was fired at 1h. 6s. The Quickstep made a beautiful start, and was 100 yards ahead before the Comet got under way. On passing the committee vessel first time Mr. Rowe hailed to know if they could carry squaresails, and was answered in the affirmative; but his antagonist kept to her original canvas, and being much larger, gained rapidly. Rowe, however, was determined to win fairly, and did not increase his canvas. The Comet still gained rapidly, and on approaching the goal, so close were they together that none could tell which would pass first; at length the gun fired, the Quickstep winning by 10s. Mr. Rowe's spirit should be emulated by many owners of larger yachts.

During the day there were rowing matches for various prizes by four and pair-oared boats. The whole concluded with an amusing Duck Hunt.

Her Majesty's frigate, the Southampton, of 50 guns, did not, for some unexplained reason, condescend to shew one piece of extra bunting in honour of this joyous day, although the Royal Harwich Yacht Club had previously elected the whole of her officers as hon. members. Captain Charlewood, and the officers of this fine ship, entertained a party of their friends at a luncheon and ball. Among the numerous visitors we observed Sir George Broke, Bart., and party, Mr. and Miss Berners, Captain Fisher, R.A., and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Oxley Parker, Mrs. Cox, Miss Chaplin, W. Knott, Esq., Captain Norman, R.N., and Mrs. Norman, Colonel Wulff, R.E., and Mrs. Wulff, Major and Mrs. Bowness, R. J. Bagshaw, Esq., Rev. J. Christmas, the Mayor of Harwich and family, Alderman, Mrs., and the Misses Patrick, Mr., and Misses Dobree, the High Bailiff of Westminster and Mrs. Smedley, Mr. and Mrs. Colchester, Mrs. and Miss Bagshaw, Cliff-house, Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Pocock, Major and Miss Jarvis, Mrs. Owen, Mr. Edgar, Dr. and the Misses Burt, Mr. J. Gepp, the Misses Crofton, Mr. J. Gutzmer, R.N., Mr. Edward and Miss Ann Bagshaw, &c.

The Dinner was held at the Club-house, Railway Hotel, at which about eighty gentlemen and gentlemen were present, the repast, including a bountiful supply of champagne. Commodore Arcedeckne presided, and Vice-Commodore Cardinall filled the vice-chair. The principal guests included J. Goodson, W. Goodson, — Eagle, Van de Wall, J. B. Kirby, C. Grieanell,

Trafford, Wilson, Aycbourn, S. Lane, Marshall, Lieut. Gutzner, R.N., B. P. Goodwin, P. W. Freshfield, R. Nalborough, R. S. Barnes, C. R. Stephens, C. M. Nalborough, A. M. Pocock, Cobbold, jun., Captain Lascelles, R.A., H. Darken, A. E. Church, J. C. Wadling, &c.

After the health of her Majesty, "The Army and Navy" was drunk, and responded to by Captain Lascelles and Captain Norman.

The President presented the handsome Silver Plate upon the table to the winners of the respective prizes, whose healths he proposed amidst loud cheers.

Mr. Lane, the owner of the *Phantom*, the winner of the 60 guinea prize (a massive silver tea service,) returned thanks for the honours conferred, amidst loud applause, and promised, if spared, to contest the match with his yacht next year.

Mr. Eagle, the representative of Mr. Leech, owner of the *Kitten*, winner of the 20 guinea prize (a beautifully designed silver inkstand,) and Mr. Kirby, owner of the *Violet*, winner of the third prize (a smaller but chaste inkstand,) also responded.

The President gave "The Royal Thames and the Royal London Yacht Clubs, and may they always go hand in hand with Harwich."

Commodore Goodson, R.L.Y.C., returned thanks.

The President presented the Silver Cup to Captain Rowe, owner of *Quick-Step*, who, in acknowledgment, said he would try to win another year.

The President gave the toast of the evening, "Prosperity to the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, and may they all have yachts to contend in its waters." (Cheers.)

Captain Stephens, R.N., one of the oldest members of the club, responded to the toast in characteristic and suitable terms.

Mr. J. Patrick having highly eulogized the character of the esteemed president and commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, A. Arcedeckne, Esq., to whom they owed a debt of gratitude for his great liberality in the support of the club, and anxiety for the prosperity of the inhabitants of the borough, proposed that gentleman's health, which was drunk with much enthusiasm.

Commodore Arcedeckne, in responding for the compliment, recommended the inhabitants, as a stimulus to the increased prosperity of the borough, to subscribe for more prizes, and thus give greater encouragement to the fishermen, the dredgers, and boatmen. It was also desirable, he said, that the railway company should run more frequent and expeditious trains to facilitate the transit of visitors to future regattas.

The President proposed "The health of Mr. C. Grinnell," of New York, whose father, an eminent ship-builder, sent out two vessels in search of John Franklin and his crew, and brought back the *Resolute*, in which he had the pleasure of dining in Portsmouth harbour. Mr. Grinnell was day elected a member of the Royal Yacht Club, and he (Mr. Arcedeckne) was the other day elected an honorary member of the New York Yacht Club. (Cheers.)

Mr. Grinnell returned thanks.

Mr. P. W. Freshfield proposed "The healths of J. Cardinall, Esq., Vice-Commodore, and A. Cobbold, Esq., Rear Commodore."

Vice-Commodore Cardinall returned thanks, and prophesied that the Royal Harwich would maintain considerable eminence amongst the yacht clubs of Great Britain, whilst presided over by a gentleman of such liberality and urbanity as their Commodore. (Cheers.)

Mr. Patrick proposed "The healths of Commodore Goodson, deputy chairman, and the Eastern Counties Railway Company," to whom they were indebted for the second prize given at that regatta. (Cheers.)

Commodore Goodson returned thanks, and said it was the desire of the board of directors of the Eastern Counties Company to promote the interests of that town and port to the utmost of their power. (Cheers.)

The President proposed "The healths of the Chairman and officers of the Club;" Capt. Stephens, R.N., Lieutenant Gutzmer, R.N., Mr. Wadling, and Mr. R. Nalborough returned thanks.

Other toasts succeeded, and the festive proceedings concluded about eleven o'clock.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB MATCHES.

THE second sailing match of the season came off on Saturday, June 27th, and excited no little interest, from the fact that both classes of yachts were to contend for prizes, viz: the yachts of the first class under eight tons, and of the second class of two tons. The prizes were a silver cup of £15 for the first class, and of £5 for the second class. The Birkenhead Commissioner steamer, Wirral, accompanied the match. The Woodside Ferry, from opposite to which the yachts were to start, presented a lively scene, a numerous company being assembled on the promenade, which was gaily decorated with bunting. The sea wall, near which the yachts were moored; was densely crowded with spectators. The arrangements on board of the steamer were excellent, and the catering of Mr. Anderson, of the Merchant's New Dining Rooms, gave great satisfaction. The band of Mr. W. Phillips, as usual gave a good selection of favorite airs. The wind was barely sufficient to cause an exciting race, being rather against the hard weather boats. The following came to the starting post:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Builder.
1 (centre-board).....	cutter	3½	A. Whitworth, Esq ...	Kelley
2 (fixed keel).....	cutter	7½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.....	Owner
3 (centre-board).....	cutter	7½	J. Poole, Esq.....	Kelley
4 (fixed keel).....	cutter	7	G. Harrison, Esq.....	Owner
5 (fixed keel).....	cutter	7½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.....	Owner

The start took place at 1h. 56m. p.m., the Snake taking the lead, followed by the Charm, Glide, Mayflower, and Elfin; little difference took place in the run up Eastham of about four and a half miles, the Eastham flag boat being rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Charm.....	2	36	13	Mayflower.....	2	38	34
Snake.....	2	36	39	Elfin.....	2	38	37
Glide.....	2	37	31				

Beating was now the order of the day, and it soon became evident that the "little one" had no chance as she did not seem to hold a wind. On reaching the Cheshire shore it became evident that either the centre-board yacht had the advantage in being the best sailer, or that she took the best course, for by taking short tacks in shore she passed the Dingle flag-boat, just having gained 2m. 4s. The Snake went half way across the river, right into the Cheshire shore, in fact, so far, that they had to bear away to round the Dingle flag-boat, which was passed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Charm.....	2	31	17	Mayflower.....	6	29	30
Glide.....	2	35	47	Elfin.....	6	31	30
Snake.....	2	38	12				

From this time it became evident that barring accidents, the Charm must win, the Eastham flag-boat being rounded:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Charm.....	3	58	3	Snake.....	3	39	45
Glide.....	4	1	35	Mayflower.....	4	4	20

As the steamer had to follow and time the small yachts, the time at the Dingle boat could not be obtained; but we found on our return to them that the Charm was still leading, and the gun proclaimed her the winner by 3m. 20s., the Woodside flag-boat being rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Charm.....	4	50	57	Glide.....	4	54	40
Snake.....	4	54	17	Mayflower.....	4	56	12

The members afterwards dined at the club house, Mrs. Berry's, the Canning Hotel, where an excellent dinner was provided by the worthy hostess, the Vice-Commodore in the chair. The cups were duly presented, and the usual loyal toasts duly honored.

For the second class match three came to the post, viz:—Gadfly, J. Watkins, Bishop, builder; Hornet, W. C. Wronshall, builder, owner; Wasp, J. S. Bishop, builder, owner. The Hornet and Wasp are new, the Hornet having been built on the Dee, and having come round two days after she was launched, therefore being comparatively untried

	Eastham.			Dingle.			Finis.	
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.
Wasp.....	2	43	15	3	48	45	4	20
Hornet.....	2	43	16	3	53	44	4	23
Gadfly.....	2	50	42	4	3	30		

ITCHEN REGATTA, SOUTHAMPTON.

THIS annual *fête*, agreeably to announcement, came off on Monday last, opposite the Britannia Wharf, Northam, under the most favourable auspices of wind and weather. Although this festival is of a local character, and confined to the seafaring population of the river, it is no less attractive from the circumstance that the fishermen's yachts were sailed by the owners, who are chiefly the yacht captains in summer and fishermen in winter, and their boats are of a class superior to the so-called fishermen's boats. Such is the rivalry, that year after year there is an addition to the mosquito fleet, to make up for those which during the past year have found purchasers.

As regards the regatta this year, the preliminary notice informed us that T. Chamberlayne, Esq., had kindly headed the subscription list with a donation of £15., which was followed up by T. W. Fleming, Esq., Sir Edward Butler, and J. Turner Turner, Esq., with a "fiver" apiece; the other neighbouring gentry and residents contributing to swell the list to about £50., which amount appears to have been confided to an active working committee of a few persons in the locality, and a good day's sport was the result.

The venerable skipper, Captain Dyke, of the Old Arrow, undertook the commodoreship of the day; everything went off pleasantly and not a discontented voice was heard. As each winning boat came in, "the commander-in-chief" repaired on board the committee vessel, and then and there received his prize-money, which was duly enveloped and endorsed according to the scale he was entitled to receive. This appears to have given great satisfaction, as the recipients of the day's earnings enabled them "to do as they liked with their own"—an opportunity was thus afforded of taking their cash home to their families, or otherwise spending it where they liked—and the result was that both public and private houses were alike benefitted. We must add that the whole of the funds collected were given away in prizes.

The Henry was the starting-vessel, on board of which refreshments were provided by the landlord of the Britannia. The following is the programme:—

First sailing match, for fishermen's boats, under 22 feet, time race, 1 minute per foot, prizes, £5., £4., £3., £2., £1. 10s., and £1. Arise from the station vessel off the Britannia Wharf, round a flag-staff off Millstone Point (half a mile), thence returning down the river round the flag-boat off Weston (the residence of T. Chamberlayne, Esq.), thence to pass Southampton Pier round a boat off West Quay,

and back to the starting vessel ; twice round ; to luff round all marks to avoid danger in jibing. The following vessels started, and arrived in the following order :—

	ft.	in.	Owner.	First Round.	Second Round.
Arrow.....	21	0	W. Diaper.....	3 46 0	4 59 4
Centipede.....	21	6	T. Parsons.....	3 46 10	4 59 15
Never Flinch.....	20	6	T. Gibbons.....	3 46 30	5 2 0
Glance.....	20	0	H. Parker.....	3 47 50	5 4 35
Don Juan.....	20	0	H. Cattle.....	3 48 20	5 6 40
Quiver.....	20	0	T. Diaper.....	3 48 25	5 7 20
Morning Star.....	21	0	C. Collings.....	not timed.	disabled.

At 2h. 27m. the starting-gun was fired and a pretty start was effected, the Arrow, Glance, and Quiver, on the starboard tack, and the others on the port tack. In this manner they worked up the river to Millstone Point, and, after making a few tacks, the Arrow took the lead. Never Flinch taking a free puff off the east shore, weathered the whole of them and kept the lead for some time. Eventually she was passed by the Arrow and Centipede, and it became a neck or nothing race between these two craft ; the latter, however, contrived to luff first round the mark boat on West Quay slightly in advance of her antagonist, the Arrow, in each round ; but in turning to windward on her return to the starting vessel the Arrow managed to catch her, and regain the lead, and thus became the victor in each round, beating her opponent by eleven seconds only. The match was most exciting between these two vessels, there being a strong breeze throughout from the eastward, and the vessels were frequently sailed gunwale under.

Second Match.—Fishermen's boats under 17 feet ; five prizes, on the sliding scale, from £2. 10s. down to 10s. ; the course similar to the other, the West Quay mark vessel being omitted. The following vessels started, and returned in the following order :—That's It, D. Parker, 4h. 46m. 30s. ; Fly, C. Cousins, 4h. 48m. 25s. ; Frolic, E. Diaper, not timed ; Whim, Josiah Diaper, not timed ; Julia, J. Hunt, not timed. This was also a very exciting match between That's It and the Fly, the former winning by under two minutes ; the others were not timed.

Third Match, for boats of 13 feet, for prizes of £1. 10s., £1. and 10s. This was won by the Wish, T. Lounon, who took the lead, and kept it throughout, beating Flirt, F. Moore, by 2m. 2s., and the Blue Fly, Wild, by 11m.

Match for four-oared gigs. This was a well-contested match won by the Frolic (W. Shergold), beating in each heat the Ver-Hatcher by a length, and the Volante (Thompson) close after him.

Several minor races followed, which terminated an excellent sport. The Quiver, Don Juan, and Centipede, were new boats.

Mr. Hatcher this season, and the *Morning Star* and *Never Flinch* by Mr. Payne, which latter had been successful in many previous matches until last year, when she was beaten by the *Glance*, also built by Hatcher.

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.

THIS club, at the commencement of the season, registered 150 ordinary, and 75 honorary members. The latter, for the most part, comprise officers, &c., in the Royal Navy. The office-bearers consist of a Commodore, Vice-Commodore, Rear-Commodore, nine Stewards, and a Secretary. The number of vessels belonging to the club muster sixty-four, the smallest of which is eight, and the largest three hundred and twenty-seven tons, consisting of yawls, 7; cutters, 36; schooners, &c., 9; and screw schooners, 3; the tonnage, of which, in all amounts to three thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven tons. Amongst the yachts there are some very handsome vessels, and not a few of them are well known to be among the fastest yachts afloat. In corroboration of this statement we have only to mention the names of the following clippers:—

Oithona, 80 tons, winner of the Vice-Commodore's cup, last season, at Dunoon. *Crusader*, 30 tons, winner of the Corinthian match last year at Greenock. *Scud*, 15 tons, winner of the Club Prize last year at Dunoon. These three vessels are all new yachts, having been launched only last season, from the building yards of those enterprising builders, Messrs. Fyfe, of Fairlie. The *Cyma*, 54 tons, the well known invincible champion of the northern waters, winner of the club prizes in 1854 and 1855, may be considered the fastest vessel of her tonnage afloat. The *Julia*, 122 tons, built by Ratsey in 1853 (lately the property of Captain Peareth), winner of the Royal Yacht Squadron cup in 1853, and now belonging to the obliging and popular Vice-Commodore, John Houldsworth, Esq. The well known racers and winners of various prizes. *Stella*, 41 tons, *Coralie*, 35 tons, *Galley of Lorn* (late *Aurora Borealis*), 250 tons, and a number of others, which our space will not admit of enumerating. The *Stella*, within the last few years, has won upwards of a dozen prizes.

The following gentlemen have resigned membership:—Messrs. Robert Ewing, Greenock; John Bannantyne, Glasgow; Alexander Davison, Belfast; Peter Macnaughton, Greenock; Thomas R. Bridson, Bolton-le-Moors; Major Todd, Donegal; and William Douglas, Brighton; whilst the following have been admitted ordinary members:—Messrs. John M'Gregor, Glasgow;

S. Mills, Glasgow; Patrick J. Mills, Glasgow; John Scott, youngest, Inver Park, Greenock; John Hoxier, Dunoon; James Murray, junior, Glasgow; John Richardson, Glasgow; George Coates, Glasgow; Robert F. t., R.N., Greenock; Adam Leitch, Greenock; Peter Scott Frazer, Edinburgh; and John Donaldson, Edinburgh.

A Rear-Commodore has been elected in accordance with the alterations in rule 4th, approved of at the last general meeting. In consequence of George Middleton, Esq., having resigned the office of Secretary and Treasurer, in accordance with the alterations in rule 5th, Captain Michael M'Keane, 124, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow, was appointed to discharge the duties of that office. The following new directors have been elected :—Messrs. R. S. Robertson, William Houldsworth, Charles J. Couper, junior, William W. Hozier, and George Middleton, in room of the following who retire :—Messrs. John Bannantyne, John G. Kinnear, William West Watson, David Richardson, and J. M. Rowan. The last gentleman, as noticed in previous number, has been promoted to be Rear-Commodore.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB.

At the usual monthly meeting, held at the Globe Hotel on Wednesday evening, the 3d, at eight o'clock—Thomas Steven, Esq., in the chair—the following gentlemen were balloted for and admitted :—Alexander B. Stewart, Esq., Samuel Brown, Esq., John Wallace, Esq., Wm. Miller, Esq., William Wallace, Esq., Alexander McOuatt, Esq., George Parkins, Esq., all of Glasgow; John Croall, Esq., Greenock, and J. Anderson, Esq., Largs. Considerable activity prevails amongst the members along the coast, several new craft having been launched, amongst which we may mention Mr. Walker's Bella, 8 tons, Mr. Dickie's Armada, 7½ tons, and Mr. Ure's Lily, 3½ tons. Although the last named is only 3½ tons, we expect yet to hear of her giving some of the larger ones a close run for it. She is every inch a racer, and reflects great credit upon her builders, Messrs. Kelly and Morris. Mr. Dickie's Armada is also a very fine model, and when we take into account the fact of her being built by a non-professional builder we think he deserves great credit for attempting such a thing.

The opening cruise of this club came off on Saturday, June 13. The hour of meeting was fixed for twelve o'clock. On Friday evening and up to that hour on Saturday, the yachts came dropping in. A few minutes after twelve o'clock, the Commodore made signal for the members to assemble on board, when the course was fixed, first to make Greenock, and then to stand over to Helensburgh, and run down the shore. Upon the signal being made to get under weigh, twenty yachts flying the club ensign and burgee started; before reaching Greenock two joined company, making in all twenty-two. After rounding the hospital ship off Greenock, the Commodore bore away for Helensburgh, followed by the remainder of the fleet, keeping well together. On reaching Helensburgh, the fleet hauled their wind, and stood up for t Gareloch; upon making Rosneath Bay they were becalmed. The yacht which had to go down the river parted company here, whilst the Commodore and a few others made their way up to Shandon. This club, as our readers may be aware, was only formed at the close of last season, and this be-

their first public appearance, we were agreeably surprised to find such a large fleet assembled in Gourock Bay the 13th ult. and hope, at their next cruise, to find a considerable addition to their numbers. The first regatta of the club comes off at Largs, on the 17th of July, and we are glad to find that the club have adopted the plan of giving second prizes as well as first, and, at the same time, of such value as will induce a spirited competition.

CLIFFORD'S BOAT LOWERING APPARATUS.

It is some time since we noticed this excellent invention, and recommended it to our yacht owners. Its superiority over all others has been acknowledged by the highest naval and scientific authorities, and the continued success whenever called into use justifies us in again pressing it on the notice of yachtsmen.—This apparatus connected with White's Life Boats should be carried by all vessels, whether used for pleasure or commercial purposes. The following appeared in the *Hampshire Advertiser*.

"*Quickly Lowering Boats at Sea.*—It is so often our sad lot to have given instances where men falling overboard are lost before any assistance can be rendered when a ship is under weigh, that it gives us great pleasure to be able to give a case in which the opposite state of things has resulted, and merely through the ship being supplied with proper means of accomplishing the desired end. The case to which we refer is the Washington Irving, and which has caused a good deal of conversation on the subject at Southampton, from the fact of the vessel leaving that port, and Mr. John Waters, the pilot, being on board at the time. He states that "On the 19th he took charge of the ship Washington Irving, Captain Isaac Durant, commander, bound for Sydney, with 308 government emigrants on board. At about seven p.m., off Lepe Middle Buoy, a violent squall struck her upon the southward, carrying away the jib-boom and fore topgallant-mast. In clearing away the wreck one of the crew fell overboard; the life-buoy was at once thrown to him, and while the vessel was going through the water at about seven knots, a boat, fitted with Clifford's lowering gear, was lowered, with five hands in her, and instantly clear of the ship; in fact, so quickly was it accomplished that before the vessel was more than four or five lengths from the man the boat was in the water going to his assistance." This is the fourth instance during the last few months in which the boats of ships fitted by her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners in this way have been the means of saving life, and the same course has now been adopted by the Admiralty in all transport and service ships."

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1857.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN C. STEVENS. ESQ.,

COMMODORE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE Yachtsmen of New York, U.S., have to deplore the loss of their friend and leader (Com. Stevens.) This gentleman was well known to the yachtsmen of England as the owner of the once-celebrated *America*, (the pattern-yacht for our builders.) His countryman and friend, W. T. Porter, editor of the "*Spirit of the Times*," has penned the following Memoir, which will be read by all sporting men with deep regret at the loss of so much excellence:—

It is with infinite pain that we record the demise of this eminent citizen, distinguished alike for his genius, enterprise, wealth, and spirit. He died on Wednesday, the 10th inst. (June,) at the old homestead of his honoured father, at Hoboken, at the advanced age of seventy-two, of enlargement of the heart. No wonder, for he was a gentleman of the kindest impulses, and the most ample and generous sympathies, throughout his eventful career. And it was eventful. In the first place, he was a practical as well as a scientific engineer—his country establishment on the Hudson river, in Dutchess County, near Red Hook, was a marvel of taste and skill combined. At the same time, he was deeply interested in experiments in naval

architecture, steamboats, and railroad enterprises, in connection with his brothers, the late lamented Robert L., and the surviving James and Edwin.

At this period of his life he became connected with the turf: after Eclipse beat Sir Charles, at Washington, (the latter being lame,) in 1822, an offer was made at the Jockey Club dinner, in the evening, of a match—North *v.* South. Our old friend Walter Livingston, Esq., was the representative of Eclipse on that occasion; but Mr. Stevens, his young kinsman, overflowing with youth, ardour, and gallantry, immediately rose and challenged the South to name any horse at the post who could beat Eclipse, four mile heats, on Long Island, the following Spring for 20,000 dollars. The offer was literally, Eclipse against the world. Genl. Wynn, Col. Johnson, Genl. Ridgley, John Randolph of Roanoke, and other celebrities, took counsel of each other, and in the following May they started a most formidable stable to the North (three of which did not reach Long Island,) comprising John and Betsy Richards, Washington, Flying Childers, and Henry. Col. J., who was to manage the race, having indulged in a lobster supper, did not see it at all; his idea was, that Betsy was the most available candidate, but after a trial or two it was settled, by the parties interested, that Henry should be the champion of the South; and an excellent selection it was.

It may be rank treason to suggest such an idea; but our individual impression is, that if Col. J. had given *his* instructions to the jockey of Henry, the result would have been, "on the contrary, quite the reverse." The jockies on each horse were changed during the race: William Crafts rode Eclipse the first heat, and the late Alderman Purdey the second and third; Henry was ridden by John Walden two heats, for the third the renowned trainer, Andrew Taylor, threw his leg across the pig's skin: but it was too late. Henry clearly had the foot of Eclipse, and if he had made a waiting race of it, he must have won; he ran himself out in the first heat, and was badly managed from first to last.

Mr. Stevens brought out a great number of winners; and his brother Robert, who started only horses bred by himself, he was a great patron of breeders of blood stock. So early as 1824, he won a match of 5,000 dollars with Count Piper, and several pretty picks with Lady Jackson. But with Black Maria at a later day, he literally swept the board. She sold for 5,000 dols. when eleven years

old. The renowned Medoc he inadvertently sold at four years old for 10,000 dols. having so prized him, among other horses, to Col. Buford, the head of an Association in Kentucky, in which Mr. Clay had a large interest. About this time, he sold O'Kelly, at a long price, to go South. He won the great 44,000 dollar stakes with Fordham, and the 15,000 with Dosoris. Zela, a superb filly, won here, and afterwards was sent to Alabama, where she won three consecutive races, at four mile heats, was deemed, by Col. Johnson better for the big stake than her stable companion Fordham; either doubtless would have won it, but at the earnest solicitation of an intimate and interested friend (Col. James A. Hamilton,) Mr. S. consented to start the colt. After running Fanny Wyatt and others a campaign or two, he declined the turf, and turned his attention to yachting. He happily illustrates Cowper's idea in his pursuits, which were literally

" ————— various,
That the mind of man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty,
May be indulged."

It is a singular fact that Mr. S. and our present Gov. King, were presidents or vice-presidents of the New York Jockey Club, for a period of twenty-one years, and we had the pleasure to hear each of them, at a club dinner, decline a re-election upon the ground that they had "served their time out!" That occasion will never be forgotten by the hundred gentlemen who touched knees under the mahogany, at the elegant club-house of Capt. Branch, the now ex-Mayor of Petersburg, Va. The Hon. J. Prescott Hall, the late eminent District Attorney, was unanimously elected, and served with eminent ability for several years.

Mr. Stevens' training stable on Long Island was very extensive. He employed two trainers—William Baxter and Isaac Van Leer, the latter the subsequent trainer of Peytonia and others, for Mr. Kirkman, of Alabama. Each had a separate string. Outside of a "dirt course"—his private training ground—he laid out another of turf. Every horse left the stable for exercise, trial, or public race, it was over a large platform scale, and its weight accurately ascertained and recorded. Black Maria lost over one hundred pounds weight in a twenty mile race.

[r. Stevens was highly educated (a graduate of Columbia Coll.)

and *on paper* eloquent, while his conversational powers were delightful. He impressed by his earnest, genial, and cordial manner; and no one, a stranger to him, would have imagined in seeing or listening to him, that that plain, quiet, amiable gentleman, was about the best farmer in the State—was the first to construct steamboats and railroads in the country on a large scale—was for years at the head of the Northern Turf, the originator of Yachting, the commander of *the America* in her illustrious victory in British waters, and finally a *millionaire*, and no other than John C. Stevens! His name alone is his best eulogy!

To give a faint idea of the felicity with which Mr. S. was wont to express himself in epistolary correspondence, we quote the following highly spirited challenge from Col. Johnson, the day after Henry's defeat by Eclipse, and the excellent, humane, and gentlemanly-like answer to it by Mr. Stevens. [Eclipse, it should be recollected, was, at the time of his match with Henry, nine years old; the latter four years old].

“*Long Island, May 28th 1823.*”

“SIR.—I will run the horse Henry against the horse Eclipse, at Washington city next fall, the day before the Jockey Club Purse is run for, for any sum from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, forfeit ten thousand dollars; the forfeit and stake to be deposited in the Branch Bank of the United States at Washington, at a nameable time to be appointed by you.

“Although this is addressed to you individually, it is intended for all the betters on Eclipse, and if agreeable to you and them, you may have the liberty of substituting at the starting post, in the place of Eclipse, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the northern and eastern side of the North river, providing I have the liberty of substituting in the place of Henry, at the starting post, any horse, mare, or gelding, foaled and owned on the south side of the Potomac. As we propose running at Washington city, the rules of that Jockey Club must govern of course.

I am respectfully, yours,

WILLIAM R. JOHNSON.”

“*To John C. Stevens, Esq.*”

(ANSWER.)

“DEAR SIR.—The bet just decided was made under circumstances, which might in some measure apologise for its rashness, but we scarcely justify it as an example; and I trust the part I took in it will be considered as a proof of my intention to become a patron of sporting so extensive a scale. For myself, then, I must decline the offer. For gentlemen who with me backed Eclipse, their confidence in his superior

I may safely say, is not in the least impaired. But even *they* do not hesitate to believe that old age and hard service may one day accomplish what strength and fleetness, directed by consummate skill, has hitherto failed to accomplish.

"From Mr. Van Rast, I answer that he owes it to the Association who have so confidently supported him, to the State at large who have felt and expressed so much interest in his success, and to himself, as a man not totally divested of feeling, never on any consideration to risk the life or reputation of the noble animal, whose generous and almost incredible exertions have gained for the North so signal a victory, and for himself such well earned and never failing renown.

I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

JOHN C. STEVENS."

"*Wm. R Johnson, Esq.*"

Mr. S. was the son of Col. John Stevens, of New York, whose favorite residence was Hoboken, where he occupied—and his family continue to do so—a palatial mansion, surrounded by gardens, hot-houses, vineyards, and noble trees, worthy almost of Chatsworth or Abottsford. From its site was a magnificent view of this and our adjoining cities, the grand Hudson and our inimitably charming Bay, from the Palisades to Sandy Hook. In a secluded and romantic cove, under the shadow of the eternal hills (the Highlands), which flank the west bank of the river, within two miles of the mansion, is a sweet little lawn of greensward, which will be ever memorable as the fatal spot on which the great Hamilton fell by the hand of Aaron Burr. Two other "mortal combats" subsequently took place on the same ground.

From his father, who was a man of singular genius—who was the able and honored cotemporary of Fulton and Livingston, those pioneers, with himself, in steam navigation, Mr. Stevens inherited his fondness for experimenting in and developing the source of our late prodigious acquirements in naval architecture. The proudest day of his life," he has frequently said to us, in familiar converse, was when his father started a little steam screw propeller, about sixteen feet long, (which may still be seen at Hoboken,) with a crew of two men. His father was master, his brother Robert the engineer, and himself he fireman! They made, on the river, near five miles the hour. Since that period, the two sons referred to have built floating palaces to carry over one thousand people at the rate of nearly eighteen miles an hour. In our time, it was a good day and a half's work to get

from New York to Philadelphia; now it is done in less than five hours; thanks to the enterprise, the forethought, and the amazing scientific ability of the four sons of the venerable sage of Hoboken. It is a curious trait in the character of these four brothers, that while all were inventors, their different plans of machinery, models of vessels, &c., were submitted to Robert, whose decision was final. While James and Edwin were intent on steamboat and railroad schemes, and improvements, John and Robert found leisure to patronize music and the fine arts, to breed and train the finest horses in the State, to give an enormous impulse, by their spirit and wealth, to the advancement of Ocean navigation, and hence our clipper ships and our unmatched steamers—the pride and boast of every American with a heart in his bosom.

We have no idea at what time, neither had the subject of this notice, he commenced his nautical education. He thought it must have been a long time before Chateaubriand wrote his beautiful story of "The First Navigator." He imagined it was most likely that a shingle, with a sheet-lead kelson and paper sails, was about his first effort. Since then he has built, in conjunction with his brothers, hundreds of steamers, yachts, &c. The iron floating steam-battery, now building at Hoboken for the defence of our city, in case of invasion, was expressly ordered by Government, and the contract given to the brothers, who have already expended upon it over seven hundred thousand dollars! "It will be enough to fright the isle from its propriety."

Among his first yachts of note which we remember well, was the *Oncahye*, (in the Chippewa dialect the "Dancing Feather"): she was sold to the Government, who having employed its own constructors to tinker her up to their ideas, after she had for two years proved herself about the finest vessel of her class in the navy,—she was very naturally lost. It was not the first time the same result occurred from the same cause: there does not happen to be a second George Steers or a Stevens among the Government's Naval constructors.

After several stars of lesser magnitude; the brothers brought the *Maria*, perhaps the most splendid yacht in model, size, and speed that has ever floated over the waters of our beautiful bay. Her tions were as graceful as a bird's in the air. The *America* y beat all England, in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes 1851, commanded by the same Commodore Stevens; but before

sent *her* there, he *beat* her with his own *Maria*! Doubtless it was ever present to his mind that if John Bull *should* "fan out" Brother Jonathan in the contest, he had "another horse in his stable" who could, without a "Po'keepsie shake," give them occasion to exclaim a second time, "*The Yankees first! the others nowhere!*"

When the New York Yacht Club was established, Mr. Stevens was elected Commodore by acclamation. He built an elegant clubhouse on his grounds, exclusively for its occupation, at the Elysian Fields, from opposite which point the annual regattas commence and terminate. By his counsel and encouragement, a large number of high-toned gentlemen in this and neighbouring cities were induced to "go down to the sea in ships," constructed at their own expense, thereby exciting a feeling of emulation among the modellers and builders of this country, calculated to develop their highest energies. The members of the club now comprise over four hundred gentlemen. A few of them—veritable "Knights of the Round Table"—determined one day at a monthly club dinner at Hoboken to build something with which to give the Britishers a "turn." And they did.

A contract was made with William H. Brown, a naval constructor of New York, of distinguished ability, to build a schooner, to be modelled by the late lamented George Steers, on the following terms it is alleged:—Mr. Brown was to receive a stipulated sum as the yacht progressed. If, upon trial, she should beat the *Maria*, and afterwards win the prize cup of the Royal Squadron of England, he was to receive 30,000 dollars; if she did not achieve both events he was to refund the amount already paid him. The *America* was the result. To be sure, the *Maria* was too much for her, but the latter is sloop-rigged, and of greatly superior tonnage; yet the *America* contrived to astonish the aristocracy of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and Her Majesty herself.

Mr. Steers and a crack crew took the *America* over to Havre, where she was joined by the subject of this notice (who commanded her,) and several other members of our club, comprising Col. James Hamilton, George L. Schuyler, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, and J. Beekman Findlay, Esqrs. The regatta took place off the Isle of Wight, August 22nd, 1851, and it has been happily said that the result was a triumph for the nation; a triumph more grateful, and scarcely less illustrious than a victory on the battle field."

The *America* was subsequently sold to Lord Blaquierre, who made a cruise in her over seven thousand miles. And here we may be permitted to allude to a fact of considerable interest to the parties concerned. Before the *America* sailed, Mr. Stevens placed on board two dozen of the celebrated Bingham wine, derived from the cellar of the late Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, the father of the wife of the late English minister to the U. S., Lord Ashburton. It was more than half a century old, and the Commodore designed to drink in it the health of Her Majesty. It would appear that the Commodore's excellent wife, in "setting to rights" various little matters in relation to the outfit of the *America*, concealed these two dozen of Madeira in a secret cranny about the vessel, so that when he sold her, without his knowledge the wine went with her. He presumed that through some oversight, it must have been taken ashore, and never discovered the mistake until his return home, when he immediately wrote to Lord Blaquierre that if he would look in a certain hidden locker in the *America*, he would find some wine worth double the price of her, of course making him a present of it.

To our personal knowledge, incidents of a like character have not unfrequently occurred to the Commodore. On one occasion, he gave a large dinner at his pleasant little shooting box on Long Island, adjacent to his training stables. It was a sort of challenge, that himself, with the assistance of a lad, should prepare dinner; and he did prepare one fit for the gods. Just before soup was to be served, he ascertained to his dismay, that the silver forks, spoons, punch bowl, apple-toddy pitcher, &c., were *non est*. He was informed at length that his lady had come down two days before, and "set the house to rights." Of course, nothing was in its place, and he was finally obliged to break open half a dozen elegant pieces of cabinet furniture before he could lay hands on the vagrant requisites for his table service. But what a dinner it was!—Chateau Margaud, of the famous vintage of 1827, (almost all of which he bought through the late Dominie Lynch); and then the cooking, it would have excited a thrill in the hearts of a Ude or a Soyer, and envy in the palmiest old Lucullus.

Mr. Stevens with his brother Robert, commenced their operations in inland steam navigation about 1825. Two years after, they started the first day boat between New York and Albany, and accomplished the distance in twelve hours. Now, according to the veracious hi

rian, who immortalized himself by giving to the world a "History of New York,"—no other than our illustrious countryman Washington Irving, himself the veritable Diedrich Knickerbocker of that ilk,—the original founders of this city were wont to make their wills before embarking on a *voyage* to Albany. It frequently occupied then as much time as is now required for a trip to Europe and back.

Perhaps more than either of his brothers, Mr. Stevens was fond of all manly sports in the open air. He introduced, among other things, the game of Cricket, now so popular; and that athletic game, as well as Base Ball, are still played upon his carefully prepared grounds, at Hoboken, without charge, to any of the properly organized clubs. When he offered—over twenty years ago—a prize of 1000 dollars to any man who could run ten miles within the hour, on a given day, he was fully aware that if no competitor made his appearance, his brother Robert could do it, for he and his brother James, on a match made by the Commodore, had once walked sixteen miles in three hours, and performed various other pedestrian feats, quite worthy of our friend Anson L. in his prime. The prize referred to above was won by Stannard, over the Union Course, April 24th, 1835, before thousands of spectators; but this feat has since been eclipsed in the States and England.

Near half a century ago, the father of the subject of this sketch predicted that some of his sons would live to see carriages driven by steam, run on a railway, along the banks of the Hudson, between New York and Albany. At that time the locomotive was unknown, and it was some forty years before the prediction was verified. Col. Stevens was also the inventor of the propeller to which we have before incidentally referred. It is stated that within a few days after Fulton's paddle wheel boat made her first trip to Albany, driven by an engine built by Watt and Bolton in England, a boat driven by a steam engine and screw, planned by, and built under the eyes of of the ingenious father, and his no less ingenious sons, made her first experimental cruise across the river. "Statesmen and soldiers often save their country—such men as the Stevens's, father and sons, *make* country."

About 1828, the Camden and Amboy railroad, from this city to Philadelphia, was projected. The four brothers, Stevens, Commodore Stockton, his brother-in-law, the present Senator Thomson, and is (the Commodore's) father-in-law, Mr. Potter, of Savannah, en-

gaged in the enterprise, and its construction commenced in 1830. Although but two railroads had been previously undertaken, this was one, and has been successful to this day.

Having resolved upon following what Washington termed "the noblest pursuit of man"—agriculture, Mr. Stevens married the celebrated Miss Maria Levingston, a belle, a beauty, and a fortune—the reigning toast all the country round. They quietly settled upon his estate, in Dutchess County, and remained there several years, he developing its resources, while she, most gracefully dispensed their hospitalities, and gave him the aid of her infinite taste, in compassing the growing and the formation of many a "thing of beauty" to be "a joy for ever." As a landscape gardener, a practical farmer, a breeder of fine stock, and a patron of every manly sport, he had, even at that early day, no superior in the State. He was as proud of his farm, as Mr. Webster was of Marshfield and his oxen, or Mr. Clay of Ashland and his blue grass pastures, literally alive with the "best blood of all the Howards," in the shape of horses, sheep, and cattle. He prosecuted his rural pursuits with characteristic enthusiasm: no man on his estate wielded a scythe, or handled a sickle or plough better than himself; and then he brought to his aid a vast amount of practical and scientific knowledge; so that if he had never distinguished himself in any other walk of life, he would have been "a man of mark," as the best farmer in the country.

Mr. Stevens had the misfortune to lose his accomplished wife—a lady of rare endowments, in February 1855. He thought her an angel, while he himself was the god of her idolatry. They lived and loved together for more than thirty years, each entertaining for the other the most profound feeling of respect and affection. Long prior to the period of their deaths, both were supremely blest.

"In all which should accompany old age—

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

In April, 1856, Mr. Stevens lost his brother Robert, to whom he was tenderly attached. The latter died a bachelor, while John and his wife had no children. Robert left rich legacies to his brothers and their children. The disposition made of his property by Mr. Stevens is at present unknown to us; but he leaves a fortune estimated near two millions of dollars. The last two years of his life were sad. His double bereavement, doubtless, hastened his end.

Some ten years or more since, Mr. Stevens "took it into his

to build 'a place' at South Amboy, in New Jersey. The site was on a barren, dismal-looking pine forest, covered with sand up to one's knees. The property, if property it was, belonged to the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company: he proposed to purchase. Now, the corporation would most cheerfully have made him a present of it; but Commodore Stockton and other intimate friends interfered. The Commodore said truly, "if you *give* John this sand patch, he won't touch it: he has got some kink in his head, and let us humour it. Charge him 10,000 dollars for it, tho' it isn't worth sixpence an acre." They did so; and soon the "kink" developed itself. The ground was filled with ugly pine trees and stumps. Mr. Stevens set to work clearing this pine barren in a style quite marvellous to his neighbours. He brought to his aid an enormous locomotive engine, and with double blocks and tackle, brought down the giants of the forest in no time. It was his habit of a morning, having made fast his tackle over night to a couple of venerable stumps, to rise with the sun, get up steam on the locomotive, and then "stand from under" was the word. One or other *must* give way, and presently the doomed one sprang into the air, perhaps sixty feet, falling with a thundering crash. The freak diverted him, and brought a new excitement. After a season or two, he determined to ascertain if he could not make this New Jersey Sahara "blossom like the rose." So he built himself a superb mansion house, planted several thousand peach trees, as well as graperies in all directions, constructed an artificial lake of five acres, which he stocked with fish, and laid out some five hundred acres with such incomparable skill and taste, that this favorite country seat of his became one of the most picturesque and highly-cultivated in that State. He was shortly before his illness engaged in erecting a free Episcopal Church, a school building, a hospital, and a home at Amboy, for the accommodation of indigent widows and orphans, and others worthy of favor.

In November last Mr. Stevens removed from Amboy to Hoboken, where he died, after a few weeks' illness. He took very little interest in politics, but was a Whig in principle. His funeral was attended by a numerous train of friends:—consisting of Ex-President Van Buren and son, Governor King, Commodore Edgar and the members of the N.Y.Y.C., the mayor, common council, and the citizens generally. A man more universally respected than Mr. Stevens never existed, and his death has left a void which will be long felt, not only by friends, but deeply by his numerous old and faithful servants.

TWENTY *versus* SIXTY, OR, THE LADY *NON-SUITED*.*

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

SINCE the departure of her husband, the Countess had but twice received accounts from him, the latter of these, from a port belonging to the Cape de Verd Islands, announced that the ship in which he was in being but a dull sailer, and the season of light winds and calms having commenced, a long and tedious passage was anticipated. Instructions were given in this letter for the Countess to come out to join her husband in Peru as soon as circumstances would permit, and as when he left home the lady was said to be *enciente*, it was not considered by him possible for her to commence her voyage until he had been at least eight months from home. Now the Count had been absent just one year when his lady became a mother, and we grieve to say that if in thinking of him to whom she had (foolishly we admit) plighted her faith, so far from any affection being mixed up with her thoughts, she was puzzling her brain to devise a scheme the better to conceal the birth of a son of which it was but too evident that he was not the father. As to her friends in Seville they knew not of the circumstance, the Countess not choosing to let them know of her present whereabouts. She would however gladly have maintained a correspondence with Young Mildred, but as neither was cognizant of the other's proceedings, it would have been too dangerous to hazard written communications.

In the mean time the infant maintained its health, and, although connoisseurs in such matters would have little difficulty in declaring it to be a *fac simile* of mamma—yet it had a remarkable tendency to a carrotty pole—and as neither the Count nor his lady possessed such a vegetable appendage; the one having hair of the blackest jet, and the other scarcely any but a few grey locks, it would undoubtedly have been a glorious opening for the Scan Mag Society at Seville, could they but have seen the baby and Young Mildred together, seeing that the youth's capillary attractions stepped a trifle over the *auburn* boundary line; nevertheless, he was a handsome featured young man, at least so thought the Count— at all events he had the merit of possessing youth, and had her lot been to have wedded him instead of the Count, we have but small doubt that their union would have been blessed, and neither have stood to

* Continued from page 280.

us as they do at present—the *guilty* parents of young master “*Red pole*.”

Time now began to hang heavily on the hands of the wrecked strangers, and they looked forward to the arrival of their letters from home with considerable anxiety ; they had tried the various amusements of the city over and over again, although there were the usual modes of passing time common to cities, and all had been resorted to, the theatres, billiard-galleries, &c., &c. ; still a change was longed for, gladly therefore did they receive the announcement that on an early day the Countess would be able to receive them in her drawing-room ; it was therefore arranged that Scalpalini should come over and present them in *propria forma*—after which the young gentleman, the baby, was, as the sailors say, to have water thrown on his face and called names ; the Abbe of a neighbouring convent having consented to come to the villa and perform the ceremony ; but before this important event takes place we shall suppose the reader enabled to hear the following dialogue between the Countess and her confidential duenna—which occurred a few days previous to the before mentioned arrangements.

“ And so Bianca,” said the Countess, “ you advise me to have the baptismal ceremony gone through as speedily as possible.”

“ Indeed, Senora, I do,” answered Bianca, “ for only suppose the dear little fellow should die before it has been signed with the blessed cross and become the child of Holy Mother Church.”

“ Ah !” sighed the Countess—“ that were indeed to peril its soul, and it shall be as you say ‘*Amizo*.’—You know, dear Bianca, the secret of my guilt, and the pangs of an oppressed conscience are overwhelming me. I have been unjust to my lord ; still I cannot shake off the love I bear for him who is unlawfully the father of my child.”

“ It needs no conjuror, dear lady, to tell those who know you both who *is* the father, for one can see the lover in every lineament of the child.”

“ Hush, Bianca, for heaven’s sake ;—upbraid me not, but assist me with your counsel, how I can best conceal my dishonour from the Count ; but in that counsel attempt not to plunge me in further guilt save that of harmless concealment.”

“ Its quite certain ”—answered the Duenna,—“ that a nurse must be provided for the babe, and for the present it will have to be kept here. And as soon as you are sufficiently recovered to travel, I would advise our return to Seville, where doubtless there will be a packet from the Count determining further proceedings ; in the meanwhile, time for liberation will be afforded, and we may hit upon some expedient to actually keep the Count in the dark as to the young Senor.”

"Much as I shall suffer in parting with my child it must be as you say, Bianca," rejoined the Countess—"and may the saints grant that the separation may be only of short duration; a mother's love is strong within me, and I feel as if I could brave the world's scorn for it; but that were in all probability to embitter its future prospects."

"Dear lady," said Bianca—"thou reasonest well, and since matters cannot be otherwise amended, we must even make the best of them as they are, and with your sanction I'll get Doctor Scalpalini to provide a nurse for the young master, in accordance with the plan proposed: your note to the Abbe will doubtless ensure *his* attendance for the baptismal ceremony; make the holy father your confessor and confidant, his advice will doubtless be judicious," added Bianca.

"It will be the better plan," answered the Countess, "the Abbe shall know all; and now Bianca who shall we appoint as sponsors to my child."

"The ceremonies of our Holy Church requires but one godfather, but there can be no objection to having two, and since the young gentleman came into the world on the very night, nay, the very hour when the wrecked strangers were thrown upon your ladyship's hospitality, what if they were invited to take upon themselves this important part of the baptismal rite?"

"I know not of an objection save the chance of danger to myself, should they hereafter be thrown amongst *my* acquaintances, (friends, I will not call them): in such case my object of coming here for concealment would very likely be frustrated."

"But, my lady, you forget that you are now under an assumed name, and in speaking of you to others they cannot give a clue whilst they remain ignorant of your true title; besides, the boldness of the measure will tend to disarm suspicion as to the—(pardon me, dear lady—) illegitimacy of the child; and you can in conversing with them speak of your dear husband, and of your cruel separation from him in such terms of endearment as will further serve to blind these travellers to the real facts."

"Well, then, Bianca," answered the Countess, "be it as you propose; a message shall be sent to our guests inviting them to the baptism, appointed to take place three days hence; in the mean time I can receive the Abbe, and make a clean breast of it. There is one thing we not settled, Bianca: what is to be the name of my son?"

"If your ladyship," answered the duenna, "has not settled matter, it has not given me a moment's consideration; indeed, one *z* will serve as well as another, and if with you the question is difficu!

solve, suppose you permit the elder of the two sponsors (that is to be) to choose one. Who knows what may arise from this compliment being paid? The child's prospects in life may be greatly advantaged by his connection with a sponsor, who, for ought we know, might turn out to be both rich and powerful."

"You seem fruitful in expedients this morning," said the Countess, "I'll be content, then, abide by the name chosen by my child's god-father for him, if not objected to by the gentleman to select one, therefore nothing now remains to be done but arrange with all parties. Scalpalini shall be deputed to wait on them with the invitation, and inform the elder one that I shall be highly pleased if he will provide a name for, and become a sponsor to, my babe."

Matters being arranged, as we learn by the aforesaid conversation between the Countess and Bianca, Scalpalini lost no time in seeking an interview with the strangers; they had strolled towards the beach, and the doctor being guided by the report of their pistols, as they were amusing themselves with trying the qualities of a new purchase in firing at a target; he was not long finding them and submitting the invitation, as well as the request of the Countess. To these a ready assent was tendered, and the elder of the strangers who was to have the honour of giving a cognomen to the child, expended the afternoon of that day in selecting from the Rundle and Bridge's of that city a handsome service of juvenile plate, ordering it to be at once marked with his name, which was also to be that of the babe.

In the mean time the Countess sought an interview with the Abbe, and having unburdened her conscience to the holy father, and received from him an assurance that her son should be carefully watched over by him, he offered to find a suitable person to nurse the child, should Scalpalini find a difficulty on that head, which however was far from likely, seeing the doctor's extensive practice would enable him to find some young and healthy mother to perform the necessary functions.

WINDERMERE SAILING MATCHES.

These matches came off on Tuesday 14th and Friday 17th of July. The race on the former day was for a handsome Challenge Cup, value £45, and the latter for a Cup given by a number of ladies who take an interest in boating on Windermere. The contest this year attracted, if possible, more than usual attention on the lake, from the fact of some new boats being entered and the course having been altered so as to embrace the upper reach of the lake. Ten boats were entered:—Mr. Aufrere's Mosquito, 21ft. 0in., water line; Mr. Rigge's Rose, 17ft. 8in.; Mr. Astley's Anonyma, 22ft. 0in.;

Mr. Bush's Wild Duck 22ft.; Mr. Taylor's Ariel, 24ft.; Mr. Preston's Psyche 20ft.; Miss Meyer's Isidora, 18ft. 3in.; Mr. Fell's Heather Bell, 22ft. 0in.; Mr. Gibson's Pearl, 18ft. 0in.; Mr. Bryan's Frederica, 18ft. 4in.

The boats took their positions for the start with great punctuality, and by ten minutes past eleven got under way. The wind was from the S.W., a nice fresh wholesale breeze, improving through the day. The Mosquito, a new boat, was the first off, and having a weatherly position soon got into first place. She held her ground pretty nearly to the flag-boat at Townhead, when she was weathered by the Anonyma. The leading boats rounded this flag-boat in the following order, and with trifling difference between them: Anonyma, Mosquito, Wild Duck, Psyche, Heather Bell, Rose, &c. The Wild Duck in beating down and in a good place had the misfortune to carry away her bobstay, and the Frederica the bad luck to be dismasted. During the whole beat down the contest was of a very spirited character and exhibited some exceedingly good sailing. With nearly ten miles to run after rounding the Townhead flag-boat, the Anonyma's winning powers came into play, and before rounding at Waterhead she had gained nearly a mile on all her opponents, and was never afterwards caught. The race between the Mosquito, Psyche, Heather Bell and Wild Duck was a very closely contested one, and the fine fresh breeze in the upper lake gave them each a capital opportunity of displaying their respective powers; till entering the narrow it was exceedingly doubtful which would have had the honour of second to the Anonyma, but in the short tacks the Psyche beat both her opponents, the Mosquito and Heather Bell, and passed the winning-post at the Ferry a short distance ahead of them. The Heather Bell and Mosquito running very nearly a dead heat. On the whole the match was decidedly the best that had been sailed on Windermere, and though the laurels again went to the low end of the lake, the Mosquito did her best to retrieve the honour of Bowness Bay. Mr. Astley well deserved his success, as he both built the Anonyma and sailed her himself in this match; he has, undoubtedly, a very clever, fast boat, but we hope that many spirited efforts will be made to rob him of his prize next year, and we wish them every success.

The Ladies Cup.—This race took place on the 17th., fortunately a beautiful day with a nice fair breeze; in fact, a perfect Ladies' day. Ten boats were entered, the same as in the previous race. An admirable start was effected and all got well away but the Mosquito, which had the misfortune to carry away her bobstay when hoisting her jib. The Psyche led the way till weathered below Rawlinson's Nab by the Wild Duck and Heather Bell. The former having worked herself into a fine weatherly position took a strong lead and rounded the flag-boat at Townhead some distance ahead of everything. Heather Bell was second, Psyche, Anonyma and Rose well together. In running, the Heather Bell and Anonyma cleared the other boats and a very close race to Waterhead, gradually shortening the distance between them and the Wild Duck, till off the Wray they were neck and neck each other. Wild Duck again rounded the flag-boat first, the Anonyma Heather Bell almost together. A very interesting and exciting race.

ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

First Day June, 30th.—The lovers of “a wet sheet and a flowing sea” were afforded an ample opportunity of enjoying those dainties at the above in Dublin Bay. An excellent programme of events brought some admirable yachts from the other side of the Channel to compete with those more familiar to our own waters ; and for each of the prizes there entered a great number of craft, varying from the dignified Oithona, cutter, 80 tons, built on the model of the Cymba, to the smart little Torment of 5 tons, and the still more diminutive Will-o’-the-Wisp, of 3½ tons. But the weather was all wrong. The wind swept in from off the Channel with unrelenting severity. Dense clouds in threatening masses hung overhead, and occasionally discharged some gusty showers. The sea outside Kingstown harbour rose into angry waves, foaming and seething, and giving the lovers of the “wet sheet” enough of it and to spare. Even within the arms of the eastern and western piers it was so rough as to render it necessary to postpone the principal rowing matches, to the great disappointment of the spectators, and the chagrin of many an adventurous oarsman already attired for the occasion. The sun who had been so constant in his attentions for the last fortnight, or so, was absent all day “on urgent private business”; and to sum up the catalogue, a great majority of the spectators appeared upon the jetty and at the club in the lightest possible summer costume, and bore the chilling sea breeze, and the occasional showery interludes, with what patience they might.

From a very early hour every train on the Kingstown line was overcrowded with passengers, and every point of vantage on the piers found occupants. Rough old seamen, and retired naval officers, glass in hand, criticised the craft as they prepared for the coming struggle, or showed off their points preparatory to the start. Gaily dressed ladies, military officers, and young men impossible to describe, mingled with these, and enjoyed the regatta in much the usual style, by voting it a bore and understanding nothing about it. The harbour itself was much more animated than usual ; for the yachts and rowing boats had, with few exceptions, to confine themselves within its limits, the sea outside being much too unpleasant to be encountered, except by the heavier yachts ; and an unusual quantity of bunting was displayed to compensate for the absent sunshine, and put the leaden clouds to shame.

The front of the Royal Irish and the Royal St. George’s Yacht Club Houses were tastefully decorated with flags, and the numerous craft not entered for racing, belonging to several of the yacht clubs in the three

kingdoms, wearing their flags and ensigns, gave to the scene a most pleasing appearance. The arrangements for the several races were admirable, and the precautions which were taken by the gentlemen forming the Committee to prevent confusion or mistakes do them much credit. On no occasion for many years have the prizes to be run for at the Kingstown regatta been so hotly contested as on this, and very seldom has an opportunity so favourable occurred of trying the sailing properties of a number of vessels from different localities been brought together.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant having intimated his intention of being present, the Committee of the Royal Irish Yacht Club made every arrangement to give him a suitable reception. A part of the boundary wall of the railway in front of the Club-house was removed, and a crimson carpet laid from it to the principal entrance of the Royal Irish Yacht Club-house. His Excellency arrived by special train at half past two o'clock. He was accompanied by Lady Fanny Howard, Viscount St. Lawrence, Mr. F. Howard, (private Secretary); Captain Williams, Captain and Mr. Chaplain, General Gascoigne, and Captain Vesey, R.N., A.D.C. in waiting. His Excellency and the Viceregal party were received by Pentheuy O'Kelly, Vice-Commodore, and the other gentlemen of the committee, who conducted them to a saloon in the Club-house, where a splendid *dejeuner* was served in excellent style. At the time of His Excellency's arrival the Club-house and balconies were crowded with fashionables of both sexes, who remained up to the time of His Excellency and suite taking their departure by special train at five o'clock.

During the day the transport *Medina*, conveying the 50th Regiment who had embarked at an early hour in the morning, left the jetty under close-reefed canvas, towed out by two steamers, and as she passed the various groups of spectators she was greeted with cheers. Her lordly proportions and majestic movements contrasted finely with the graceful and nimble yachts that skimmed around her here and there as she went out between the piers, and were lost to sight behind her great hull, or stood out more boldly against her black and unadorned sides.

The sailing of the various yachts was generally excellent, and they appeared, with few exceptions, to be handled with ability. Of the first and second events only the start and finish could be seen from the shore and the high wind rendered the run out rather clumsy; but the sight of the purse of 10 sovs. for which there were ten entries, gave the great amount of enjoyment to the spectators, the course being visible throughout. The trophy was for a piece of plate, presented by the F

St. George's Yacht Club, of the value of £60, open to all yachts belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs; allowance for difference of tonnage, from 10 to 60 tons 30s. per ton, from 60 tons upwards 15s. For this race the following were entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
752	Oithona	cutter	80	J. M. Rowan, Esq.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
918	Stella	cutter	41	C. T. Couper, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, jun., Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. Patterson, jun., Esq.
416	Flirt	cutter	16	Capt. H. H. O'Brien

The wind was from E.b N., to E.N.E., quite a gale, with a nasty cross sea, at the time of starting (12h. 5m.) Oithona led the way, followed by Extravaganza; Mosquito rather hung at the start, and having the most leeward berth, a few moments elapsed ere she was fairly away,—when like the wild steed just freed from restraint she flew after her competitors, regardless of aught but victory. After passing the pier into the open sea she challenged and beat the Extravaganza; and often were they fairly bows under, the surge foaming along their decks. The Oithona, however, still kept the lead which she held throughout the race. A vessel of her tonnage stood a better chance in such tempestuous weather. Some minutes were lost by her in Candlemas Bay in looking for the flag-boat, stationed there, but which was *non est* in consequence of having carried away her mast, and the men in her for their own safety left their station.

The yachts finished the first round thus:—Oithona, Mosquito, and Extravaganza. The Stella and Cyclone having no chance, wisely hauled down their racing flags, and allowed the three clippers to contend for the honour of their country. It was Scotch against English; and our only regret was the Sister Isle was not represented by a native-built craft. Oh! my countrymen, are none of you spirited enough to build a yacht that can compete, if not conquer in friendly rivalry the cannie Scot, and Johnny Bull.

But to resume—onward dashed the bonnie barks; ever and anon ring their heads into the boiling surf, dashing the spray over their ls, and thus involuntarily skooting to *more* “than their souls desire.”

The two *little uns* were “the admiration of all observers,” as they ugged to overhaul their huge competitor; but as is mostly the case ght will be foremost, especially in such a “stiffener.” And after as

exciting a race as was ever sailed in Dublin Bay they finished thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oithona	4 43 3	Mosquito	4 58 40	Extravaganza	5 12 20

Thus the Oithona was the conqueror by 5m. 37s., independent of time allowed. The Flirt did not start.

The Oithona according to accounts received was not in her usual trim, having unfortunately in her passage to the trysting place carried away her main halliard block, her bowsprit whiskers, and received other damage. However, her performance nevertheless was exceeding good, and the same must be said of the others.

We need not recapitulate the oft told tale of who built this or that yacht, everybody knows, or at least ought to know by this time.

The second match was for a purse of Forty Sovereigns, presented by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company. Open to all yachts belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs, of 35 tons and under. A time race. Twice round the same course.

For this race the following vessels started:—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
60	Atalanta	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.
79	Banba	cutter	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
25	Foam	cutter	25	Major Longfield
628	Mabella	cutter	27	J. Graham, Esq.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	32	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
187	Crusader	cutter	30	J. Spiers, Esq.

The Atalanta got off in splendid style, but a considerable time elapsed before the other vessels got clear of their moorings and got their jibs up. The Foam while standing out of the harbour near the lighthouse, came in contact with the Holyhead steamer Telegraph, and sustained considerable damage in her hull and rigging. She had to put back, and it was only by shifting her ballast she was prevented from sinking before she reached the western harbour, where she now lies. The Vigilant took up the race after she cleared the lighthouse, and got ahead of all her competitors, waited on by the Crusader and Atalanta, the others not far off. They arrived after a splendid race, as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant	3 39 3	Atalanta	3 53 0	Banba	
Crusader	3 41 30	Mabella	3 56 0		

The Vigilant after allowing the difference of time for tons, declared to have beaten the Crusader by one minute and a half.

The third match was for a purse of Ten Sovereigns, presented

Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company. Open to all yachts of 12 tons and under. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
456	Gipsy	cutter	11	F. P. Clarke, Esq.
927	Sybil	cutter	9	T. W. Hodgens, Esq.
	Wave	cutter	8	J. Rainer, Esq.
863	Smile	cutter	11	A. Herbert Orpen, Esq.
903	Scamp.....	cutter	10	M. Creagh, Esq.
264	Dove	cutter	12	C. Putland, Esq.
102	Bijou	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
1038	Virago	sloop	12	Capt. Byrne

In consequence of the heavy weather outside, the Committee deemed it advisable to alter the course for this race, and confine it to the harbour as much as possible. The course selected was round the harbour three times, and each time to round a flag boat moored about a quarter of a mile outside the lighthouse. This race was very well contested, and from the fact of all the lively little craft being within view of the people on shore during the whole time, it excited general interest. The three first yachts arrived opposite the Club-house in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Dove	4 22 0	Bijou	4 27 0	Smile.....	4 33 0

The other yachts arrived in quick succession. After the arrival of the Bijou, an objection was made against the Dove, on the ground that her tonnage was more than had been represented. The Committee will have to decide this. One of the sailing matches of small yachts and the boat races were postponed in consequence of the roughness of the weather, and the sports terminated with a skiff race for fishermen, and a punt race. The splendid band of the Scots Greys, under the direction of Mr. Owens, performed during the day, and the club-houses and promenades continued numerously attended up to a late hour in the evening.

Second Day.—The weather, which so inopportunately tended on the previous day to mar the liberal intentions of the promoters of the regatta was all that could be desired. Many fears were expressed that this day could not prove more favourable than the preceding one, from the unpromising appearance of the morning. About noon, however, the sun showed itself with all the brilliancy of a July day, having exercised its premacy over a cold north wind, that would recall in the midst of summer all the chilling influences of dreary winter. A sharp breeze from seaward, while it was sufficient to test the sailing qualities of the

various craft, did not interfere with the enjoyment of the spectators, who witnessed from various points on land the exciting contests that were exhibited before them. The prizes offered by the Club were competed for with a spirit which has rarely been excelled in our Irish waters. It will be seen that the Oithona, victor in the principal event of the previous day, was beaten on this occasion by the Mosquito, which has once again asserted the superiority of her sailing qualities in a steady breeze.

There was a large and fashionable attendance on the terrace of the Club-house, and their enjoyment was enhanced by the excellent music of the bands of the Scots Greys and 60th Rifles, which were in attendance. A considerable concourse of persons witnessed the different matches from the piers and jetty. The fronts of the Club houses were decked out with a profusion of flags, while the harbour presented a most animated appearance, from the bunting displayed by the numerous yachts which were congregated together.

The first race was for a prize of £100, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club, the same regulations as on the previous day.

The following vessels started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, jun., Esq.
752	Oithona	cutter	80	J. M. Rowan, Esq.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. Patterson, jun, Esq.
187	Crusader	cutter	30	J. Speirs, Esq.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	32	J. C. Atkins, Esq.

The Stella, 41 tons, C. T. Couper, Esq., and Atalanta, 27 tons, H. Scovell, Esq., were entered, but did not start. The Mosquito was early on the alert, her owner and crew were determined to wipe out the disgrace of their defeat on the previous day. As soon as the signal gun for the start was fired, she slipped her moorings and had passed out of the harbour long before the other yachts. The Oithona the victor of the previous day, much to the surprise of every one, seemed unaccountably to lag, and was almost the last to leave the harbour. Extravaganza, Vigilant, Cyclone and Crusader followed the leading yacht, but at a considerable distance. The Oithona during the race overhauled the other yachts in succession, but was unable at any time to near the Mosquito, who kept the lead she had gained in the start. The Kish Li was passed in the first round of the course in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Mosquito	12	59	55	Oithona	1	3	35	Crusader	1	1	1
Extravaganza	1	2	24	Cyclone;	1	5	20	Vigilant.....	1	1	1

Shortly after rounding the Kish the Oithona came up to the Extravaganza and passed her. Vigilant lost her topmast, and consequently soon dropped astern, and during the race did not regain her position. Mosquito on finishing the first round of the course passed the flag-boat off the harbour, at about four minutes past two, and was followed by the Oithona, which was about four minutes behind her. The contest between the Cyclone and Crusader was very close, and after the first round they sailed almost abreast. The yachts passed the Commodore's vessel, the Wellington, revenue cutter, in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Mosquito	4 21 12	Extravaganza	4 30 53	Crusader	4 35 0
Oithona.....	4 23 0	Cyclone	4 34 32		

The Vigilant was not timed. The winning yacht was received with loud cheers from the spectators on the piers: she was the first in by a minute and a half, although she would have won the prize even had she been ten minutes behind the Oithona, who was obliged to allow her that time for the difference of tonnage. The weather was most favourable to the Mosquito, which it is said, has never been beaten in a steady breeze except by the Oithona on the first day of this regatta.

The second race was for a purse of Thirty Sovereigns, presented by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company. Open to all yachts belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs, of 25 tons and under; time race—twice round a short course. The following vessels started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
568	Kelpie	cutter	22	Rev. T. A. Robinson
79	Banba	cutter	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
863	Smile	cutter	11	A. Herbert Orpen, Esq.
416	Flirt	cutter	16	Capt. H. H. O'Bryen
1058	Waterlily	cutter	24	J. Mulholland, Esq.

The Kelpie led from the commencement to the finish of the race, and increased her distance considerably at the conclusion. The contest between the Banba and Flirt was the closest we have ever seen. The three vessels timed arrived at the finish with a light breeze, as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kelpie	5 16 8	Banba	5 32 10	Flirt	5 32 14

The Banba having to allow Flirt 2 minutes for difference of tonnage, the latter boat, as a matter of course was second.

The Foam had been entered for this race, but in consequence of the mishap on the previous day she did not start.

The third Sailing match was for a purse of £10, for all yachts of 12 tons and under, for which were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
528	Gazelle	cutter	6	N. A. Hamilton, Esq.
927	Sybil	cutter	9	J. W. Hodgens, Esq.
	Wave	cutter	8	J. Rainer, Esq.
264	Dove	cutter	12	C. Putland, Esq.
102	Bijou	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
1038	Virago	sloop	12	Capt. Byrne

The Bijou held the lead throughout, and passed the Commodore's yacht at 7h. 52. 20s. The other yachts were not timed, the Sybil which arrived second did not come into the harbour until about nine o'clock.

There was a fourth race for a purse of Five Sovereigns, open to yachts not exceeding 6 tons. The following started:—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
657	Medora	schooner	4½	J. Leckey, Esq.
971	Temeraire	schooner	4½	G. O'Grady, Esq.
960	Torment	cutter	5	J. Todhunter, Esq.
809	Pico	schooner	5	St. George Smith, Esq.
	Will-o'-th'-Wisp	schooner	4	E. Falkner, Esq.

The start for this race did not take place till near 5 o'clock, and the Torment which came in first, did not arrive till about 9h. 20m. She was followed by the Medora, Will-o'-the Wisp and Temeraire.

The breeze having moderated sufficiently to allow of a gig race, a match for twenty sovereigns was got up between the Dublin and University Clubs. Owing to some mishap, immediately after starting, the boat of the former withdrew from the race, leaving the prize without a contest to the University.

At about 10 o'clock there was a grand display of fireworks from a barge moored in front of the Royal Irish Yacht Club-house. Crowds arrived by the several trains from Dublin to be present at the display, which went off brilliantly, and added much to the credit of Mr. Kirby, of Sackville Street, under whose management they were got up by the direction of the Committee of the Royal Irish Yacht Club. During the day and in the evening a large number of visitors and friends of the members of the Club were most hospitably entertained at the Club-house. The viands were of the richest description, and spoke well for the nary arrangements of the establishment.

PEMBROKE DOCK ROYAL REGATTA.

THE excellent arrangements of last year were so satisfactory to the yachtsmen, that a flotilla of some note attended on July 7th last, to compete for the several prizes, which the committee, ably assisted by G. Arber, Esq., had succeeded in raising. They had also received a letter from Col. Phipps, stating on behalf of her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, their willingness and pleasure to become patrons of the regatta, and this condescension gave an additional impetus to the lovers of aquatic sports.

The local patrons for the present year were, the Right Hon. the Earl of Cawdor, Captain Smart, R.N., K.H., and Colonel Raymond. The Stewards—Lieutenant-Colonel Marriott, R.A. ; Captain Glynn, R.N. ; John Adams and James Thomson, Esqrs.

The weather for several days prior had been so very boisterous that great fears were entertained for the successful issue of the *fête* ; but the morning of the eventful day opened gloriously with a stiff breeze from the N.N.W. Numerous groups of pedestrians and equestrians were early wending their way to the shores of the Haven of Milford. The railroad and steamers also brought some thousands of holiday folk to participate in these maritime sports.

About half way across the harbour was moored the Government vessel, the Quail, Mr. Ivemy master, decorated with bunting from the mast-head to the water's edge, and which was the committee boat for the day. The Government hulk, the Hope, being stationed somewhat lower down, was set apart for the fair sex, with the addition of the band of the Dockyard Battalion. The whole appearance was splendid. At anchor in the harbour, gaily decorated with flags, were the Extravaganza, 48 tons, Sir Percy Shelley, Bart. ; the Harlequin (schooner), 80 tons, C. Penrose, Esq. ; Iris (schooner), 32 tons, G. O'Neill, Esq. ; Le Reve (schooner), 40 tons, Jas. Thomson, Esq. ; Challenger, T. Barnes, Esq., and several others, including the Government steamers, gaily decorated, as well as the Irish steamers and the whole of the merchantmen ; ten o'clock being the hour named for the rendezvous on board the committee boat, and at that hour the owners of the competing yachts attended on board to draw for places.

The first match was for the Prince of Wales Cup, value Fifty Guineas cutters of 25 tons and upwards, belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. The race :—half-a-minute per ton up to 50 tons, and a quarter of a

minute beyond that. Three to start or no race. The following yachts started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
697	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Groves, jun., Esq.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	33	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
95	Blue Belle	sloop	30	S. Padley, jun., Esq.
596	Leander	cutter	31	H. J. Bath, Esq.
527	Emmet	cutter	32	E. Gibson, Esq.

The course was from off Hobbs Point, round Lewis Buoy, back round a boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, down round the Stack Rock (keeping all the marks named on the starboard hand), and back to the place of starting to win.

At 11h. 50m. the gun for the start was fired, and they all got off well together, but the Emmet with a slight lead, which she continued to keep until having to tack to clear the Caris rocks, she unfortunately carried away her main halliards—the sail coming down with a run: however, nothing daunted, the nimble crew, feeling that the honor of their pet was in jeopardy, “set to with a will,” and with the aid of reef tackle and trysail sheets up went the sail once more; but, notwithstanding their smartness it occupied several minutes ere she got fairly into her former speed. During this mishap the Mosquito passed her, but the others still remained in the rear. The Leander shortly after starting carried away her main halliard block, and retired from the contest. The Emmet perseveringly followed the leviathan, and although she could not over-haul her, still she was winning—they rounded the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Mosquito.....	2 32 0	Vigilant	2 57 0
Emmet	2 39 0	Blue Belle	3 6 0

The Mosquito ere she rounded was baffled by one of the rowing gigs which compelled her to luff, and thus she lost a minute or so. The wind now freshened considerably—they dashed onwards to the completion of the race, and notwithstanding the Emmet could not overtake her antagonist, yet she has proved a craft that must not be sneezed at by any other afloat of her tonnage. She gained 20 seconds after rounding the boat at Pembroke Ferry, and it is not impossible that she would not have been first, had not the accident happened at the start. However, her performance this day must silence the croakers as to Wanhill's build. The race as respects the Mosquito and Emmet very exciting throughout, and terminated thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Mosquito.....	5 11 50	Emmet	5 18 30

The latter had to receive 11m. 15s. from the former, therefore she was declared the winner, with 4m. 35s. to spare. Both vessels were remarkably well-sailed, and there can be no doubt but the *Emmet* exerted themselves to take the *sting* out of their celebrated rival. This, we believe, is the second race the *Emmet* has been engaged in; her first appearance being at the Thames match, when she was forced to succumb to the *Mosquito*, but like the *Extravaganza* was condemned before a trial, and like her, she has also deceived the "*knowing-ones*."

The Schooner race for which a handsome prize had been provided did not fill.

The next race was for a Cup, value Twenty Guineas, for yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. Time race; three quarters of a minute per ton. The following yachts entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
381	Flirt	cutter	8	R. Battley, Esq.
987	Vesper.....	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
416	Flirt	cutter	16	Capt. H. H. O'Pryen

The course was down round the Stack Rock, back round the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, down round the Stack Rock (keeping all the marks on the starboard hand), and back to the place of starting to win.

The gun fired at 12h. 43m., when the *Vesper* and small *Flirt* got immediately under weigh. It was some time before the other *Flirt* could get her mainstail up, owing to one of the blocks being foul. However, she pursued the same course as the *Emmet* in the other race, but off the dockyard she was obliged to cast her boat adrift, and on reaching the Caris however the *Vesper* was greatly ahead. On rounding the flag-boat moored off the Ferry, the *Vesper* got round at 3m. 42s., and the *Flirt* at 3m. 44s., evidently showing the superiority of the vessel. In going the second time round the course the wind freshened, and the *Flirt* arrived off the winning vessel 6h. 33m. 38s., and the *Vesper* at h. 36m. 40s., the *Flirt* winning by two minutes. The small *Flirt* did not put in an appearance for some time after. This last *Flirt* is the yacht which won the Prince of Wales Challenge Cup last year on the Thames, then the property of the much lamented A. J. Young, Esq.

The next race was for a Cup, Value Ten Pounds, for sailing-boats—

open, half-decked, or decked—of nine tons and under. Time race of one minute and a half per ton.

Round the Amphitrite, back round the boat moored off the Pembroke Ferry, down round the Amphitrite (keeping all the marks named on the starboard hand), and back to the place of starting to win.

Boats' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Foam	7	Oliver Lang, Esq., Pembroke Dock
Freak	6	Capt. Allpass, Milford
Sylph	4	J. B. Harries, Esq., Milford

These boats started at four minutes after one o'clock. The Freak went round the boat at Pembroke Ferry at 19 minutes after four, and Sylph at 22 after four. The second time the Freak arrived at the winning vessel at 58 minutes and 44 seconds after five o'clock—the Foam at 10 minutes after six, and the Sylph at 35 minutes after.

The fifth match was by open sailing-boats of 25 feet and under. Time race; one minute and a half per foot.—First prize, £3. 10s. Second Prize, £1.

Round the Wear Buoy, up round the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, down round the Wear Buoy, and back to the starting vessel.

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Boats' Names.	Owners.
Rocket.....	E. Chawner, Esq.	Margaret Louisa	Mr. J. Evans
Dolphin	Col. Marriott, R.A.	Gannymede	Mr. J. George
Ida... ..	Mr. Yerward		

All these boats belonged to Pembroke-dock.

This was a very admirable race, and on occasions excited a lively interest as to which would be the winning boat, but the Margaret Louisa was first at the starting vessel, and consequently won the prize. Second prize won by the Dolphin.

The next was a rowing match by Six Oared Gigs, manned by mechanics only, not to exceed 35 feet in length.—First prize, £8. Second prize, £2.

Round the Carr's Beacon, up round the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, down round the Carr's Beacon, and back to the starting vessel. Undine, Mr. R. Saunders; Miller's Maid, S. Thomas; Water Lily, D. Evans; Arrow, G. Cole.

This was an admirably contested race. The boats started in order, and as they passed the "Quail" on their return to the Carr's Beacon, the Arrow and Water Lily were almost in a line. The Arrow was slightly in advance. The Mosquito yacht, however, on her

ward course, tacked so as to run between the Arrow and the Water Lily, thus giving the former a considerable advantage. But notwithstanding this, and another untoward circumstance, the Water Lily came in the winner. She was followed closely by the Arrow. An objection was raised against the second boat that she was pulled by ferrymen, but the objection was not entertained by the stewards.

The next match was for Ships' or other Working Gigs of 24 feet and under.—First prize, £4. 10s. Second prize, £1. 10s.

Round the Carr's Beacon, up round the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, and back to the starting vessel. Gipsev, D. Craigie, Esq., R.N.; Zephyr, R. Saunders; John, H. Jones.

There was some considerable dissatisfaction expressed by the boatmen of one boat, in consequence of another boat running which they did not approve of. They were offered to change boats which they at first did, and then were equally dissatisfied and went back to their own. The result was that the Zephyr went round the course alone, and won the prize with no competitors.

Then followed the race between Four Oared Gigs, not to exceed 30 feet in length.—First prize, £6. Second prize, £1. 10s.

Round the Red Buoy, up round the boat moored off Pembroke Ferry, round the Red Buoy, and back to the starting vessel. Sprite, G. Owen; Miller's Maid, S. Thomas; Water Lilly, D. Evans; Arrow, G. Cole;

On starting the Sprite got foul of her buoy, and did not run. The race was between the Miller's Maid and the Water Lily. The first named boat won followed closely by the Water Lily.

A race between Skiffs, two men and a coxswain.—First prize, £2. 10s. Elfyn, J. Davis; Saudling, D. Evans; Annie, W. Burwood, Esq.; Lotus, Master Smart.

Won by the Annie, followed closely by the Lotus.

Four Oared Gigs race, rowed by gentlemen amateurs, and not to exceed 30 feet in length.—Prize Cup, value 10 guineas.

This was the great race of the day, upon which excitement, if not bets, depended. Two boats only started—the Nautilus, having a pink flag, and pulled by Messrs. Burdwood, Keys, Harwood, and Newby, and steered by Lieutenant Gillies, and the Miller's Maid, with white flag, pulled by the officers of the garrison. The Nautilus won easily—the other boat giving up half-way. We understand that the Nautilus was built at Plymouth, and the Miller's Maid at Pembroke-dock.

Next a race by Cutters, ten oars and under.—First boat to receive £7, second boat £3. Rose, W. Owen; Flower, J. Jones; Saturn, Mr. Bird, started.

This was a very hotly contested race, and won by the *Saturn*, with the bow of the *Rose* touching her rudder.

An amusing Duck Hunt finished the aquatic sports.

The regatta dinner took place at the Victoria Hotel. It was announced to be on the table at 7 o'clock, but in consequence of the business of the regatta not terminating till after 7, the dinner did not commence till past 8. Upwards of 50 guests sat down to a very sumptuous entertainment provided with all that skill and taste for which the good hostess of the Victoria is famed. The chair was taken by John Adams, Esq., of Holyland, and the vice-chair by James Thomson, Esq., of Milford.

Amongst the guests assembled to celebrate the regatta we noticed—Col. Marriott, R.A.; Lieut. Wetherly, R.N.; Sir Percy B. Shelley, Bart.; E. Gibson, Esq.; A. F. Ridgway, Esq., London; G. A. Bevan, Esq.; William Thomas, Esq.; Captain Rees, Tenby; Capt. Curtis; Morgana, Esq., Tenby; De Winter, Esq., Tenby; D. Mac Farlane, Esq., Tenby; Capt. Byrne; Capt. Jackson; Lieut. Ridgway, 94th.; Robert Harwood, Esq.; W. Campbell, Esq., R. Bonniwell, Esq. jun.; J. Treganna, Esq.; Mr. G. Warlow, Kingswood; Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Braham.

After the removal of the cloth and the drinking of the healths of the Queen and the Prince Consort, the chairman said that he had then to propose a toast to which he desired to call their best attention, and for which he demanded their best approval. It ought perhaps to have accompanied the one which he had just proposed, but as the circumstances in which they were then enjoying the pleasures of that regatta feast would call prominently to mind the personage whose health he was about to propose, he would take occasion to propose the health of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Ordinarily the name of the Prince of Wales is coupled with the Prince Consort and the rest of the Royal Family—they are joined together in union fit emblem of that harmony which is said to pervade the Royal household—but when he looked at that cup, presented by his Royal Highness as the first prize at their regatta, he could not but think of him as their Prince—their Prince of Wales, to whom he would propose long life, health, and prosperity.

The toast was drank with rapturous applause.

The Chairman said he hoped that the lungs of the gentlemen present had recovered from that temporary exhaustion under which they must have suffered from the enthusiasm with which they had honoured his former toast. He said he hoped so because he believed a similar exhaustion must take place which he was then about to give. He was about to propose the Arm, Navy, but he deeply felt that the voice of a private individual was not sufficient to estimate rightly or to do justice fully to those immortal actions of army and navy, and which have rendered the two services so dear to the hearts of Englishmen. Those services are chronicled in the page of country—they are written in indelible characters in the memory of

countrymen. He then at some length reviewed the exploits of both army and navy, from the time when Kentish bowmen first bent their bows on the well foughten field of Cressy down to the recent undying exploits of the army before Sebastapol—from the time when the brave Howard of Effingham led the fleet of England against England's foes down to Nelson, whose watchword awoke in the hearts of all the feeling that "England expects every man to do his duty," and the army and navy he (the chairman) said had done their duty, and thanked them most humbly for so doing.

Colonel Marriott returned thanks on behalf of the army, and Lieutenant Weatherly on behalf of the navy.

The chairman next proposed the health of the local patrons, and in doing so said, that when they had a thing in hand which they wished to see finished, it afforded them great pleasure to see some powerful men coming forward to assist them in their—he would not say small but—gigantic undertaking. He said he would now call their kind attention to a toast which he had very great pleasure in proposing, and he was sure they would respond to it most heartily. He wished to propose the healths of those gentlemen who had won the prizes that day, and if they would only come up to him in single file he should be most gratified in giving over to them the prizes they had so richly won.

The successful competitors in the various races then went up to the chairman, who addressed each one in a neat and appropriate speech, giving to him at the same time the prize he had won. To Mr. Gibson of the Emmet, the winner of the £50 cup, he said,—“and you Mr. Gibson, will prize this cup not any the less because it is given to you through us by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. You have won it, and won it too, from a powerful foe, and this enhances the value of your victory. For the merit of conquer is always increased if we win against a powerful and mighty opponent, and this you have done.”

Messrs. Gibson, O'Bryen, Harwood, and others of the successful competitors, returned thanks.

James Thomson, Esq., proposed the health of the unsuccessful candidates, which was responded to by G. A. Bevan, Esq., of the Vesper.

The chairman next proposed the health of the visitors, and especially naming Sir Percy B. Shelley, and A. F. Ridgway, Esq. He highly praised Mr. R. for his laudable and practical efforts to develop the resources of Pembrokeshire. He said that on no one occasion, whenever an opportunity offered, did Mr. R. hesitate to bring before the commercial public the paramount claims of their own Milford Haven, in as powerful—as truthful—as convincing a manner as it was possible to do.

Sir Percy Shelley returned thanks in a short speech. He said he was no orator—that he never made a speech in his life, but he could thank them the same, which he did.

Mr. Ridgway said that he supposed it would then devolve upon him to turn thanks for the toast on behalf of the other visitors, and in doing so, would express his pleasure of seeing there that evening a gentleman whom

he once before met, and with whose lady he was somewhat acquainted. He thought Sir Percy had heard the name of Ridgway before now.

Sir Percy Shelley—Certainly, I have.

Mr. Ridgway then said he was glad to see so influential a man coming such a distance to be present at their regatta sports and dinner that day. He himself had come down to this part of the country, partly to recover his health,—but chiefly because he was born here, he loved his country, and, therefore he availed himself of the opportunity of this regatta to come once more and visit his native place. Nelson had truly said, as they were reminded by the chairman that "England expects every man to do his duty," but how do the inhabitants of Pembrokeshire fulfil the signal of Nelson? why, by simply doing nothing at all. It is no shame for a man because he has sprung from a poor ancestry; but it is shame for him not to seek the prosperity of his own country, and to do all in his power to develop the interests of that country. He very earnestly regretted that the inhabitants of Pembrokeshire did not do what they ought, and what they could do in this matter. Certainly the inhabitants of Pembroke Dock had done well that day in connection with the Regatta, but he urged them and all in the neighbourhood to do more. Never to rest until they had got steam power plying into their famous haven, and steam power on its banks. There is no port—that they may depend upon—to equal Milford in accommodation and capacity, and he contended that it should be, and must eventually be, the great port for exports. Manufacturers will find in time that it is to their profit to convey with the least possible delay and cost, their articles from the place of manufacture to the place of shipment. He maintained that Milford Haven is capable of becoming what Liverpool now is. Liverpool never had its advantages and facilities. It has indeed everything at its command, but a due and combined effort on the part of the people in the county of Pembroke, and this he was sorry to say it had not. There is amongst them a lack of energy, a lack of determination—a lack of perseverance; but he hoped that the days of supineness and culpable sloth had passed away, and that a better time was coming.

Dr. Thomas proposed the health of the Stewards, which was responded to by Mr. Adams, who, however, gave all the praise of the management and success of the Regatta to their Secretary, Mr. Arber.

Mr. J. Thomson proposed a bumper in honour of the Committee, highly extolling it as a business-like hard-working Committee. He should certainly exclude the name of Mr. Arber from this toast, because he richly deserved his health to be drank alone. He would couple with the toast therefore the name of the Treasurer, Dr. Thomas.

Dr. Thomas returned thanks.

Mr. Thomson then proposed the health of the Secretary, Mr. Arber, stating that if the gentlemen present had only seen the hard-working &c he (Mr. Arber) had spent in bringing the regatta to this successful result they would all with enthusiasm toss up their glasses in honour and praise Mr. Arber. He as a steward was quite sure that his brother stewards =

agree with him when he said that a more hard-working good and jolly Secretary than Mr. Arber it was impossible for them to have.

Mr. Arber briefly returned thanks, stating that he would give them a practical proof of his gratitude by at once sending round to them the Subscription list for the next year's regatta.

Mr. Thomson next proposed the health of the chairman, which was responded to in a neat speech by that gentleman, and after one or two other toasts had been proposed most of the company left the dinner table to go to the ball.

ISLE OF MAN REGATTA, DOUGLAS BAY.

THE regatta this year was not of that brilliant nature that rendered last year's one of the first of the season, both as regards numbers and first-rate matches. This year was shorn of much of its usual brilliancy, by the strong northerly gales which prevailed on Monday night and Tuesday; this no doubt prevented many yachts from attending. The regatta was advertised for the 7th and 8th ult., but it was deemed advisable to postpone it till the 9th and 10th, to enable several yachts which were expected to race, an opportunity of arriving.

First Day.—The wind had considerably abated, and left a fresh breeze N. W. just sufficient to allow the competing vessels to carry their "full suit." The bay was alive with bunting from some score of yachts, amongst which were the Nimrod, Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear-Commodore, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; Oithona, J. M. Rowan, Esq.; Cyclone, W. J. Patterson, jun., Esq.; Blanche, T. M. Dunlevie, Esq.; Osprey, Col. Lord Burghley, M.P.; Crusader, J. Spiers, Esq.; Alma, W. H. Daniel, Esq.; Stella, Charles Tennant Couper, Esq.; Kelpie, Rev. T. Robinson; Mabella, J. Graham, Esq.; Starling, screw schooner, J. Greenall, Esq.; Sea Dove, Thos. Nicholson, Esq.; Nina, E. Dobson, Esq.; Dart, J. G. Griffith, Esq.

The first race was for the Isle of Man Cup, value Fifty Sovereigns, which brought the following yachts to their moorings.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
7	Crusader.....	cutter	28	J. Spiers, Esq.
2	Oithona.....	cutter	75	J. M. Rowan, Esq.
1	Cyclone.....	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, jun., Esq.
1	Stella.....	cutter	42	C. T. Couper, Esq.

At seven minutes to one o'clock the starting-gun was fired, and the
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Stella led the little fleet from the buoys, with the Cyclone, Crusader, and Oithona in close attendance. After rounding the Eastern flag-boat the Oithona challenged for the lead and overhauled the Crusader, Cyclone and Stella, taking first position. There was a nice fresh breeze at N.W., just enabling the vessels to carry whole canvas. They reached the flag-ships on the first round in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oithona	3 29 55	Stella	3 35 45
Crusader.....	3 34 50	Cyclone	3 40 25

On going out the second round the wind fell lighter, and the sternmost vessels overhauled the Oithona; however on reaching the Northern flag-boat she again began to leave them. After rounding this boat the Oithona tacked, as also did the Stella; the Crusader and Cyclone held on somewhat further. To all appearance at this period Oithona had the race, but the Stella tacked down the bay and caught a slashing breeze, and after a very pretty race the vessels arrived at the flag-ship as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Oithona	6 46 0	Cyclone	7 0 24
Stella	6 50 12	Crusader	7 12 0

The allowance of time for tonnage being 12 seconds on the short course, the Stella was declared the winner. The Crusader and Cyclone ran out of the wind to the northward, and were for a short time nearly becalmed.

The sailing match for a Purse of Twenty Sovereigns by yachts of and under twenty tons, did not take place, owing the non-arrival of the Banba, Charm, and Dove. Nor did the rowing match for the Douglas Cup for twenty sovereigns come off, as the conditions of the race excluded all the new row-gigs belonging to the port.

The next was to the majority of spectators the most interesting feature of the whole Regatta. It was a Rowing Match for a Purse of Ten Sovereigns, between gigs not exceeding 30 feet keel, rowed by amateurs. Five boats were entered for the race, the crews consisting of young mechanics of the town. Their rowing was much admired, and showed much skill as well as spirit and endurance. The course was from the Committee's boat near the Little Head round a mark half a mile to the north of Connister, returning on the opposite side of the rock to the which they went, and round the Commodore's yacht to the flag-boat. Five boats ran, namely:—Lhiannan Shee, Richard Cowle; Black F John Bridson; Mosquito, W. M. Curphey; Hawk, E. Cowin; Excel W. Shammin.

The boats arrived at the winning mark in the following order

1 Mosquito ; 2 Black Bess ; 3 Lhiannan Shee ; 4 Hawk.

This finished the aquatic sports on the first day, for the race announced for Pilot Boats did not take place.

Second Day.—The race was for the Welcome Cup, value Thirty Sovereigns, open to all yachts belonging to Royal Yacht Clubs, winner of the Isle of Man Cup excepted. Although six yachts were entered for the race, only three started, namely :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
187	Crusader.....	cutter	28	J. Spiers, Esq.
568	Kelpie	cutter	22	Rev. T. Robinson

At the starting gun these little clippers got away beautifully together, the Cyclone gradually showing in advance, Crusader second, with Kelpie well up. On the first rounding the Crusader came to grief and carried away her topmast, but, nothing daunted, she soon had all to rights, and led round the flag-ship in the first round. After a beautifully sailed race the little Kelpie would not be denied, and went in a winner, beating her opponents on time. They arrived in the following order and times :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Kelpie	7 12 0	Cyclone	7 12 55	Crusader	7 54 55

The next race was for all open pleasure boats belonging to the island, for a Purse of Ten Sovereigns ; a time race. The boats which entered the list for this contest were the Fidget, W. Cowle ; Bloomer, W. Quirk ; Vision, W. Nugent ; Frolic, — Bruce.

These pleasure boats started about half-past one o'clock, went once round the course, the Vision taking the lead and coming in a long way ahead.

The beaten boats in the Gig race on Thursday, viz., Lhiannan Shee, Black Bess, and Hawk, then ran for a Purse of Five Sovereigns, which was won by the first named boat.

The rowing match for the Ladies' Cup of Twenty Sovereigns, for our Oared Gigs, not exceeding 30 feet keel, to be rowed by amateurs, took place. This race had been appointed for two o'clock ; but only one boat presented itself at that time for the contest, namely, the Lhiannan Shee. At a later hour in the afternoon, the Lhiannan Shee, Hawk, and Telegraph started. The *Sun* says that " at the start the

Hawk took the lead and went at a high speed, but was headed at Con- nister by the Lhiannan Shee, and a foul took place." The Hawk gave up the race and returned to enter a protest that the Lhiannan Shee had wilfully fouled her, but afterwards went round the course. The other two gigs continued the race, and the Lhiannan Shee came in first by a considerable length. A second heat was not run, as the Telegraph contended to be the only gig which was not disqualified, and therefore claimed the prize. The point was reserved for the decision of the general committee. The opinions expressed relative to the circumstances under which the Hawk withdrew from the contest vary considerably, and appear to depend entirely on the observer's position. It appears somewhat singular that the "fouling," asserted by the Hawk's crew to be wilful, took place during the first heat, and that too by the leading boat ere a fourth of the distance to be run had been accomplished. The inference deducible from the Hawk's statement has since been publicly repudiated by the Lhiannan Shee, in a challenge to run the former for £20. aside.

The Harbour Boatmen rowed in the next race, which was for Gigs not exceeding 30 feet keel; prize, a Purse of Five Sovereigns. The Mosquito, Black Bess, and Lhiannan Shee were again brought into competition, and in the first and second heats the Black Bess defeated the Mosquito. The Lhiannan Shee came in third the first heat, and did not engage in the second.

This race was followed for Yachts' Punts, prize, £2. to the first boat; 15s. to second, and 5s. to third. The Osprey's punt beat the Mabella's (2nd) and the Blanche's with ease.

A Purse of Five Sovereigns for Manx four-oared Pilot Boats, not exceeding 20 feet keel, was then rowed for. Three boats, with hardy crews, entered, and in both heats came in as follows:—No. 3 Pilot Boat; No. 7 do.; No. 4. do.

The rowing arrangements were carried on by Duncan Lewin, Esq., and E. Moore, Esq., R.W.I.C., who discharged their arduous and trying duties with an energy worthy of all praise. The sailing committee also conducted their arrangements in such a manner as to cause everything to work well. Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear Commodore of the Royal Western Irish Yacht Club, in particular, did a great deal to promote the success of the Regatta, and, in addition, hospitably entertained a circle during both days on board his yacht the Nimrod, which was flag-ship, and also in the steamer Wallace. The experience of V Cooper, Esq., secretary of the R.W.I.Y.C., in all matters connected with regattas, was cordially given and of great service in promoting the success of the Regatta.

The Ball was held on the Wednesday at the Castle Mona, on the

day evening, there was a horse race on the sands, and at night a display of fireworks from Connister rock; a long continued ascent of rockets and explosive combustibles of various kinds took place, illuminating the Tower of Refuge, and indeed the whole of the bay. The yachts and steamers at anchor in the bay materially added to the display by sending up rockets, and burning blue lights, and other combustibles, which at times illuminated their every rope and spar. On Saturday the members of the Royal Western Yacht Club, and of the Committee, entertained the ladies of the island to a pic-nic at Peel Castle, where the festivities of the week were brought to a conclusion.

KING'S LYNN REGATTA.

At early morn of the 9th of July, numbers of the "country folk" might be seen wending their way to the ancient town of Lynn, wherein all was bustle and activity. One of those *national sports* in which all classes delight to participate was announced for this day, and the hour of starting being four bells a.m., explained the true cause of so much anxiety being depicted in the pretty faces of the lovely daughters of the Norfolk yoemen. The sun was shining brightly, and Old Boreas had consented to be congenial for once, therefore issued a gentle breeze from N.N.W., which wafted the yachts (dressed in a profusion of bunting) to and fro.

The first race was for a Purse of Fifteen Sovereigns for yachts and pleasure boats of any description. First boat, £10.; second boat, £5.; three to start or no second prize. Half a minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. For this the following yachts were entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
345	Fairy	cutter	25	W. H. Lewin, Esq.
384	Eagre	cutter	22	Captain Bacon
1098	Wild Duck.....	cutter	31	F. Cresswell, Esq.

The course was from Common Staith Quay, round the Lynn Well, returning to the Roads, and rounding the Fairy steamer stationed there with a "blue peter" at her mast head as the winning point.

The start took place at 8h. 14m., a.m., and was a capital one, the boats getting away well together. The Wild Duck, however, had the advantage and the Eagre was rather sluggish. All went on well, and the Whiting beacon was passed at 10h. 16m. The wind to this point

being a head wind, the capabilities of the yachts in beating down were put to the test, and in doing so the Wild Duck evinced her superior qualities, being about half a mile ahead of the Fairy, and three miles ahead of the Eagre. After leaving the Whiting the wind (which continued from the same quarter throughout the day) was a leading one, and the Wild Duck, for want of canvas, lost much of her advantage. In performing the twelve miles from the Whiting to the Float, the boats got so near together again that they all rounded the Light ship within one minute of each other ; thus :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wild Duck ...	11 36 0	Fairy.....	11 36 40	Eagre.....	11 36 55

The Wild Duck still maintained her place for some considerable distance homeward, but eventually dropped astern, from the cause before noticed. But the race was an extremely close one throughout, as will be seen from the fact that the yachts rounded the committee's steamer, opposite the Thief Beacon, as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Eagre	1 45 45	Fairy	1 49 0	Wild Duck	1 53 50

The Eagre thus cleverly winning the first prize. It should be mentioned that the spirited owner of the Fairy has much improved her since last year's regatta, both in appearance and sailing qualities. The Wild Duck is also an excellent stiff boat, and was handled in masterly style ; and it was evident that with a big topsail and jib she would have held a very different position in the race.

The next race was for a Purse of Eighteen Sovereigns for fishing boats, belonging to Lynn, under 15 tons, to be divided into the following prizes, viz. :—First boat, £9. ; second boat, £4. 10s. ; third boat, £2. 15s. ; fourth boat, £1. 15s. The following boats started :—

Boats' Names.	Owners.	Boats' Names.	Owners.
Defiance	Mr. J. Goodson	Wild Duck.....	Mr. H. Curtis
Centurion	Mr. E. Mann	Arrow.....	Mr. J. Lemon
John and Mathew	Mr. W. Chase		

The following were entered but did not put in appearance, the Bolden, Mr. J. Lemon ; Gipsy, Mr. J. Smith ; Gipsy Queen, Mr. H. F. and James and William, Mr. J. Gay.

The course was the same as for the yachts, and the five above mentioned started at about 8h. 25m. a.m. This race created more interest the first, as the fishermen of the town were more or less personally concerned in the well-doing of the respective boats, and we have in-
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found in all places where local boats, (especially those belonging to fishermen or beachmen) contended, that the excitement amongst that class of persons extended to those in a more elevated station of life. It is but justice that in regattas all classes should participate, from the humble dredger to the patrician yachtsman. On this occasion, the tact and ability so well known amongst fishermen, was pre-eminently displayed, and the following three boats rounded the Float as follows :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	11 49 20	Defiance	11 50 20	Wild Duck.....	11 55 3

The other two being some distance off, the Club steamer was forced to return in order to be in time at the finish of the yacht race ; therefore they were not timed, but after a smart struggle back they rounded the steamer off the Common Staith Quay as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	2 16 24	Wild Duck	2 30 37	John & Mathew	2 41 0
Defiance	2 19 15	Centurion	2 40 0		

These boats were the same as sailed last year, but the prizes changed hands, the Defiance obtaining this time only the second instead of the first prize, as on that occasion. They all, however, proved themselves excellent boats, and a credit to their owners and builders.

This completed the sports afloat, and all departed much pleased with the day's amusements. The club steamer, the Fairy, was placed at the disposal of the committee by the kindness of her owners, Messrs. R. and H. Cook; and a numerous company, amongst whom were many ladies, availed themselves of the opportunity to enjoy the pleasure of an aquatic excursion, which was rendered *agreeable* by the assiduity and attention of the worthy captain (Wire), and *interesting* by those excellent caterers to "man's comfort" (Messrs. Johnson and Wilkin) who had provided plentifully to meet the numerous calls on their stores. Thus passed off a pleasant day, leaving only one regret, namely, that regattas were not more frequent.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

At 17th—the Challenge Cup given last year by the members of this club was again the boon of contention, and the Flirt, the original winner, having been sold, in consequence of the death of her owner, now belongs to the Royal Irish Yacht Club, therefore did not make her appearance to substantiate her claim. An entire fresh lot entered, and had there been more wind, the interest in the race would have been greater.

The day was unusually fine ; and at times the heat was truly oppressive ; this, with occasional lulls, rendered the watching the craft tedious and unpleasant. However, it was no use repining, so we made up our minds to business. As we neared Erith we observed the racings flags of five yachts, which proved to be the following :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
875	Silver Cloud	cutter	8	R. Hewett, Esq., Commodore
632	Rifleman	cutter	8	P. Bennett, Esq. }
	Undine	s. g. ber.	8	E. Searle, Esq.
607	Little Mosquito	cutter	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.
981	Valentine	cutter	8	E. Fradgley, Esq.

The course from Erith to the Chapman Head and back. Time race. One minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage. The Undine was not able to start, having been found a trifle above the measurement allowed, 8 tons. This yacht is, we presume, an experiment, as regards rig, and for the Thames racing, it is a failure ; it is called a " Sliding Gunter Bermudian," and we should judge it to be a very inconvenient sail in a river where so many changes occur.

After inspection by Vice-Commodore Knibbs (who was chief officer of the day,) the yachts were warned by gun at 12h. 18m. 50s. to prepare for action, and in about five minutes after they started : the Little Mosquito first to cant, and hoist her lower sails, but the Valentine being more in the tide took the lead. Mosquito set her topsail, and as we afterwards ascertained, the sheet fouled the gaff end, and a hand was soon aloft and cleared it. These two seemed thus early to be singled out as antagonists, but the Valentine was doomed to give place, for before reaching Purfleet the Mosquito had passed her, and they were then in the following order :—Mosquito first, Valentine second, Rifleman third, and Silver Cloud last. In passing through Long Reach the wind having slightly increased the last became third, and was gaining on the Valentine, which she passed off Northfleet, but was unable to overhaul the Mosquito. Off Gravesend the wind died away, and the yachts were nearly motionless on the water ; the heat seemed to absorb the wind. In the Lower Hope the wind freshened, and the Little Mosquito was once more in her element, followed by the Silver C^d and so they continued to the steamer which had hove to in slack . some half a mile before reaching the Chapman. They rounded the

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Little Mosquito.....	3	34	0	Rifleman.....	3	51	
Silver Cloud	3	41	15	Valentine	3		

After rounding they prepared for the beat back, and from the nature of the wind a long and tedious voyage was anticipated. All interest in the affair was over, and the Mosquito was booked to win, barring accident, as it was well known none of the others had the slightest chance with her. She had the lead and kept it throughout, coming in as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Little Mosquito	6	59	0	Valentine	7	18	20
Silver Cloud	7	11	10	Rifleman.....	7	26	4

A protest was entered by Mr. Fradgley the owner of Valentine, against the Mosquito receiving the prize, as she had won two prizes in succession. This created a great deal of discussion amongst the party on board the steamer, and it was generally considered that the protest was unnecessary. However, as we have given the particulars elsewhere, we refer our readers to it for the result.

ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB MATCH.

On Saturday the 18th ult., the Royals mustered for the last time this season on the bosom of Old Father Thames, and as a "wind up" it was friendly and satisfactory. The Blue with white Cross, congregated in "force," and can it be a matter of surprise that such should be the case, when we find the noble Commodore, Lord Alfred Paget, Vice-Commodore Richard Green, J. Hutcheons, Esq., the Treasurer, Capt. Grant, the Secretary, and a host of other "good men and true," at their posts to mete out an equitable share of the club funds for the "small fry" as well as "the large." The prosperity of a club depends upon the officers, and for zeal to promote the noble sport of yachting, and liberality of principle, the Royal Thames stands pre-eminent. The high position the Club has attained is solely from a mutual desire amongst its leaders to afford amusement to all classes, and uphold the maritime position of the country. That their exertions are justly appreciated we have only to look at the list of the fleet belonging to the club—184 yachts; consisting of 35 schooners, 110 cutters, 15 yawls, 3 steamers, and 21 other craft, the tonnage of which is about 7,500 old measurement; to all these may be added some hundreds of members. What has all this to do with the match? some of our readers will ask. Just this, my friends, unless there is unity of action in a club, no sufficient funds are available to give prizes worth the trouble of handling sail for. However, now to our business :—

At 10h. 10m. a.m., the good ship Sapphire cast off from the Adelaide
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Wharf, with a glowing cargo of some 400, consisting of a large muster of "Eve's fair daughters," the officers of the club, from the noble commander to the gunner's mate, and last, though not least, a host of admirers of the noble amusement of yachting. We steamed through the "commerce of the world," and arrived "safe and in good order" at Erith, which place, from its being the rendezvous of all the Thames clubs, is known N., E., W. and S. Here we found seven pretty little toys lying at their moorings, waiting the iron summons to prepare for action. By the list below it will be seen that five were old friends, and two new ones. The Undine, we mentioned in the Prince of Wales' report, and we may, without presuming to be prophets, say, she will never under her present rig become a racer. We have seen her twice out, and if we wanted a bath, we should expect to find one on board the Undine in a stiffish breeze. The Emily is the other new craft and this was her *debut*; she was built at Barking, and will not we fear add to the reputation of the builder, as her performance this day was anything but satisfactory.

The prizes were a piece of plate, value, £30. for the first boat, and £10. for the second. Time race; half-a-minute per ton for difference of tonnage.

The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
875	Silver Cloud	cutter	8	R. Hewett, Esq.
	Emily.....	cutter	7	R. Hewett, Esq.
816	Quiver	cutter	12	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
	Undine.....	s. g. ber.	8	E. Searle, Esq.
193	Cormorant	cutter	10	J. T. Talmadge, Esq.
546	Julia	cutter	8	P. Turner, Esq.
1035	Violet.....	cutter	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.

The Wave entered but did not start. Capt. Grant, the Secretary, having inspected the fleet, reported to the Commodore that all was correct and ready for sailing; the word "fire" was given at 11h. 35m. 32s. and away the little craft bounded (wind about W.S.W. very light), Violet with the lead, followed by Cormorant, Quiver, Emily, Julia, and Silver Cloud; all were soon under topsails except the latter, which some difficulty as usual with that sail. We were rather surprised this, as "practice generally makes things perfect," but such was not the case here. The Julia in the lower part of the rands gained second place but soon had to give way again to Cormorant and Quiver. The latter, after rounding the point, succeeded by a successful manœuvre in r

ing the former, and when off Purfleet took the lead from Violet. Emily having caught a breeze ranged up to Julia and Cormorant. Off Greenwich the two latter shook off the little maiden, and overhauled Violet, the Julia taking a slight lead of her two competitors. The two passed down Fidler's Reach in company. The Quiver at this time was leading a full quarter of a mile. In rounding Broadness Point the Violet shot ahead, followed by Cormorant leaving Julia last of the three. In the lower part at Gray's Reach the Silver Cloud passed Undine but could not overtake the Emily. Off Northfleet the Julia again passed Cormorant, and kept the lead of her to Lower Hope Point when the wind died away, and she fell astern for a short time. The breeze again springing up she gained third place. During this time the Quiver kept ploughing ahead, followed by Violet. In passing Mucking the Emily had a breeze that rattled her through the water, and placed her in a better position with Cormorant. The steamer now rushed ahead to within a mile of the Chapman, and dropped a flagboat for the vessels to round, while she hove-to a short distance off. As the steamer's bow was towards the Chapman it rather puzzled the crew of the first yacht, and on the Quiver making for the steamer to round, she was warned by waving of hats and shouting to pursue the right course. This deviation from the usual system at the Chapman or Nore might have led to the Quiver losing the lead, for the *Violets* apparently understood the dodge, and required no signalling. The manner and time of rounding was as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Quiver.....	2	6	0	Emily	2	12	2
Violet.....	2	8	20	Silver Cloud.....	2	15	45
Julia.....	2	9	40	Undine	2	18	40
Cormorant.....	2	10	15				

They all rounded in very good style, but we must give the palm to Undine, as she sheered the boat without losing the least ground. Now we had before us a long and fatiguing beat back. The Emily and Silver Cloud stood too far over to the north shore and seemed at a stand still, and this allowed Undine to get ahead of Emily. The Quiver made good use of the time she had in advance, and carried on alone, increasing the distance between her and Violet. The latter, Julia, and Cormorant in running up the Blyth Sand were compelled to make short ards to get clear of a brig anchored there. After this Violet took ave of her companions, and endeavoured to lessen the distance between uiver, which at Hope Point was nearly out of sight, and before reach- g the Mucking the Julia and Cormorant had a sharp match for lead ith alternate success, which ended in the latter's favour. After this it

fell a dead calm. However in going through the Lower Hope a slight breeze sprung up, and by the time the two leading yachts reached Gravesend the Violet had gained ten minutes on the Quiver, and was expected to finish within the time allowed by the latter. Here the tide very opportunely turned for the wind had fallen again, and the Quiver fortunately kept ahead of some large vessels that were being towed up by steamers, which sadly hampered the Violet as she could not get clear of them, and after five hours on the return they arrived at Erith thus :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Quiver	7	7	40	Cormorant	7	16	35
Violet	7	13	0	Julia.....	7	21	20

The others were not timed. The Quiver won the first prize with 2m. 20s. beyond the time she had to allow for difference of tonnage, and the Violet received second prize.

The length of time occupied by the match (which was unattended with any peculiar feature,) the light wind, and "broiling sun," made the trip very tedious, yet we could not help feeling a regret that match sailing on the Thames was over for this season. We landed at nine o'clock at London Bridge, having been eleven hours on the voyage.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS regatta, the first of the Clyde Model Yacht Club, took place yesterday at Large—James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, acted as commodore, and John Houldsworth, Esq., of Cranstonhill, as vice-commodore. The day was exceedingly favourable for sailing, there being a fresh breeze from the south-west. During the day there was an occasional shower, but that did not seem to mar the enjoyment of the many people who had flocked there for the purpose of witnessing the aquatic sports.

The first race was for yachts of 8 tons and under ; first prize, a Silver Kettle, value £20. ; second, a Claret Jug, £10. ; one minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage, and for which the following entered and started, viz. :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons	Owners.	Started.
			h. m.
Banshee	4	Mr. Mann	11 30
Armada	7½	Mr. Dickie.....	11 33
Bella	8	Mr. Walker	11 44

The course was from the Commodore's yacht, to pass the flag-boat the north end of Cumbrae, then to make Fairlie buoy, and to pass —

the Commodore betwixt him and the shore, leaving all turnings on the left hand, and twice round. The distance is about 11 miles.

A beautiful start was effected *precisely* at the time stated, and a keenly contested race was expected between the Armada and Bella, both boats having been built expressly for this regatta, but the former proved herself decidedly superior, as will be seen from the time of each. Immediately after starting the Armada began to creep away from the Bella, and after rounding the first flag-boat she got a good lead, which she gradually increased, and the first round was completed as follows, viz. :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Armada.....	12 38 15	Bella	12 51 7	Banshee.....	12 54 10

In the second round the Armada still continued to increase her lead, although the Bella had the advantage of a huge gaff topsail, while the Armada only carried her mainsail, foresail, and jib. The Banshee carried away the jaws of her gaff, and lost any chance she had for the second prize. The race was finished as follows, viz. :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Armada.....	1 45 30	Bella	2 2 45	Banshee ..	2 41 45

The Armada thus coming in an easy winner, and reflecting great credit on her owner, under whose superintendence she was modelled and built. A protest was lodged against the Bella for not having rounded the buoy at Fairlie, but this was overruled by the Commodore, and she was awarded the second prize.

The second race was for yachts of 6 tons and under ; first prize, a Piece of Plate, value £12.; second, a Claret Jug, £6. Nine yachts entered, seven of which hoisted their colours, and started as follows, viz. :—

Yacht's Names.	Tons	Owners.	Started.
			h. m. s.
Pearl	4½	Messrs. Ferguson	12 0 0
Breeze.....	4½	Mr. A. Mc'Kirdy	12 0 0
Clutha.....	5	Mr. J. Spencer	12 0 30
Comet.....	5	Mr. T. Steven	12 0 30
Garland.....	5½	Mr. R. Walker, jun.	12 1 0
Eugenie.....	6	Mr. J. Jamieson	12 1 30
Leda.....	6	Mr. A. Findlay	12 1 30

Nothing could excel the manner in which all the little fleet got away from their moorings, and it was evident that this would be a most exciting race, several of the boats being well matched. The Leda soon took the lead, closely followed by the Pearl and Comet, between which perhaps the most exciting contest took place for second prize that could

possibly be imagined, not more than a few boat's lengths separating them during the whole run of nineteen miles. In this round the Breeze and Garland carried away some of their standing rigging, and had to give up, the remaining vessels rounding the Commodore as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Leda	1 23 10	Comet	1 24 15	Clutha.....	1 35 34
Pearl	1 24 10	Eugenia	1 32 30		

The same order was maintained during the greater part of the second round, but the Eugenie having carried away her bobstay lost a few minutes. However by this time the race lay entirely between Leda, Pearl, and Comet, and the way in which these three boats were handled excited the admiration of every one. The Leda continued to maintain her position, and the Pearl kept ahead of the Comet till after rounding the Fairlie buoy, when the latter, having a balloon topsail set, gradually overhauled the Pearl, which had no topsail, and after one of the keenest races that could be witnessed, they eventually arrived at the commodore as follows, viz.:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Leda	2 52 50	Pearl	2 56 0	Clutha ..	3 9 30
Comet	2 55 40	Eugenie	3 7 42		

The Leda gained the first prize by 2m. 50s., and the Comet the second prize only by 20s.

Third race, for yachts of 4 tons and under, started at half-past twelve o'clock. The following yachts were entered and started.—Frances, 4 tons, Captain Taylor; Chrysalis, 3 tons, Robert M'Intosh, Esq.; Echo, 2½ tons, James Sutherland, Esq.; Phantom, 3 tons, John Gibson, Esq.; Will-o'-the-Wisp, 3½ tons, W. Miller, Esq.; Lily, 3½ tons, John Ure, Esq. The yachts in the first round passed the Commodore as follows:—

	First Round.	h. m. s.		Second Round.	h. m. s.
Frances		2 4 47	Frances		3 34 47
Lily		2 8 10	Lily		3 36 50

The fourth race was for light open boats, and started at half-past one o'clock. The following boats started:—Phantom, A. Woodside, Esq.; Fly-by-night, C. Rait, Esq.; Urania, R. Sharp, Esq.; Rose, James Rankin, Esq. This race was only once round the course, and the boats passed the Commodore in the following order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Urania.....	3 9 40	Rose	3 1

This concluded the day's sports as regards the yachts, but six matched gig and jollyboat races were to have followed. These did however, take place, disappointing hundreds, who came expressly to

them. Some frivolous excuse about it being too rough, or too much wind, was all the satisfaction inquirers got. For our part, we think that bad management and want of spirit had more to do with it than anything else. It is but fair to state that these latter races, which were to have taken place, constituted a distinct regatta, under the auspices of the Clydesdale Gentlemen Amateur Rowing Club.

There was a very strong muster of craft of all descriptions, and if we may judge from the quantity and quality of those that attended the Clyde Model Yacht Club Regatta, we doubt not but ere long it will rank among the first regattas on the Clyde. A gentleman informed us that there were upwards of 60 sail present, among which were the Aurora, 84 tons, John Buchanan, Esq., Oithona, 80 tons, J. M. Rowan, Esq.; Crusader, 30 tons, John Speirs, Esq.; Zingara, 20 tons, John Scott, Esq.; Irene, 15 tons, John Ronald, Esq., &c. Among the members present, but not racing, were the Hon. G. F. Boyle, and Capt. Hay, R.N.

RANELAGH YACHT CLUB MATCH.

THE second sailing match of the season of this club took place on Thursday last, the 23rd inst., over the usual course, from Battersea Bridge to a buoy moored off the Feathers at Wandsworth, three times up and down. At about 2h. 15m. the River Queen steamer having embarked a numerous party of ladies and gentlemen, including not only the leading men of the R.Y.C., but several of the most prominent members of the Royal London and other clubs, left Mr. Greaves's, Lindsey-row, and the gun to take stations having been fired, the following picked up their warps, and hung on to the pier heads of Battersea Bridge:

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
Zouave.....	cutter	4	Mr. W. T. Sawyer
Cremorne	cutter	3	Mr. J. B. Burney
Anglesey.....	cutter	3	Mr. W. Reed
Salina.....	cutter	3	Mr. J. Pick
Blue Bell	cutter	6	Mr. J. W. Ridgway
President.....	cutter	3	Mr. J. Gambardella

The match was sailed under the direction of the Commodore, and the boats having been inspected, the gun to prepare was fired at 2h. 41m., the starting gun at 2h. 47m., when they all canted to the north, wind blowing at the time rather freshly from the W.N.W. The Anglesey was first round, and took the lead, but they all got away

nearly together. The match was prettily contested throughout, and towards the finish it became two matches, one between the Zouave and Blue Bell, which was maintained to the end, and contested most skilfully; and the other between the Anglesey and Cremorne, which promised to be as good, but in the last turn up the reach, the latter, in endeavouring to weather a barge, was caught fast by her topping lift, and was three or four minutes before she was cut away. We have seldom seen boats better handled than the Zouave and Blue Bell on this occasion in the last reach down to the flag-boat. The President, an American boat, and the Selina, who sailed so well in the last match, did not get the wind they like, or the result might have been different. The times of rounding were as follow.—

	1st Round.			2nd Round.			Finish.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Zouave	3	25	35	4	6	0	4	48	0
Blue Bell.....	3	27	10	4	5	20	4	48	20
Anglesey.....	3	27	25	4	9	30	4	51	30
Cremorne.....	3	28	30	4	8	0	4	55	30
President.....	3	29	50	4	10	20	4	57	0
Selina.....	3	31	0						

The Zouave thus carrying off the first prize by one-third of a minute. The crews of the different boats having assembled on board the steamer, the prizes were presented to the winners by the Commodore, who congratulated them upon their success. Mr. Sawyer and the Vice-Commodore, who sailed the Blue Bell, having returned thanks, the business of the day terminated. The steamer then ascended the river as far as Richmond, and the company on board amused themselves with dancing, a most excellent band having been provided by the stewards. The refreshments were on this occasion supplied by Mr. Knight, of the club-house, Swan Tavern, Battersea, and gave complete satisfaction, as, indeed did the whole of the arrangements throughout the day.

THE FIRST VOYAGE OF THE SHANNON.

THE Shannon, 51, Captain Peel, screw frigate, made her passage to the Cape in 52 days under sail, having experienced fine weather all the way. She made 302 miles the last twenty-four hours, force of wind 8 and n—e— and sailed 15 knots without pressing her, wind abeam. Two fatal accidents occurred on board during the passage. Mr. Coaker, master's assistant from aloft, struck the fore chains, and fell dead into the water; and the o. George Brown, a boy of the first-class, who fell from aloft inboard, and killed. But for the admirable facility afforded by Clifford's plan of low boats, with which the frigate was fitted, the body of the unfortunate v

officer could not have been recovered, nor the life of another boy, who fell overboard, have been saved. On both occasions the vessel was going at from eleven to twelve knots under all sail, notwithstanding which the boat was manned and lowered in little more than a minute.

The boats were 30 feet cutters, the largest hung from man-of-war davits and carrying from 17 to 20 men each, and weighing with gear complete from 2 to 3 tons. To the consideration of the Captain for his men this life saved is due to having specially applied to the Admiralty to be supplied with this means of instantly lowering a boat to pick up "a man overboard" he having lost one through the want of it on a previous voyage.—May his example find followers elsewhere.

BARROW REGATTA.—MORRECOMBE BAY.

THE above regatta was held on the 13th of July under the patronage of members of the R.W.Y.C. of Ireland, and of the R.M.Y.C. Rear-commodore H. Bridson, Esq., R.W.Y.C. of Ireland, discharged the duties of Commodore with his usual ability, and whose fine vessel the Nimrod was beautifully dressed on the occasion. There was a fine strong breeze at West with a very heavy sea on; but nothing daunted numbers of visitors accompanied the race, on board the steamers Helvellyn and Tourist, for some distance into the Bay. At 2h. 30m. P.M. the following vessels started for the Furness Cup, value 25 Guineas.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Tons.	Owners.
568	Kelpie	22	Rev. T. Robinson
918	Stella	41	C. T. Couper, Esq.
610	Matilda (Late Lizzy)	25	Major Cross
213	Cyclone	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.

The course was from Piel pier round Wyre Light, thence round a steamer about 3 miles to windward of Walney Light and in. Stella went away with the lead with the others well up, but Cyclone shortly went to the front. The race between Stella and Cyclone was really beautiful, but there was too much sea for either Kelpie or Matilda to have a fair chance. Nevertheless the latter proved herself a good sea boat and fast sailer.

They came in as follows :—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cyclone	4	43	11	Stella	4	46	44
Matilda	5	3	0	Kelpie bore up.			

The next race was for Fishing boats belonging to the bay. First boat second £2., third 10s. The following started, and came in as placed. yport, Mary, Petrel, Sunderland, Victory.

he course was from Piel pier round a steamer 4 miles to windward of lney Light and in. This race gave great satisfaction to the yachtsmen in the manner in which the boats were sailed.

The next race was for the Barrow Cup, presented by J. Ramsden, Esq.

The following started and came in as placed:—Perseverance (the Cup), Walney Star (22), Cheatem (10s.), Sam Slick, Teetotaller.

The course was from Barrow Pier and round Piel Island and back. The Perseverance took the lead and won easily.

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.—*The Protest.*

A special meeting of the Sailing Committee, was held on Wednesday the 22nd ult., to consider and adjudicate on the protest entered by Mr. Fradgley, owner of the Valentine, against the Little Mosquito at the late Challenge Cup Match, on the grounds "that contrary to Rule 19 of the Sailing Directions the latter vessel had been allowed to enter for this match, when the aforesaid rule expressly states that a yacht having won any prize in two successive matches cannot be entered to sail in the Club match immediately following, and the words, club match, shall extend to all matches sailed under the auspices of the club."

Mr. Fradgley attended the meeting, and having stated his objections, a warm discussion ensued, in consequence of the fact that the Sailing Regulations as printed in the books of 1856, which were published for the use of the members in the middle of May of that year, did not contain a resolution which was passed unanimously by the Club the May meeting of 1856, two months and a half previous to the first race for the Challenge Cup, and which resolution has since been inserted in the book for 1857, and is as follows:—"That the Challenge Prize shall be sailed for at all times irrespective of Sailing Regulation No. 19, therefore any yacht winning two matches successively is not thereby to be precluded from entering for the Challenge Match." The books for 1856 being at the time in the hands of the printer, prevented it from being inserted in them. It was moved, seconded and carried; "That the minutes of the Club Meeting of May 1856,—making a by-law, confirmed in June, 1856—suspending sailing regulation 19, in the case of sailing for the Challenge Prize—having been read to this Committee, the Committee decide that the prize be awarded to the Little Mosquito—subject to the by-law above adverted to—as a winner of the match in 1857."

Since the above decision we have received the following letter from Mr. Fradgley, which as our motto is "open to all, influenced by none," we give it insertion, at the same time we cannot help expressing our regret that any circumstance should happen to mar the harmony existing in the Prince of Wales Yacht Club.

Blackheath, July 27th, 1

SIR.—I should be obliged by your inserting the following, which is more clearly than is conveyed by the published decision of the Sailing Committee of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, the grounds of my protest against the Little Mosquito.

The 30th rule of the Club is as follows:—That the rules of the Club as they stand at the Club Meeting in April in each year shall remain in force until the Club Meeting in the April following; and that all further alterations shall commence and take effect from the Club Meeting in April next, after such alterations shall have been carried."

I therefore contend that according to that rule the Club have no authority to constitute any bye-law, which can take effect before the April following such bye-law being made, and consequently that when such bye-law came into operation (April 1857) the Cup had been once contested and all rules and regulations affecting it were inviolable.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. FRADGLEY,

Owner of Valentine.

To the Editor H. Y.M.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE monthly meeting of this Club was held on the 20th ult. and after confirming the previous meeting's proceedings, the Commodore J. Goodson, Esq., said:—"Your circulars have informed you that the Sailing Committee recommend that the office of Rear-commodore be filled up in consequence of the serious indisposition of Captain Andrews, and propose that A. Arcedeckne, Esq., be the gentleman appointed. I need not tell you that Mr. A. is a gentleman well known in the aquatic world, not only on the Thames, but at Harwich and different parts of the coast; nor need I tell you that he enjoys the esteem of every one who has the honour of his acquaintance, and such being the position in which he stands, it affords me the highest pleasure of having the opportunity of proposing him as your Rear-commodore. His known capabilities as a yachtsman, his position in society, and his urbanity in every transaction of life, render him a most valuable acquisition to our body, and, as such, I am sure the Royal London Yacht Club will be highly gratified to welcome him as their Rear-commodore. We only ask his occasional personal attendance; but he has assured me with much kindness, that he will always endeavour to give me a helping hand, and under his auspices I little doubt that the ensuing season of this Club will be one we have not seen since its existence." [Much applause]

Mr. Kirby seconded the nomination, and said his sentiments perfectly accorded with those of their worthy Commodore. He thought if being a "rough bred English gentleman, and an experienced yachtsman, were recommendations, they were to be found in Mr. Arcedeckne.

A burst of acclamation elected the gentleman named to the office.

A. Arcedeckne, Esq., returned thanks for the high honour conferred upon him, and jocosely remarked that the only difficulty he felt was having two to fly, the Royal Harwich, of which he was Commodore, and the Royal

London, of which he was the Rear; but in order to reconcile the matter to his conscience, he would fly the London as far as Dungeness, and then the Harwich, and so hoped he should give no offence to either. [Much laughter followed the Rear-commandore's expressed notion of the proper arrangement.]

Mr. Eagle, the Treasurer, then reported the state of the Club Funds as upwards of £550. The announcement was received with great applause, and a vote of thanks returned to the Treasurer for the attention he had paid to the finances.

Several new members were elected, and others proposed for ballot at the next meeting.

THE LATE R.T.Y.C. SCHOONER MATCH.

(Extracted from *Bell's Lief*.)

MR. EDITOR.—As "C.M." has thought proper, in your paper of the 5th: to make comments upon my letter in yours of last week, I take leave to offer a few remarks thereon: and as C. M. seems so well able to expound the meaning of the rules of the R.T.Y.C. (which no one else can), the public should be greatly obliged to him to add to the obligation, and inform them *by what rule* the Club precludes the giving of the prizes to two vessels of the same class! C. M. says: "I venture to say that it has, long ago been decided the two prizes should not be given to the same class." Perhaps he will be kind enough to inform your readers how long ago; and, if such rule does exist, and what was agreed to, why it is not printed with the other rules of the Club? Your readers will also be glad to learn, from "C. M." on what former occasion in a schooner match *two second class vessels came in first*, beating all the first class! Will "C. M." venture to assert, from his own knowledge, that this visionary rule was not made on board the Prince of Wales steamer, after the vessels had started, and it was seen that the two second class vessels would inevitably be first and second? The printed rule No. 26, is clear enough:—"That if a yacht of an inferior class shall come in ahead of a yacht of a superior class, *she shall receive the prize to which she would have been entitled if she had belonged to such superior class.*" Now, *a fortiori*, the Vestal being a yacht of an inferior class, wins the prize for the yachts of a superior class—ergo, the prize of the superior class is gone! Upon what grounds, then, do the Committee, in defiance of their own rule (26) deprive the Wildfire of the prize for the second class (or inferior vessels)? Surely the superior class vessels, after losing their own prize, are not entitled to the prize of the second class yachts; and the Wildfire coming in second with the Vestal, is, in common fairness and equity, entitled to it.

"Comparisons are always odious," which C. M. would have done to remember: they are also invidious, when he draws them respecting the race and value of different yachts, showing a strong personal bias and feeling in denominating the Vestal and Wildfire "*sailing machines.*" The owners both can well afford to pass over such allusions. I have just seen the sail

master of the Wildfire, who informs me that on their way to the Thames at daylight they fell in with the Zouave in a gale of wind, under fore and main trysails, close-reefed fore staysail and storm jib, off Worthing. When about six miles off Hastings, at noon, the "sailing machine" had beaten her entirely out of sight in a dead beat to windward! The "sailing machine" arrived at Gravesend at half-past ten the next day, having been hove to for six hours and a half off Dover, and the Zouave came in about 3 p.m. I will also ask "C. M." why (if he belongs to the Committee) the yachts did not take up their respective positions by drawing for them, and why one vessel is permitted to have her fore staysail up three or four feet, and another is ordered to haul hers close down?

In conclusion, I would strongly, if I were "C. M.," object to anything like favouritism, or soreness, for if we are to have anything like the "tricks of the Turf" introduced into the noble and national amusement of yachting, it is time gentlemen laid themselves up "in ordinary." Most of them who can "run" can "read", and require *no legal quibbles or sophistry* in the explanation of plain language. By this unjust decision of the R.T.Y.C. committee,

Yours, &c., A SUFFERER.

MR. EDITOR.—I should not have troubled you again, with respect to this match if I did not think it right to state that I do not belong to or represent the R.T.Y.C. Sailing Committee, and that I know nothing of the other grievances of the "Sufferer." Having begun, however, I will add a few words on the subject of my former letter. It is clear that "A Sufferer" does not belong to the R.T.Y.C., or he would not have accused the Committee of some unfairness, and have insinuated more; nor has he attended many matches of that Club, otherwise he would have been better acquainted with the rules. The 26th rule "if in a match a yacht of an inferior class shall come in ahead of a yacht of a superior class, she shall receive the prize which she would have been entitled to if she had belonged to such superior class," is clear enough as far as it goes, but is on the face of it imperfect, as it makes no provision whatever for the second prize—most certainly it does not explicitly or impliedly, give that prize to a *beaten* second-class vessel. When therefore, the unforeseen case of two second-class vessels coming in ahead is likely to occur, it became necessary to establish a rule, and each of the following rules had strong advocates:—1. That the first vessel should have both prizes. 2. That the second prize should not be given at all. 3. That the second-class vessel should have the second prize. 4. That the first-class vessel should have the second prize. A formal decision had, however, as I believe never become necessary, but the whole matter was immensely discussed in 1855, when Phantom, Marina, and Thought sailed, and it was likely that Phantom and Thought would beat Marina, a first-class vessel. On that occasion it was certainly understood—and to satisfy the "Sufferer" I assert this of my own knowledge—that the latter plan would be adopted, a one prize given to each class. The 26th rule ought certainly to be amended, if it is not entirely altered, as suggested in my former letter

whenever another alteration of the rules is made; but all printed rules are necessarily imperfect, and if, instead of writing absurd and abusive letters, "A Sufferer" had caused enquiry to be made of any member of the Committee, or of any sailing member of the Club, he would have been told that the rule in question was established long ago. It is to be found in the same place as the rule against being towed, against punt-poling, against propelling machinery, and among the numberless rules which no code has ever yet included, or will ever include, but which most undoubtedly exist.

Yours, &c., C.M.

MR. EDITOR.—As a person who was much interested in the success of the *Wildfire*, allow me to offer a few remarks in addition to and in explanation of your impartial account of the late schooner match of the R.T.Y.C. In the first place I must allude to the length of time in getting under weigh. This arose from the Secretary coming on board whilst the Vice-commodore, Mr. Eversfield, and the Captain were below sealing up the ballast, and ordering the fore staysail to be lowered flat on deck, whilst the *Mayfly* was allowed to keep hers four or five feet up the stay. This order necessitating the unlacing of the sail from the boom, caused the loss of two hands in hoisting the mainsail, they being engaged in relacing the staysail. Previous to this the pilot had complained to the harbour master of a brig lying in the way, and requested she might be shifted, but without avail. The *Wildfire* was therefore obliged to go to leeward of her, a very unfair position to be placed in, considering the Captain had not the opportunity of taking his moorings by *lot*, as I believe is usual. With respect to the *Aquiline's* protest of fouling, the facts are that the *Wildfire*, being on the *Aquiline's* weather quarter, and the Vice-commodore passing the *Wildfire* on her port tack, the *Wildfire* was obliged to bear up and go astern of her, being thus thrown down upon the *Aquiline* much closer than she otherwise would have been. While thus drawing on the *Aquiline* the *Wildfire* was hailed by the *Aquiline* to go about, although in the middle of the river, and no chance of *Aquiline's* going ashore. *Wildfire's* helm was, however, put down, and when about, the *Wildfire* not being very quick in paying off, the Captain hailed the *Aquiline* to ease her helm, which not being done, and the *Aquiline* paying off on the *Wildfire's* starboard quarter, thus proving to all practical seamen that the fouling was on the part of the *Aquiline*, and not on that of the *Wildfire*. One word now on the very improper manner in which the steamers accompanying the match are allowed to interfere with the sailing; for instance, in this exciting match, when every stitch of canvas and breath of air was of importance, in one of the *Wildfire's* tacks on the south shore, the *Oriol* continued on the *Wildfire's* weather, going easy, notwithstanding the hailing waving of Mr. Harcourt and the crew. Again, on entering the Lower on the return, the *Prince of Wales* came on the *Wildfire's* weather where she was scarcely feeling the weight of her canvas, the *Vestal* at the same time leaving her fast.

I am induced to write this letter (for the truth of which I refer you to the gentleman who was placed on board the *Wildfire* on the part of the R.T.Y. Club, and also to her Captain) in the hope that it may be the means of preventing any cause for dissatisfaction in future matches, and that every vessel may have an equally fair chance,

Yours, &c., AQUATIC.

[We have now given the whole of the correspondence relative to the late Schooner match, and we hope it will here terminate.—ED. H.Y.M.]

- YACHTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE American Yacht Charter Oak, noticed in a previous number, as preparing at New York for a start across the Atlantic, has arrived in the *Mersey*; she is a small cutter of 23 tons, full of interest, whether as regards the vessel herself, or the voyage she has just accomplished, in 37 days, from New York. The yacht is named the Charter Oak, commanded by Captain Webb. She is named after the Charter Oak of Connecticut, in the hollow of which the charter granted to that State by Charles the Second was concealed, when demanded by James the Second. The spokes of the steering-wheel are made from the tree that has become so celebrated. On leaving New York the Charter Oak had only three hands on board, and this small number was on the first night out reduced to two, by the disabling of one of the number, but all went well with the small crew, who finally anchored their little craft in safety in the *Mersey* on the 27th, ult.—We hope to give in our next account of her voyage.

The *Henrietta*, late *Maid of the Mist*, purchased by Count E. Batthyany early in the present year, has been resold in consequence of not being approved of for long cruises.

The once celebrated *America* (now *Camilla*) was a short time since lying in Northfleet Dockyard, a sad specimen of "Brother Jonathan's" patchwork. The workmanship was first rate, but the material—oh! fie!

The Victoria Yacht Club Regatta is to commence on Monday the 10th inst., and sailing and other amusements will continue throughout the week.

The *Fox*, Lady Franklin's yacht, sailed from Aberdeen, July 1st. Capt. M'Clintock and his officers and crew were in excellent spirits. She has every requisite for a three year's cruise. Those worthy sons of Humanity—Messrs. White of Cowes, have presented to Lady Franklin one of their admirable Life Boats; and we hope Clifford's matchless invention was also fit to the yacht.

the 13th inst., a strong muster of yachts is expected at Carnarvon to as in the Royal Welsh Yacht Club, when several excellent prizes will be offered for competition.

The Irish Model Yacht Club, established in Dublin Bay, had a field day on the 28th ult., which went off satisfactorily.

REGATTAS AND MATCHES.

- Aug. 2.—Great Grimsby Regatta
 4.—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta
 4, 5 and 6.—Royal Thames National Regatta
 5 and 6.—Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club Regatta
 6.—Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, Her Majesty's Cup
 10.—Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta commences
 12 and 13.—Howth Regatta
 13.—Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta
 13.—Birkenhead Model Yacht Club Match
 17, 18, and 19.—Manchester and Salford Regatta
 18.—Dartmouth Royal Regatta
 20.—Royal Boston Yacht Club Regatta
 24.—Teignmouth Regatta
 25.—Hastings Regatta
 26.—Royal Western Yacht Club Regatta (Ireland)
 26.—Torbay Royal Regatta
 26 and 28th.—Royal Northern Yacht Club Regatta
 28.—Clyde Model Yacht Club at Helensburgh

HIGH WATER TIDE TABLE FOR AUGUST.

High Water on London Bridge.	The time of high water at the following places may be ascer- tained by adding to, or subtracting from, the time at London Bridge.				
h. m. a. m.		h. m.		h. m.	
1 10 10 50	Aberystwith.....	add 5 23	Aberdeen.....	sub 0 56	
2 11 35	Abercromby.....	4 38	Aldborough.....	3 28	
3 0 4 0 55	Bantry Bay.....	1 39	Belfast.....	4 2	
4 1 1 1 15	Bristol.....	2 23	Brighton.....	2 29	
5 1 43 2 1	Carmarthen.....	4 3	Carnarvon.....	4 47	
6 2 20 2 5	Cork Harbour.....	2 23	Cowes.....	3 22	
7 3 13 3 45	Dartmouth.....	3 58	Dublin Bar.....	2 55	
8 3 43 4	Dunoon Light.....	5 23	Dunoon.....	3 17	
9 4 20 4 35	Edinburgh.....	3 8	Falkenstein.....	3 37	
10 4 35 5 1	Falmouth Bar.....	4 18	Foreland North.....	2 22	
11 5 3 5 35	Falmouth.....	5 8	Foreland South.....	2 47	
12 6 2 6 25	Flintford Head.....	2 23	Gravesend.....	0 37	
13 7 2 7 2	Greenwich Pier.....	4 23	Greenwich.....	0 20	
14 8 2 8 2	Hastings.....	1 58	Harwich.....	2 37	
15 9 2 9 2	Howth Harbour.....	3 23	Howth Harbour.....	2 59	
16 10 2 10 2	Irish Harbour.....	2 24	Irish.....	2 7	
17 11 2 11 2	Kilrush.....	2 23	Kilrush Knock.....	2 37	
18 12 2 12 2	Liverpool.....	0 15	Liverpool.....	3 37	
19 1 2 1 2	Liverpool.....	4 58	Margate.....	2 2	
20 2 2 2 2	Portsmouth.....	3 26	Nore Light.....	0 56	
21 3 2 3 2	Portsmouth.....	3 45	Portsmouth.....	2 27	
22 4 2 4 2	Portsmouth.....	3 58	Portsmouth.....	1 28	
23 5 2 5 2	Portsmouth.....	3 45	Portsmouth.....	2 27	
24 6 2 6 2	Portsmouth.....	4 23	Portsmouth.....	4 37	
25 7 2 7 2	Portsmouth.....	5 2	Portsmouth Roads.....	5 27	
26 8 2 8 2	Portsmouth.....	7 55	Portsmouth.....	2 19	
27 9 2 9 2	Portsmouth.....	2 16	Portsmouth.....	3 2	
28 10 2 10 2	Portsmouth.....	4 45	Portsmouth.....	5	
29 11 2 11 2	Portsmouth.....	5 27	Portsmouth.....	2	
30 12 2 12 2	Portsmouth.....	5 58	Portsmouth.....	7	
31 1 2 1 2	Portsmouth.....	7 2	Portsmouth.....	7	

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HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1857.

YACHTING IN THE SOLENT.

As the grand marine carnival of the season in the Solent is now over, a few remarks and hints from a yachtsman may be acceptable, and for that purpose I select your valuable Magazine, as being more permanent than any other channel. The Squadron this year did not achieve its wonted success:—the entries for the Prince Consort's Cup were only three, viz. *Lalla Rookh*, schooner of 125 tons, *Zouave*, schooner of 105 tons, and the *Gem*, schooner of 125 tons; the latter merely entering to make up the match, and was not present to take her station: the contest was therefore between the former only. For her Majesty's Cup there were only four entries, viz. the *Lulworth*, *Maritana*, *Extravaganza*, and *Caprice*, and from the beginning it was evident that the *Lulworth* would walk over the course.

Under these circumstances it does not appear that the object of the royal donors in giving the cups is attained,—that of encouraging improvement in yacht building, let the specimens emanate from any
b whatsoever. The cups being given for national purposes, there should be open to the nation, not confined to the Squadron exclusively.

The Squadron purse of fifty sovereigns, (which was formerly one hundred,) obtained five entries—the *Lulworth*, *Zouave*, *Wildfire*,

Vestal, and Mariquita. The conditions, however, attached to the race were such that the Wildfire and Vestal, after taking their stations, hauled down their racing colours, and left for Ryde; so that there was no match at all.

The visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to Osborne gave a great interest to Cowes during the week, but the "afloat" portion of the regatta was vastly deficient when compared with other years.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club regatta, which followed that of the Squadron, opened with an unexampled list of entries; there were fourteen first-rate racers, thirteen of which started, and the contest was of the most exciting character. The "Old Arrow," one of Mr. Weld's former productions, contested with his new yacht Lulworth, and was of itself an excellent race, which was further enhanced by the Mosquito running them almost a dead heat. The struggle for the mastery too, between the Quiver and Don Juan, two of the small fry, was very good. The Extravaganza and the Emmet made up a beautiful contest. Another match also attracted much attention, between the Wildfire, Zouave, and Vestal; all of which were contending strenuously for the supremacy.

The adoption of *half* Acker's scale was a very great improvement; and to this alteration much of the amusement is due, as it is found in practice that the *whole* scale allows more time than any yacht can give another, as a rule; while the half gives enough to make the headmost of a necessity a winner. The liberality of the Victoria Club in thus opening its chief prize to *all* clubs, has set a pattern worthy of being followed, and the result has been one of the best sailing matches upon record. Mr. Weld winning the prize was not much relished, as that gentleman belongs to one club only—the Squadron, which keeps its chief prizes to itself: it was thought that yachts of the Squadron should be excluded from other club prizes. The match for the cup given by Mr. Carew was not of great interest as the Arrow walked over the course.

The great injury to Ryde as a rendezvous for yachts is the excessive heavy dues made by the Pier Company for landing. For instance, a boat's crew goes on shore for provisions, toll is demanded on going off and again on coming back. Cannot the Club make some arrangements with the Company to rectify this nuisance?

YACHTING

TIME FOR TONNAGE.

SOME one has raised an outcry respecting time for tonnage, and, as usual we may expect a conflict of opinion, for a paper war has commenced in *Bell*; each writer of course thinking himself right, and nothing definite advanced. For years the columns of that journal have been open to discussion on measurement,—the Magazine also during its five years' existence has assisted to bring the subject to the notice of yachtsmen, yet what good has resulted therefrom? with the exception of the Clubs on the Thames we have not heard of any alteration. Several proposed matches this season were abandoned because the owners of yachts and the sailing committees could not agree about the allowance of time. Through the kindness of a friend we obtained a few wrinkles respecting the American Pleasure Navy, and one of them enlightens us as to the system adopted in sailing matches. It appears that whilst we are considering they are doing, for the system advocated by the late Mr. Marett, in his work *Yachts and Yacht Building*, our Cousins have adopted; viz. *allowing time by the area of sail carried* For third class yachts carrying less than 2,300 square feet of canvas, allow $1\frac{1}{2}$ second per square foot; second class, carrying 2,300 square feet and upwards, but less than 3,300, $1\frac{1}{4}$ second per square foot; and first class, carrying 3,300 and upwards, 1 second per square foot.—The allowance of time is based upon the mainsail and jib of sloops, and the mainsail, foresail, and jib of schooners, and upon any other duly measured sail set during the race; as between sloops and schooners this allowance is based upon nine-tenths of the area of the schooners' sails.

Whether the Americans are right, we must leave to more practical hands to determine; but we are inclined to believe they are from the writings of the gentleman abovenamed; untrammelled by business, and possessed of ample wealth, he devoted his time to experiments in naval architecture, consequently his opinions are deserving of attention. He says

“The only correct measure of a yacht for racing purposes is the measurement of the sails. Its great simplicity and practicability are only secondary recommendations to the evident advantages to be derived from adoption, no valid objection except that of novelty has ever been urged against it, and the most beneficial results are to be expected were this method of measurement applied to racing craft. This is more par-

ticularly apparent when preparing a drawing for a racing yacht. The first question naturally is, what vessel it is required to beat, and by what means is she to be beaten? By larger sail or by larger hull, or by observing the same dimensions precisely? It never occurs to us that the end is to be attained by reducing any part of the original. If the sail is increased we gain an advantage over our opponent which should attract the attention of the handicapper quite as much, or more than an increase in what is settled to be no longer a measure of the hull. If with smaller sails we outsail our rival, who can say that an improvement in the form of the vessel is not the cause. We have given the owner a yacht of equal size, and of greater velocity, requiring a less crew, and consequently of less cost to maintain, and with some additional internal space.

"By the present system the attempt to improve is discountenanced, and a set form of vessel which is daily abused by its promoters is forced upon us; and no one yacht club is yet found bold enough to originate some substantial correction of a system which they all acknowledge to be fundamentally wrong. The only objection to the measurement of the area of sail is that the innovation is too great; but it must be borne in mind that the remedy should be proportional to the disease, and surely the disease is great enough: all half measures or patching of bad ones are of little or no avail; it has and will only beget fresh evasions, to be met by fresh alterations, without in any way producing yachts constructed on better principles than those we have at present.

"It may be considered doubtful whether the actual sails could be measured, and therefore a method of approximating to the correct area has been suggested; but there can be no difficulty about measuring the sails themselves, and in so doing it is a question whether the largest topsail and the largest jib should be included: by including them balloon sails would cease to appear, and when a yacht of any different rig than the usual cutter or schooner ventured to race, she would contend on equal terms as to sail at least; or if, as is frequently the case, some yachtsman would start his vessel, well knowing her powers in sailing to windward; but also aware that without balloon sails his hardly contested laurels would be snatched from him by some sailing machine that can double his spread of canvas when before the wind, then the oversailed clipper must allow his adversary "time" in proportion to the additional sail else not hoist it.

"One of the prominent advantages of the adoption of the sail measurement is, that the most difficult questions in match sailing would with an easy solution. When the number of crew is proportional to

work to be done, or in other words, to the sail they would have to set and work, there could arise no dispute on this head. Again, the allowance of time for additional size can be so admirably arranged when the area of sail is the racing measure of size, that when once a good time table was established all trouble or annoyance on this score would be obviated. Unless there is an allowance of time for size, the sail measure loses half of its evident advantage, and the races their interest; with it, yachts of different sizes and rigs can contend in the same race with a fair chance of winning; without it, only one size of yacht can have a chance."

The New York Yacht Club having offered for competition the Cup which the late Commodore Stevens won with the *America*, it will be a fine opportunity to form a correct opinion of the foregoing, as the first contest will be, of course, on the Hudson.

New York, U.S.A. July 20th., 1857.

SIRs.—I am directed to inform the Members of your Association that the One Hundred Guinea Cup, won by the yacht *America* at Cowes, England, August 22nd, 1851, at the Regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, as a prize offered to yachts of all nations, has been presented to the New York Yacht Club, subject to the following conditions, viz :—

"Any organized yacht club of any foreign country shall always be entitled, through any or more of its members, to claim the right of sailing a match for this cup, with any yacht or other vessel, of not less than 30, or more than 300 tons, measured by the custom-house rule of the country to which the vessel belongs.

"The parties desiring to sail for the cup may make any match with the yacht club in possession of the same that may be determined upon by mutual consent; but in case of disagreement as to terms, the match shall be sailed over the usual course for the annual regatta of the yacht club in possession of the cup, and subject to its rules and sailing regulations; the challenging party being bound to give six months notice, in writing, fixing the day they wish to start,—this notice to embrace the length, custom-house measurement, rig, and name of the vessel.

"It is to be distinctly understood that the cup is to be the property of the Club, and not of the members thereof, or owners of the vessel winning it in a match, and that the condition of keeping it open to be sailed for by yacht clubs of all foreign countries, upon the terms above laid down, shall for ever attach to it, thus making it perpetually a challenge cup for friendly competition between the foreign countries.

"The New York Yacht Club having accepted the gift with the conditions above expressed, consider this a fitting occasion to present the subject to the yacht clubs of all nations, and invoke from them a spirited contest for the championship, and trust that it may be the source of continued friendly

strife between the institutions of this description throughout the world, and therefore request that this communication may be laid before your members at their earliest meeting, and earnestly invite a friendly competition for the possession of the prize, tendering to any gentleman who may favour us with a visit, and who may enter into the contest, a liberal, hearty welcome, and the strictest fair play.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

N. BLOODGOOD,

Secretary New York Yacht Club.

THE REGATTA.

The morning breaks upon the summer sea,
Whose billows in the light are swelling free,
Beneath the influence of the southern breeze
That with the tide is rising by degrees.
O'er the blue waters, scattered near and far,
(A sight to cheer the heart of any tar),
The gay and graceful yachts at anchor lie,
Prepared this day their sailing powers to try;
The builder's craft and seaman's skill are shewn,
To win a prize peculiarly their own.
The gentlemen of England here are bent
To contest on their guardian element;
Her seamen brave and bold are met to prove
Their skill and daring in the life they love.
The signal gun from the bold Commodore
Booms o'er the sea and echoes round the shore;
The yachts take up their places, and again
The gun is heard—away they start amain.
How gracefully, how gallantly they glide
Through the blue waters, gaily as a bride
In marriage robes arrayed,—they tack, they veer
Skim into distance, and anon draw near;
Each various feat of seamanship they try,
Moving like things of faëry lightly by,
Until the gallant craft, most aptly planned,
Or handled the most ably, as best manned,
Regains the starting point, and to the gun
Bears witness far around of victory won;
And the hurrahs of all her lusty crew
Show how they share the meed of honour due.
Such is one race, and others are the same,
Noble aspirants for aquatic fame;
They help to nurture, strengthen, and improve
The taste for the profession Britons love.
Woe, woe that day, if e'er that day shall come,
When Englishmen are not at sea at home;
Then shall their glory set, their flag be furled
That floated hith so long triumphant round the world.

Ryde, August, 1857.

YACH.

TWENTY *versus* SIXTY, OR, THE LADY *NON-SUITED*.*

BY A VETERAN YACHTSMAN.

ON the evening of the day preceding the one appointed for the baptism of the child, there was duly sent to the villa a box of the most beautiful workmanship, containing the service of plate intended for presentation, each piece bore a suitable inscription, besides the name of the donor, "Carlos," which was also to be that of the infant.

On the eventful morning the strangers awaited with impatience the summons to be presented: the countess in the meanwhile was superintending preparations in the drawing-room, that being now fitted up with all the splendour of a Catholic altar. The Abbe and Scalpalini had arrived, the servants of the household were summoned, and soon all was in readiness save the presence of the strangers. The doctor was now deputed to conduct the latter hither—he accordingly betook himself to their apartments, situated at some little distance from those of the countess, which being of modern construction had been, so to speak, isolated from the ancient part of the building occupied by the wrecked guests, and after traversing a court with high walls (so built to exclude the sun) they entered the modern part of the structure, and ascended a flight of magnificent marble steps to a gallery adorned with pictures by the first masters; from this gallery, which was formed by the sides of the quadranglar court before spoken of—the different suites of apartments opened: these however were not all furnished, as the villa being but a recent purchase of Scalpalini's, he was only required by the countess to fit up a few rooms for her temporary accommodation. This explains why the two gentlemen occupied the rooms of part of the old building which still retained its ancient furniture.

Scalpalini having ascertained the names and title of the latter preceded them for the purpose of introduction; on arriving therefore at the door of the drawing-room, he announced the Count Carlos — of Seville."

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed Bianca, who stood just within the door of the apartment, and first caught sight of the Count—"Your husband, my lady!"

A shriek from the countess—and she fell insensible on the floor—

* Concluded from page 327.

At this moment the duenna became aware that the count's companion was none other than young Mildred, the father of the babe than unconsciously sleeping in its splendid bassinet close to where the countess had fallen, and comprehending with her usual quickness of perception the perilous position he was now placed in, foreseeing too that ensuing explanations would in all probability cost him his life—she adroitly exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake, Senhor, run into the adjoining room for the sal volatile." And on pretence of pointing out the apartment she followed Mildred into the corridor, whispered into his ear—"Fly! fly! for the sake of the blessed Virgin, or you are a dead man!"—and then returned to the drawing-room to the assistance of her mistress. The Abbe, the doctor, and several female attendants, all busied in assisting to restore her. The count stood over the bassinet looking upon the sleeping child, by his side was placed a work table, on which was deposited the small cabinet of plate intended to have been presented to his godson. The unhappy husband had no sooner caught sight of Bianca on her re-entry into the room than he sprang at her like a tiger, and seizing her by both of her hands demanded in a voice of thunder,—

"Accursed hag! who is the father of this brat?"

The terrified duenna shrieked out—"For the sake of the blessed Virgin be patient Senhor, and the countess will explain,—in the meantime let us dismiss the servants and await her restoration."

"Thou faithless wretch! that I trusted to guard mine honor! Dost think," said the count, "that I'll await to hear from *her* lips the name of the serpent who has thus dishonoured me—say this instant, or——" at this moment the countess was heard to heave a deep sigh, and she faintly, and perhaps unconsciously, pronounced the name of "Mildred," little thinking that he it was, who but a few seconds since was about to be ushered into her presence to assist as a sponsor to his own child.

"Ah!" said the startled count as he heard that name spoken, "what knows my wrecked companion of this business? By Heavens!—he's not in the room!" and turning round sharply the injured husband beheld from an open window young Mildred flying towards the sea coast. Conviction now became strong as Holy Writ: with the speed of the lightnings' flash the now infuriated husband seized from the case on the table, a silver fruit fork on which was engraven, as we have before seen, the word "Carlos." The priest looked terror struck, and made a slight movement towards the count—

"Holy Father approach me not," said he, "I promised to name a child, that promise I now redeem."

The purport of the enraged count began now to be suspected, at

attempt was made to arrest the progress of the fatal fork, but before this could be effected he had struck it deeply into the temple of the sleeping babe, exclaiming! "Thus baseborn brat I stamp 'Carlos' upon thy brain." And with a desperate swing of his arms he cleared a passage through the paralyzed and horror stricken spectators—rushed madly down the marble staircase, and before any one had presence of mind to pursue him he was lost to their view.

The injured count however determined to punish Mildred, and for this purpose he had rushed hastily to his apartment, seized a pair of pistols from their case, and was now in hot pursuit of the youth.

The object of Mildred was to reach the beach and to push off to sea in some boat, when, if successful, he hoped to regain sufficient composure to devise a plan for his future safety; but the fates were against him, as on arriving breathless on the sea shore not a boat could be obtained, as from the fineness of the morning they had put to sea either for pleasure or to fish;—judge then, reader, of his dismay, when before he had time for deliberation as to future proceedings, the infuriated count rushed upon him with a loaded pistol in either hand.

"Villain!" exclaimed the count, "it were a virtue to kill thee like a dog."

The unhappy youth spoke not a word, but wrung his hands in despair as he cast an appealing look for mercy upon the count, and then with uplifted face he appeared to ejaculate a short prayer.

"Thine hour is come," said the count, "and perhaps mine own also; but to me life would be a curse after thy baseness.—Step out six paces backwards!" This was said in a voice of thunder, as he presented the muzzle of a cocked pistol to Mildred. The youth obeyed.

The count now retreated backwards a similar number of paces. The parties therefore stood facing each other at twelve paces distant,—but Mildred was unarmed.

"Is there no hope of mercy,"—at length gasped the youth, as he stood before the pistols of the count; and imagined that the latter proposed making a target of him. "Remember," added Mildred, "I knew you not as the husband of the countess, when it was my misfortune to become acquainted with her;—will not this circumstance admit of some mitigation of the rigorous measures you are now about to take."

"Dost think I design to murder thee!" replied the count, "No, no—have taken into consideration as much as an injured husband should and have determined that we cannot both survive,—that is, you after a crime, or myself after my dishonour:—mark, therefore, with your the place you are now standing in, and receive one of these pistols.

Come, sir, no hesitation:—the only mitigation I can permit is that you shall have an equal chance of shooting me; and observe, if I find that you have not fired at me, I shall consider you as adding insult to injury, and my revenge will be two-fold."

Mildred seeing no chance of turning the count's purpose reluctantly advanced, and received the pistol from the latter. It was thereupon settled after the youth returned to his position that one—two—three—four—five! was to be counted by Carlos, and when the latter number was called both to fire simultaneously.

Two minutes later both lay dead on the beach, but it is due to Mildred to say, that before his last gasp he stated to the party arrived in pursuit of the count, "that his pistol went off accidentally, it being his intention (notwithstanding the count's threat) to fire in the air."

Thus in one short hour three lives had been sacrificed to the avarice of sordid parents who would insist on the unnatural alliance of May and December.

As to the countess she remained delirious for many weeks, and on her recovery retired to the convent over which the Abbe we have spoken of presides.

We have, in stating the circumstance of the shipwreck by fire, and the falling in with the ship *I. Puritani*, accounted for the Count Carlos having been driven on the coast where his countess was residing, and it is needless to observe that young Mildred was one of the passengers who embarked from Gibraltar in the ill-fated ship.

ROYAL SOUTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS event came off on the 7th and 8th of August, and was well attended by the crack yachts; and the result was two days of excellent sport, great difficulty existed here, as well as at the Isle of Wight Regattas, in giving an accurate account of the doings of the contending yachts, in consequence of no steamer being chartered to follow them. We feel assured that the members of the club, as well as their friends would cheerfully support such a conveyance, and why the plan of the London clubs is not followed we are at a loss to imagine. However none appeared, and therefore, as only the indefatigable agent of *B Life* adopted the laborious task of passing and repassing by the steamers that ply between Cowes and Southampton, we must ourselves do his account.

The first race was for the Royal Southern Yacht Club Purse.

for yachts of any rig or tonnage, belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. Ackers' scale.

For this thirteen yachts entered, but only the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	49	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
625	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
327	Emmet.....	cutter	27	E. Gibson, Esq.
72	Alma	sloop	31	R. A. Mangin, Esq.

The Arrow, Mariquita, Phantom and Thought were entered but did not start.

The course was from the station-vessel moored off the pier, down the river, round Calshot light vessel and the buoys of the Brambles, leaving all on the starboard hand, thence to round the starting vessel, leaving it on the port hand. Thrice round; distance, at least sixty miles.

The starting gun fired at 10h. 30m. and the Vestal went off with the lead, closely followed by the others in order above named—wind W.S.W. They started with their mainsails up, and were soon under a press of canvas, Lulworth speedily passed Extravaganza and Wildfire, in this order they neared the light-vessel, when they prepared to haul their wind. The exact time of passing the light vessel could not be noted owing to the distance, but at 11h. 22m., the Wildfire was leading round the east buoy of the Brambles. The Mosquito (apparently) close to her heels, from hence they had a beating match round the southward of the Brambles. Mosquito passed the Wildfire, and Lulworth became the leading vessel. We had now reached the West Bramble, and, through the courtesy of the captain of the Gem steamer, we were enabled to note their time on passing the Red Buoy:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	11 40 45	Vestal.....	11 47 50	Cyclone.....	11 54 30
Mosquito.....	11 43 31	Extravaganza.	11 54 0	Emmet.....	11 54 50
Wildfire.....	11 44 8				

he Vestal, on nearing the Brambles, was necessitated to make a rt tack to weather the buoy with safety, by which she lost a couple minutes. The cutters which followed in her wake appeared to ve overreached themselves when passing Old Castle Point. It then ame a close match between the Extravaganza, Cyclone, and Emmet;

at times it was difficult to say which had the lead. On turning our glass towards the Wildfire, we observed something had befallen her when between the flag-buoy and the Spit, she having wore round out of her track, and after some little delay continued her course. We subsequently ascertained that while one of the hands was casting off the stops of the bonnet of her foresail he accidentally fell overboard, the Wildfire put about for him, having previously thrown to him a life-buoy; a small vessel, the *Eaglet*, however, picked him up. The Wildfire having ascertained that the man was saved, continued her course. From the Brambles the yachts kept away for the Spit, and eventually completed the first round of the course as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth	12	23	5	Wildfire.....	12	29	45	Emmet.....	12	43	18
Mosquito.....	12	28	45	Vestal.....	12	31	6				

The other yachts were not timed, having given up all further idea of contesting. After rounding the starting vessel, the above yachts continued their course for the second round; the Lulworth having a good lead of the Mosquito, whereas the Wildfire and Vestal kept each other company. About 1h. 15m. we again fell in with them off the Calshot, the Lulworth leading by a about a couple of miles of the Mosquito, and the latter about half a cable's length from the Vestal and Wildfire; while the Emmet was off Fawley, wending her way by herself. On approaching the committee vessel on the second round, nothing could exceed the interest and excitement of the spectators as the yachts stood through the maze of shipping, the Mosquito staggering under her jib-headed topsail, and foaming like a mad dog. On the second and last round we timed them as under:—

	Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	2	18	31	4	14	20
Wildfire.....	2	26	28	4	23	53
Vestal.....	2	26	47	4	25	15
Mosquito.....	2	30	32	4	37	32

On the arrival of the yachts at the goal a protest was lodged against the Wildfire, inasmuch that she did not return with the same number of hands she left with; the objection, according to the rules and regulations was fatal, and the committee appear to have had no alternative but to pass the "Plate" over to the Vestal as the next vessel in by time. the trivial accident—that the man was saved, but not on board the Wildfire, lost her the well-earned prize. This decision was not arrived at the meeting of the committee on the following Monday.

second match:—The Club Prize of £25, for cutters, yachts

sloops, not exceeding 12 tons; time race, one minute per ton; entrance fee for non-members 15s.; time of starting two hours before high water; from the starting vessel off the Town Quay, down the river, round the *Melampus* frigate moored off Netley Hospital, leaving it on the starboard hand, then round the starting vessel, leaving it on the port hand; thrice round. The following were the entries for this unfortunate match.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
260	Don Juan.....	cutter	10	W. Cooper, Esq.
802	Pip	cutter	7	Capt. Wigzell
653	Mazeppa	cutter	12	C. Bromley, Esq.

The Quiver entered, not having returned from London could not participate in the match; and it appeared the Mazeppa was very indifferent about taking part in the contest, and only started to make a match. At 12h. 30m. the three little craft were started; shortly afterwards the Mazeppa gave in, leaving the match to the Don Juan and Pip. Thus the two little pets proceeded, accompanied by some other of the Mosquito fleet, and staggered onward as if for death or glory. Don Juan took the lead, and kept it, rounding the *Melampus* about four minutes in advance of Pip; and when on their return, about half a mile from the frigate, the ballast of the Pip, which was trimmed to windward, by some means fell to leeward, and the vessel immediately capsized and sunk. Don Juan, observing the disaster, gallantly hove about, and bore up to render assistance to the struggling crew. Fortunately other boats were in the vicinity of the accident and proceeded to the rescue. The Zeuxo, W. Fox, Esq., coming up, succeeded in rescuing two of the crew, and a boat from the man-of-war, picked up another one, but the fourth man, (James Jurd, of Itchen Ferry) went down in the yacht. He had, it appears, gone into the cuddy at the moment for something, and was drowned. The Don Juan afterwards sailed over the remainder of the course, and the prize was awarded to her. The melancholy accident caused a gloom and sensation over the neighbourhood immediately on the intelligence reaching Southampton. On Sunday the body was picked up by Ben Parker. Jurd was an industrious young man, and the support of a widowed mother. His father was drowned in the neighbourhood about ten years ago. We have been assured that the bereaved other will be cared for by Captain Wigzell.

There were some minor amusements during the afternoon, but there was a general gloom owing to the accident which marred all the pleasure of the day, verifying the seaman's adage, that "Friday is an

unlucky day." In the evening the regatta ball took place at the Club House, and was well patronised by the members, and *élite* of the neighbourhood.

Saturday.—First Prize for Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 guineas, for yachts of any rig or tonnage belonging to members of the R.S.Y.C. Ackers' Scale. For which there were ten entries, but owing to the stiff breeze and squally appearance of the weather, the Quiver, Thought, Mazeppa and Emmet were withdrawn, leaving the following yachts to contest for the honor of obtaining the regal gift:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
58	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
1023	Wildfire.....	schooner	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.
1096	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
213	Cyclone.....	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
697	Mosquito.....	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
326	Extravaganza.....	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.

Course from the starting vessel round the Calshot Light-vessel leaving it on the starboard hand, thence round a flag-boat stationed off Yarmouth, thence passing Cowes to the eastward, round the East Buoy of the Stourbridge, leaving it on the port hand, and passing inside the Calshot Light Vessel, thence to the goal.

There was a strong breeze from W.N.W., to N.W., about equal to that of the day previous, and considerable excitement was manifested. The old Arrow appeared to be the favorite, but it was generally imagined that it would be impossible on such a course with the prevailing wind to allow her formidable antagonist, the Mosquito, 21m. 30s., to Wildfire, 57 ton schooner, classed as a 35 ton cutter, 31m. 45s.; Vestal, 74 ton schooner, as a 39 ton cutter, 28m. Mosquito to allow Wildfire 10m. 25s.; and to Vestal 7m. 25s.; Vestal to allow Wildfire only 3m.

Everything being in readiness the starting gun was fired at 10h. 25m. and got away in the following order, the Wildfire taking the lead, closely pursued by the Arrow: then followed Vestal, Cyclone, and Mosquito. With some trifling alterations they proceeded down the river, and in the neighbourhood of Calshot we fell in with the Arrow having the lead of the fleet. The whole of them had passed the Calshot Light vessel, and were turning to the westward to the northward Brambles, and working down to the westward, keeping as near as prudent to the shore in Standsore Bay. At 11h. 40m. Arrow on starboard tack, Mosquito, Vestal, Wildfire, on the opposite tack; Cyclone last. The sight was exciting, particularly between the Arrow

Mosquito, each making tack for tack, and holding well together, the Arrow maintaining her lead by about a quarter of a mile dead to windward; Vestal and Wildfire keeping also together. On reaching off shore Wildfire went about and weathered the Vestal. The remainder of the flood was against them. The Cyclone did not appear to have any chance from the respectable station she kept, and subsequently in the West Channel she carried away her main halliard hook, which brought the strain upon the lashing, which then also gave way, and widened the distance between her and the other yachts. There being no steamer to accompany them down the West Channel, our only alternative was patiently to wait their return through Cowes. In this we were not disappointed, and certainly it was a pretty sight as the yachts passed through the roadstead under a crowd of canvas, Mosquito with her huge balloonier and gaff topsail apparently having as much canvas set as would make a suit for all the Arrow's put together; Wildfire, with her large square sail, and the Vestal with her staysail. In this manner they passed Cowes:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	2 15 0	Vestal	2 29 0
Mosquito.....	2 16 0	Wildfire	2 31 0

On closing Old Castle Point there was 1m. 27s. between the Arrow and Mosquito. With the fair wind they proceeded to the eastward in similar order, and on nearing the Stourbridge buoy they severally took the precaution to make all snug previous to rounding it, which was effected by jibing round in the following order and time:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	3 10 0	Vestal	3 26 0
Mosquito.....	3 12 15	Wildfire.....	3 28 30

The Mosquito shifted her topsail before rounding the buoy. They now hauled their wind, and laid their course for Southampton on the port tack, and, without anything worthy of remark, they severally reached the goal as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	4 26 52	Vestal	4 45 8
Mosquito.....	4 33 19	Wildfire	4 49 16

The Mosquito losing by 6m. 27s. on the Arrow, but gaining by time 1. 53s.; the cup was accordingly awarded to her.

While the above interesting match was proceeded with, the second race was started.

Prize of £15 for boats (not yachts), belonging to the port of Southampton, not exceeding 22 feet keel; first boat £6, second boat £4.

third £3, fourth £2, fifth £1; time race, one minute per foot allowed. The following started for the same:—Centipede, 21ft., T. Paskins, Arrow, 21ft., W. Diaper, Neverflinch, 21ft., T. Gibbons, Vampire, 20ft., B. Parker, Glance, 20ft., H. Parker. The Glance was sailed by Mr. Hatcher, her builder, and the other boats by their respective owners. At 12h. 30m. they were started on the usual course for the small boats, Neverflinch with the lead, which she kept until the third round, when she was passed by the Centipede just before rounding the Melampus, and eventually won by 1½m., each of the others winning their respective prizes by time with a few seconds to spare.

During the absence of the yachts rowing and duck hunting amused the spectators.

A dinner at the club-house was presided over by the Commodore, the Earl of Cardigan, who was well supported by the members and their friends.

SWANSEA REGATTA.

THE annual recurrence of the regatta days is looked forward to with interest by nearly all classes among us, and when the weather proves favorable, thousands are attracted to our beautiful bay to witness the sports. Such has been the case, this year. The weather on Monday and Tuesday, the 3rd and 4th of August, was delightfully fine, and the number of spectators on both days was immense.

The stewards of the regatta were—the Mayor of Swansea (J. Oakshot,) Esq., E. Evans, Esq. (Mayor of Neath), H. H. Vivian, Esq. M.P., L. L. Dillwyn, Esq. M.P., Capt. Crews Read, R.N., Messrs. S. Benson, J. Biddulph, G. Vivian, and T. Edwards Thomas. To these gentlemen and to Mr. J. Lewis, (the Secretary), to Mr. W. Rees, and others who have interested themselves in promoting the regatta, thanks are due for the excellence of the arrangements generally, to which the success of the regatta is mainly owing. Mr. W. Rosser, in his office of starting-master, was indefatigable in his exertions to promote the regularity and harmony of the proceedings.

The accommodation of the spectators was provided for by the erection of a grand stand, and numerous booths on the sands and esplanade. By the erection of seats, &c. The Dowlais, the Kilvey, and the Neath 1 bands were in attendance—flags waved in profusion from the boats, shipping, and other available spaces, the water was covered with boats, and craft of all descriptions—the whole forming a *coup* exquisite beauty.

Before proceeding to describe the sports, we may briefly state that the course taken by the sailing vessels was from buoys laid down near the west buoy outside the piers, to a mark placed to the eastward opposite Neath bar; thence to a mark buoy opposite the Mumbles, and back to the buoy near west pier. Twice round this course made the distance about 25 miles. For the rowing matches the course marked was equal to about three-quarters of a mile once round, or twice round, a mile and a half.

First Day.—The sports commenced soon after two o'clock, but the absence of wind considerably detracted from the interest and excitement of the races.

Pilot Boat match for the following prizes,—first boat £5, second £3. 10s., third £2 10s., fourth £2., fifth £1. The following ten boats entered Tom Rosser, Sarah, Neptune, Swanzey, Providence, Vivian, Singleton, Faith, Zion, and Henry.

The contest between the pilot-boats, which introduced the sports, was by no means one of the least interesting of the day. The start was really most exciting. It required all the exertions of the starting-master to restrain the ardour of the competitors, and to induce them to curb their impatience until the firing of the second gun should give the signal. Then up went the canvas with almost magic rapidity, and the little crafts glided forward amidst the shouts of the crews and the cheering of the thousands of spectators who lined the beach. The start was effected at 2h. 21m. The Vivian soon shot ahead, and kept that position to the finish at 5h. 40m., twenty-three minutes before the second boat—the Neptune, which was followed by the Singleton, Providence, and Tom Rosser, the others following in a few minutes. The Vivian is the same vessel that carried off the chief prize last year.

Some delay occurring in getting together the large yachts, which were to have started next to the pilot boats, it was determined to start the smaller pleasure-boats first.

The prize was £10, for boats not exceeding 10 tons, belonging to any port in the Channel. The following started:—Fairy, 10 tons, G. Thomas, Magic, 8 tons, W. Bowen, and Lily, 8 tons, — Townrow. The former lost a little time in getting her canvas set, which allowed the Fairy to take the lead, but before passing the eastern mark the Magic got ahead of her competitors, and maintained her position round the eastern buoy. In the run home the Fairy again drew up, and a most exciting race ensued. In consequence of taking the wrong side of the eastern buoy, the Magic had to jibe, and thus lost a distance of three or four times her length, allowing the Fairy to come in ahead; but as

the Magic had to receive half-a-minute time from Fairy she was declared the winner,

Another race for £5 between smaller pleasure-boats was started which was won by Mr. Kynaston's *Ione*, beating Mr. Young's *Erin*, and Capt. Davies's *Why Not I*.

All being now duly arranged the next race was for the Members' Cup, value £25, open to vessels not exceeding 50 tons. A time race—Royal Thames Yacht Club regulations. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
596	<i>Leander</i>	cutter	31	H. J. Bath, Esq.
1028	<i>Vigilant</i>	cutter	34	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
95	<i>Blue Bell</i>	cutter	30	S. Padley, Esq.
	<i>Constance</i>	cutter	15	T. W. Pixley, Esq.
987	<i>Vesper</i>	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
841	<i>Romulus</i>	cutter	28	B. Edwardes, Esq.

The *Cyclone* was entered for this match, but did not start.

The start took place at 3h. 15m. p.m., and was an exceeding good one. The *Vesper* (the celebrated rival of the *Vampire*.) had the lead, which position she maintained throughout the race, showing that she had lost none of her former glory. The *Vigilant* followed next, and from the excellent management of her crew, it was some time doubtful which of the two yachts would be the first round, but all doubts were removed by their arrival off the pier in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
<i>Vesper</i>	5	32	0	<i>Blue Bell</i>	5	39	0	<i>Romulus</i>	6	52	0
<i>Vigilant</i>	5	36	0	<i>Leander</i>	6	19	0	<i>Constance</i>	6	33	0

After rounding the mark buoy they proceeded on the second course, but ere they proceeded far, the other yachts severally retired from the contest, leaving the *Vesper* to complete the distance, which she did at 7h. 46m. Thus winning the first prize since she was purchased by Mr. Bevan.

The next race was between the Mumbles Dredging Boats for a prize of £3. Ten of this renowned fleet contested, causing great amusement and excitement among the connexions of the respective owners.

There was a very good match between two gigs, which was pluckily rowed—the one named *Beaufort* beating the *Phoenix*.

Rowing matches and a duck hunt closed the day's sport affo

Second Day.—The morning showed a better prospect of good matches than the preceding day, the weather was equally fine, and good rattling breeze from the S.W. gave fresh life to the "nautic"

The sports commenced as on the previous day with a contest between the Swansea Pilot Boats.—The prize a purse of £14, which was divided between the three first boats in. Instead of passing twice round the course, the boats this day made one complete circuit, and then omitting the western mark on the second run, returned to the piers from the eastern mark.

The start was effected a few minutes after 3h. p.m., when the Faith, Vivian, and Zion, the three weathermost boats took the lead, being closely followed by the Swanzey and Sarah. The latter boat however, before reaching the first mark, carried away her fore gaff, and was compelled to return to the harbour. The race throughout was a most interesting one. Nothing could exceed the skill displayed by the respective crews, and the sailing qualities of the boats alone determined the race. The Vivian received £8 first prize, Providence £4, and Faith £2.

The next was the principal race of the day for the Ladies' Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, with 10 added, for vessels belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, not exceeding 45 tons register, subject to the conditions of the Ladies' Challenge Cup at Cowes. Twice round, making the course 25 miles in length.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	34	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
596	Leander	cutter	31	H. J. Bath, Esq.
987	Vesper	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
95	Blue Bell	sloop	30	S. Padley, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.

The start was effected at 3h. 45m., and the eager crews with halliards in hand looked like gladiators anxious for the coming strife. Scarcely had the sound issued from the gun, than up flew the canvas with an alacrity seldom equalled:—the Vesper taking the lead, the Vigilant undaunted by her defeat of yesterday, followed close up; and away flew the bonnie barks with a freshening breeze. The pretty Blue Bell showed well at this time and had many admirers; but might will be served, and this the Cyclone proved by her heavy press of canvas, which drove her ward in pursuit of the leading vessels. In this order they proceeded, til rounding the west mark buoy, when the Vesper and Blue Bell me in contact, and the former carried away her topmast, thus depriving her of all chance of winning. The contest for second place was now between the Cyclone and Blue Bell, and a delay in shifting topsails of the latter gave Cyclone the advantage, for in passing the western pier

she was half-a-minute in advance, and this being the completion of the first round they were timed as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant	5 7 3	Blue Bell	5 17 0	Leander.....	5 29 45
Cyclone.....	5 10 30	Vesper.....	5 18 0		

Thus far the positions of the vessels shewed that excellent seamanship requisite in yacht sailing. The Vesper of course could not be expected to win, and therefore the match for the second round laid principally between the Vigilant and Cyclone; and it was somewhat doubtful which would be the successful vessel. They were both most ably piloted and great praise is due to their crews. On coming towards the winning buoy it was observed that the Vigilant had the race in hand for the Cyclone had fallen off. The match ended thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant	6 41 20	Cyclone	6 45 0

The others not timed.

The *Swansea Herald* says "the Vigilant and the Cyclone were both the property of visitors at our regatta—the one being from the Sister Isle, and the other from the Avon. The result proves that they were well matched, and though not now victorious, we doubt not that Fortune will yet smile upon the Cyclone. The manner in which this yacht was sailed by her owner denoted a skill in seamanship seldom found in a landsman. To our two enterprising townsmen, Messrs. Bath and Padley, we are compelled to pay a tribute of praise, and we wish them "better luck next time."

The next race was for a prize of £15 by Pleasure Boats, not exceeding 15 tons register, not used for the purpose of commerce. Time race.

Three boats ran, viz. Fairy, Magic, and Ione. These boats sailed together on the preceding day. The Fairy belongs to Milford, and is Bermudian rig, now showed her superiority in a fresh breeze. She took the lead throughout the whole race, and succeeded in gaining the winning buoy 10m. 30s. before the Magic. The little Ione, although a prodigy in her way, found in this instance discretion to be the better part of valour, and withdrew from the contest early in the race.

In the gig race, Mr. Robinson's Beaufort was again victorious. This was followed by rowing matches and a duck hunt, the latter of which afforded considerable amusement, the pursuing boat got overturned and the whole of the crew were immersed in the water.

Thus closed the aquatic sports of one of the best regattas ever at Swansea, and we entertain no fears for its future prosperity whilst influential portion of the community identify themselves with the ments for the "million."

THE DINNER.

On Monday evening the Mackworth Arms Hotel was enlivened by a numerous party of gentlemen, who were presided over by J. Oakshot, Esq., faced by S. Benson, Esq.

The Chairman in proposing the "Members of the County" associated with it the name of Mr. H. H. Vivian, M.P. He felt honoured and gratified at having to propose the toast, and he was confident that all would feel grateful to Mr. Vivian for having, at considerable disadvantage to himself, come so far to be present on this occasion. Had not Mr. Vivian felt an interest in the Regatta, and an earnest wish to be present, he would have been found attending to his Parliamentary duties in London; but influenced by a strong desire to see what the Swansea Regatta was made of this year, he had come among them, and for so doing he should receive their best thanks.

The toast having been drunk with musical honours,

Mr. Vivian returned thanks on behalf of his colleague, Mr. Talbot, and himself. Irrespective of festive meetings of a political character, this was, he believed, the first occasion on which it had fallen to his lot to return thanks as Member for the County of Glamorgan. He could assure them that he did so with very great feeling, attributing, as he did, their success in the late contest to the exertions of many of the friends whom he now saw around him. As had been said by his worthy friend the Mayor, it was an earnest desire to be present at the regatta that had induced him to quit London, and to leave his Parliamentary duties somewhat earlier than he might otherwise have done. There being no matter of very urgent importance likely to come forward, or, at all events, to be brought to a successful issue, he did not feel called upon to remain; and prompted by a strong inclination to witness the regatta, he accordingly came to Swansea. It was seldom only that occasions of this nature arose to bring them together, and he was, therefore, very reluctant to let the present opportunity slip. Mr. Talbot was occupied in the discharge of a similarly pleasing duty, in his capacity of Vice-Commodore of the Royal Squadron Club; and at the Isle of Wight was now probably enjoying the advantage given him by his new acquisition of a powerful screw. (Laughter.) Mr. Vivian alluded facetiously to his own possession of a small screw, and spoke of the pleasure he had experienced that day in being able to push about the bay, independent of wind and tide. It was not always a source of gratification to a county to possess a screw, but this county possessed two screws—fortunately, however, only in a yachting sense. (Laughter.) Again adverting to the pleasure he had experienced that day, Mr. Vivian expressed a hope that they might meet ther on many similar occasions.

he Vice Chairman proposed "The winners of the Day." He observed as the most anxious desire of Swansea to have a Regatta. They had a bay, but were unfortunate in not always having a great depth of water. y hoped, however, gradually to increase it, and to improve the regatta, were always most thankful to those who attended with their yachts.

He begged to propose "The Winners of the day," and in the absence of Mr. Bevan, to couple with the toast the names of Mr. Bowen and Mr. Kynaston. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Bowen (owner of *Magic*), in returning thanks, said that while he had health and strength, and the means in his pocket, he should always be a contributor to the Swansea Regatta.

Mr. Kynaston (owner of *Ione*) also briefly returned thanks.

The Mayor, observing that the healths of the successful competitors had been drunk, thought the unsuccessful competitors should not be passed over. Without their presence they would not have had the sport they had that day. He hoped that though not yet victorious, they would not be daunted, but again come forward to-morrow, and for many years to come. He coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Atkins.

The toast having been duly honoured, Mr. Atkins (owner of the *Vigilant*), returned thanks for the kind reception given him, although a stranger in Swansea. He was aware that had he been successful he would have been equally well received, notwithstanding that he was a stranger; and in the event of any Swansea gentlemen visiting the port at which he resided, he would do all he could to promote their comfort.

Mr. Hoare had a toast to propose to which he was sure they would respond with as much pleasure as he gave it. It was one requiring no preface, and therefore, without further remark, he would propose "The Patrons and Stewards of the Regatta—health, long life and happiness to them." (Loud Cheers.)

Mr. Benson was called upon to return thanks, but he thought the duty fell rather to the Mayor than to himself. However, being called upon, he had much pleasure in returning thanks on behalf of his colleagues and himself, for he felt that the regatta was of considerable importance to the town. In order to have a good regatta, they should give good money prizes, and he hoped next year they would be enabled to improve in this respect. It would be the earnest endeavour of the stewards to have the regatta better supplied with funds next year, and he hoped that not only would the gentlemen who attended this year bring their yachts, but prevail upon their friends to come also. (Hear hear.)

The Mayor proposed the health of the Treasurer, (Mr. George Young,) and the Secretary (Mr. John Lewis), both of whom had been most indefatigable in their exertions to increase the funds and to promote the success of the Regatta.

Mr. Young, in returning thanks, said that his office had been quite a sinecure, but if he had in any way assisted the regatta he was much gratified and he should always have pleasure in rendering it any aid in his power.

Mr. Lewis also acknowledged the toast. It was true that a regatta of such magnitude could not be promoted and brought to a successful issue with considerable application and personal activity, but when the steward him the honour to request him to act as permanent secretary, he made his mind to do the best he could, and he was proud on this occasion --

that his humble exertions had contributed in the remotest degree to give *éclat* and prestige to the regatta. He thought the regatta should be supported, because it was the means of contributing largely to the national recreations of the vast population of the district. It needed no words to impress this upon their minds, for the scene they had that day witnessed, especially as viewed from the bay—was a full attestation of the fact. On any future occasion, whatever services he could render should be freely placed at their disposal.

Mr. Vivian, M.P., in proposing the health of the Mayor said, that as the first officer of this important community, he was fulfilling one of his duties in presiding on the occasion of this regatta, and he (Mr. Vivian) could fully enter into his feelings, for he did believe that it was most important on every account that they should keep up occasions of this description, and especially endeavour, as they had done for many years, to create a spirit of rivalry among the pilots of the port, which should tend materially to produce a good class of pilots. Without further remarks, he would give "The health of the worthy Mayor," and couple with it "Success to the Corporation of Swansea." (Applause.)

The Mayor felt highly gratified at the manner in which his health had been proposed and responded to. He could not claim any merit for anything he had done in connection with the regatta, for although he had felt considerable interest in it, yet, being quite a novice in such matters, he was afraid that very little had resulted from any effort of his. However, he had done his best, as he always should do whenever his services were required in support of any object calculated to promote the good of his fellow townsmen generally. He then proposed the health of the Assistant Secretary Mr. Rees, who had done much for the funds of the regatta, and had been always ready to lend a helping hand whenever his services were required.

Mr. Rees in acknowledging the compliment, was understood to say that he had not acted in the official capacity of Assistant Secretary, but had done what he could to assist the regatta from a conviction of its importance in improving the sailing craft, and in developing the resources of the locality. He was glad to see that this year the manufacturers had come forward, and that they had not only sailing yachts, but steam yachts riding in the bay. He enlarged upon the capabilities of Swansea, and expressed his opinion that the regatta was only in its infancy. When the present Ladies' Cup was won, he hoped they should find ladies ready to subscribe to a cup of much greater value. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. G. A. Bevan (owner of *Vesper*), accompanied by Mr. C. Williams, now entered the room.

The Mayor said it was never too late to do a good action, and as Mr. Bevan not present when the health of the successful competitors was drunk, he did now propose the health of Mr. Bevan. He congratulated that gentleman upon his success in winning the very handsome cup now before them, and he remarked upon the improved class of yachts now belonging to the port—those of former days, expressing his gratification at the change.

Mr. Bevan, after the toast had been duly honoured, suitably returned thanks.

The Mayor then proposed a good old-fashioned toast, which they, as a commercial community, ought not to overlook—"The Town and Trade of Swansea." He would associate with the toast the name of his friend Mr. Hoare. The toast having been drunk, and acknowledged by Mr. Hoare, the toasts were brought to a close, and the company separated after spending together a very agreeable evening.

As a *finale* to this brilliant gathering a ball was held, which was well patronized by the nobility and gentry.

THE YACHT SQUADRON REGATTA.

Cowes, the head-quarters of this aristocratic club, is still unimproved; and it would be a waste of time to urge anything in its favor. The place seems to be governed by a class of persons who abhor improvements, and until the rate-payers elect spirited go-ahead councillors, they must be pecuniary sufferers. With the exception of the few days devoted to the regatta it is a "deserted village." In a ramble the week after, we did not meet half-a-dozen visitors, they had migrated to Ryde. The Castle, the future abode of the Squadron is not yet finished, therefore it would be premature to offer any opinion of its appearance. The regatta this year commenced on the 5th of August, and was attended by yachts belonging to various clubs; and it is much to be regretted that the entries for the different prizes were not more numerous.

First Day.—August 4th, the first race on the card, was for the splendid gift of H.R.H., the Prince Consort, value £100 guineas. This year it was appointed for schooners only, belonging to the Squadron, and the following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
436	Gem.....	schooner	125	Sir J. B. Mill, Bart.
586	Lalla Rookh.....	schooner	125	Viscount Bangor
1254	Zouave.....	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.

The Queen's Course, viz:—from Cowes to the eastward, outside Noman, thence round the Nab Light Vessel, and back to the westward round a flag-boat off Yarmouth, returning to Cowes, passing the station vessel to win, distance about 42 miles.

The start took place at 10h., when the two latter bounded on the wind light from the W.S.W. The Lalla had the lead, and

Old Castle Point, when the Zouave picked her up and headed her. In this order they progressed under balloon jibs, large top-sails, and a cover of canvas enough to engulph them if a squall had come on; but the wind was very variable and scanty, and it occupied upwards of an hour to reach the Kings Key. The tide certainly was against them. The Zouave with the lead, kept edging along the Motherbank to avoid the force of the tide. At 11h. 24m., they were off Binstead, slowly making their way to the Noman, the Lalla a few minutes behind Zouave. They passed Ryde pier thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Zouave	11 27 50	Lalla Rookh.....	11 32 5

Shortly after they each experienced a slight puff which occasioned them now and again to change places, but eventually the Zouave caught a breeze, and she glided gently away from her competitor. Both vessels edged in close to the sands, and had not their captains been well acquainted with the locality, "stop her" would most likely have been the cry. After passing the sandheads the breeze freshened, and they ploughed ahead merrily. Off Spring Vale the Zouave was carrying on under whole sail, when her bobstay gave way, but this was instantly remedied by getting out a preventer. This enabled Lalla to creep up, but not to pass her opponent. In this close manner they passed the Noman, as the following time will show:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Zouave	12 19 48	Lalla Rookh	12 20 29

They now hauled their wind, and shaped their course for the Nab, with an increasing breeze, when the Zouave, still bearing her balloon jib, carried away the preventer, and was some time getting all straight again. The Lalla during this time being under a smaller jib, overhauled and passed to windward. The wind increasing, they dashed onward, rounding the Nab thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lalla Rookh.....	12 44 53	Zouave	12 46 18

A large fleet of yachts which had followed the racers from Cowes hovered about to witness the rounding, and shortly after putting about, the cutter yacht Will o' the Wisp, G. Taylor, Esq., carrying the R.T.

J. ensign, while bearing up with her large topsail set, the chain as on the port side broke and the mast went by the board, leaving a wreck, fortunately no person was hurt, although a large party of owner's friends were on board. As soon as the accident occurred schooner yacht Beatrice, J. E. W. Rolla, Esq., bore up to render assistance, and sent a boat to her; the Firefly steamer, Sir H. Oglander,

Bart., not only rendered great service but nobly took the wreck in tow, and brought her safely into Cowes, where under the care of Spencer and Barnes, we observed her in the following week nearly ready for sea.

After rounding the Nab Light-vessel the Lalla Rookh had a mishap with her bobstay, but it was soon put to rights again and she maintained the lead, passing through Cowes Roads thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh	2	4	0		Zouave.....	2	8 20

Here the latter set top-sail. At 2h. 15m. the Zouave tacked, and reached in towards Egypt Point. The Lalla followed her example, and fetched in towards the Vale, about half a mile to windward. At 2h. 21m. they again tacked, and worked down the west channel under the island, the flood making up strong in midchannel. At 3h. 30m. they were abreast of Thorness. The wind now dropped, but there was still a pleasant breeze from the westward, which enabled them to work over the tide. After several short tacks along the island, the Lalla stood over towards the north shore, ahaving the edge of the mud, and, when abreast of Pilewell was observed on the Spit, but her stay there was only momentary—all hands were soon out on the bowsprit and boom end, and after hanging a few seconds she dragged herself off. Had it been on a falling tide she would have inevitably remained. From this time each appeared to watch the other's movements, and it was now tack for tack—and while lying along the edge of the mud the hand-lead was kept constantly going, and when too near to be comfortable about they went, until they had reached sufficiently far to the southward and westward to weather the station vessel off Yarmouth, and this was accomplished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh.....	5	43	40		Zouave.....	5	67 40

They had on their return the tide in their favour, and each crew strove to win, crowding every stitch of canvas on their favorites, which drove them through the water, but without altering their position, as they finished by passing Cowes Castle as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lalla Rookh	6	35	10		Zouave.....	6	39 0

The match proved more animating than was anticipated at the time, and the times of passing, rounding, and final arrival are con- proofs that excellent seamanship, coupled with good judgment go the respective sailing masters. The difference of time 3m. 50s. b the two vessels leads us very naturally to conclude that it was the rior tonnage of the Lalla that landed her the winner.

Wednesday 5th.—The Annual Dinner took place at the Squadron House presided over by the noble commodore, Earl of Wilton, supported by the Marquis of Conyngham as vice-chairman, about fifty members arrayed themselves around the festive board, and enjoyed the pleasures of a few social hours.

Thursday 6th.—This day was appointed for a private match between the following yachts.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
341	Fancy	schooner	120	Marquis of Drogheda
589	Lancashire Witch	schooner	94	L. Falk, Esq.
818	Eugenie	schooner	90	R. Frankland, Esq.
145	Cecile ..	schooner	145	Marquis of Conyngham

The weather in the early part of the morning cast a *damp* upon the pleasure seekers, as a continuous rain from the preceding night poured down, but towards the hour of starting it cleared off, and a fine day with the wind westerly, recompensed the ladies for the few previous hours of disquietude: at 11h. the yachts got underway. Fancy with a slight lead, which the Eugenie soon wrested from her, and they proceeded through the Roads, with the Witch third, and Cecile last. However, when passing Old Castle Point, the Cecile overhauled her competitors one after the another, and took the lead which she maintained to the finish. In passing Ryde Pier, she was about half-a-mile in advance, whilst the others kept well together. The wind now suddenly calmed, and they lamely made way, until well down the east channel, when a fresh spurt set them again active, and they made the Nab about 2h. Cecile a mile ahead, Fancy next, Eugenie third, Witch last, after rounding they had a beat back, but no change took place, and after passing the Leap Buoy they returned to Cowes Roads:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Cecile	6	51	10	Fancy	7	24	0

The others not timed.

The wind was of that light and uncertain kind that it is impossible to form a correct opinion of the sailing qualities of the vessels engaged, but Cecile certainly showed to better advantage than her compeers: she seems to be a good weatherly craft; and it was a matter of regret that Old Boreas was so idle, as we believe this is her first appearance as a scur in the Solent.

During the absence of the yachts in the foregoing race the amusements of rowing, duck hunting, &c., came off, and engaged the attention

of a numerous assemblage of persons. The vessels were all dressed in expectation of a visit from her Majesty and her illustrious guests, but the royal yachts (excepting *Fairy*) remained at their moorings off Osborne.

Friday, 7th.—This day was appointed for the sailing for Her Majesty's Cup, value 100 Guineas, annually sailed for by yachts of the Squadron. This royal gift, as well as that of the Prince Consort, is under the sole direction of the Commodore of the Squadron, and this season it was directed to be sailed for by cutters under 100 tons, belonging to members of the Squadron, and was contested for by the following yachts:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
56	Caprice	cutter	56	Lieut.-Col. C. Baring
625	Lulworth	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
641	Maritana	cutter	57	D. J. Dickenson, Esq.

At 10h. they started. There was a strong breeze at the time prevailing from the W.N.W., with disagreeable weather, but which was not of any lengthened duration. The *Maritana* was the first to get away, followed by the *Lulworth*, *Extravaganza*, and *Caprice*, carrying with them a strong flood tide to the eastward, and after passing through the roads, edged away to the northward, and at 11h. they passed through Stokes Bay, in the following order, *Lulworth* leading by about a quarter of a mile, then followed *Extravaganza*, and *Caprice* close together, *Maritana* at a respectable distance. The wind here dropped, and the heavens threatened a return of dirty weather. The *Maritana* at 11h. 15m. passed the *Caprice*. The *Lulworth* increased her distance by at least half a mile. On nearing Spithead there was a slight change of positions, and the N.W. buoy of the Stourbridge was passed in the following time and order:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Lulworth</i>	11 32 10	<i>Extravaganza</i>	11 36 39
<i>Caprice</i>	11 35 20	<i>Maritana</i>	11 40 23

A strong breeze now set in from the N.W., accompanied with heavy squalls of rain and thick weather, which rendered it impossible to with any degree of certainty their several positions. At 1h. 30m. were observed in a cluster off the Noman, amid the pelting of the pit storm, for the rain descended for a couple of hours in a perfect deluge driving everybody from the pier. We proceeded to Sea View to ascertain their positions on rounding the Nab. The yachts were now near

the Warner, Extravaganza (it appeared to us) struck her topsail, and was fast overhauling the Caprice, and on their approach to the Nab it was impossible to discern from the shore either the light-vessel or the yachts. The rain afterwards cleared off, and the Lulworth was observed to windward of the Warner, with topmast housed, followed by Extravaganza, Caprice, and Maritana, dead to leeward. From the Noman they had a dead beat to the westward, and on their return passing Ryde Pier we timed them as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	1	58	30	Caprice	2	9	55
Extravaganza.....	2	9	50	Maritana.....	2	12	30

From hence the breeze drew round more to the westward, which enabled them to make “a long leg and a short leg” in getting down the Solent, the Lulworth keeping the lead, followed by the others on passing Cowes Castle in the following order:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	2	42	30	Caprice	3	6	30
Extravaganza.....	3	5	0	Maritana.....	3	9	10

The breeze now freshened again on their route down the West Channel, and the yachts having severally rounded the flag boat off Yarmouth, returned to the goal as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	4	29	0	Caprice	5	5	34
Extravaganza.....	5	0	20	Maritana.....	5	17	50

Shortly after 12 o'clock, the French yachts dropped round from Mede'a hole, under steam, and brought up off Cowes, which was a signal for a general “dressing” of yachts; on board of nearly every one of which the French national flag waved beside that of the English. The Squadron burgee also gave way to the tricolour at the Semaphore. These preparations were indicative of a visit by the combined Courts of England and France, and such it proved. Consequently, a very large muster of fashionably dressed took place along the line of the shore, as well as afloat, and the excitement was intense when it was announced that Her Majesty was coming. Presently the Fairy steamed away from Trinity Wharf, towards Cowes, with the Royal Standard at the main,

French colours at the mizen, and the Admiralty flag at the fore, ring on board Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Emperor and a press of the French. A royal salute was commenced by the battery the Squadron, which was quickly taken up by the multitude of yachts the roadstead; the effect was almost deafening. As the Fairy passed the Squadron house, the royal party were all standing on the quarter

deck, evidently pleased with the flattering reception they had met with. When the *Fairy* came alongside the *Reine Hortense*, the *Royal Standard* was lowered to the deck, and then joined with the French colours, both were run up together; as typical of the union between the two nations. This compliment was acknowledged, aloft and ashore, with tremendous cheering. The Royal party then embarked on board the *Victoria* and *Albert* yacht and went down the Western Channel as far as Scops, and returned to Osborne shortly before eight o'clock.

The annual ball took place at the Squadron house in the evening, and although not numerous was very brilliantly attended.

Saturday 8th.—A Prize of £50 was offered for yachts of all nations, and the *Lulworth*, *Zouave*, *Wildfire*, *Vestal*, and *Mariquita* entered.

At 10h. the four first named took their stations. It was to be a time race, but the yachts were to be measured by the new regulations of the Squadron, which made the *Lulworth* 110 tons, *Wildfire* 77, &c., this occasioned a dissatisfaction between the owners, which was further increased by a rumour that the sailing committee would not state until after they had started what amount of time would be allowed; whether *Ackers'* scale, or quarter or half minute time was to be adopted. Upon this arbitrary course being taken, the *Wildfire* and *Vestal* hauled down their colours and ran up their club burgees, and sailed at once for Ryde. The Squadron, therefore, have their fifty sovereigns for another year. This untoward event closed the week's proceedings at Cowes, which, taken as a whole, were very inferior to those of former years.

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB.

WHETHER regatta time or not Ryde seems to be the favorite resort of the fashionable world, and there is a liveliness about the place that cheers the spirits of the invalid. The Yacht Club established also tends to benefit the town materially, as the Roadstead is for months during the summer visited by very numerous fleets of yachts; and the pier is generally the promenade of the families of the owners of those craft, so that Ryde has advantages which no other watering-place can boast of. The town is yearly increasing in size, and improving in appearance.

Monday, August 10th.—The Annual regatta of this club took place, and the roadstead was crowded with yachts of all sizes, from the magnificent *Brilliant* of 480 tons to the little cutter of 10 tons. The day opened with a gentle breeze from the west, with every prospect of its increasing. And as the time for starting approached that

structure the pier, was crowded with fashionable company. The whole flotilla (excepting the racing vessels) were covered with a profusion of bunting, the French flag being conspicuous among them. The entries for the first match was unusually large, namely, fourteen, and just previous to the hour of starting thirteen took their stations.

The prize was a subscription of £100, open to all yachts belonging to royal or foreign clubs. Time for tonnage, half Ackers' scale.

The following started:—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
58	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
326	Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
327	Emmet	cutter	28	E. Gibson, Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
625	Lulworth	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
688	Mariquita	schooner	125	F. B. Carew, Esq.
816	Quiver	cutter	12	Capt. Chamberlayne
1025	Vestal	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
1254	Zouave	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.
686	Phantom	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
1086	Whirlwind	cutter	77	F. Thynne, Esq.
697	Mosquito	cutter	50	T. Groves, Esq.
260	Don Juan ..	cutter	10	W. Cooper Esq.

The Thought belonging to F. O. Marshall, Esq., was entered but did not start, owing we believe to the rule that two yachts the property of one person is not allowed to contend in the same match.

The course was that generally known as the Victoria course, viz: from the station abreast of the pier to the Nab Light, thence returning to the westward round the west buoy of the middle and back; twice round. Punctually at 10h. 30m. the starting gun was fired (the usual preparatory signals having been previously attended to,) and the yachts were under canvas. The old Arrow which had the inshore station, leading the way, followed by Extravaganza, Wildfire, and Lulworth, and the others well up. This was one of the grandest sights ever witnessed in a sailing match, the wind being slight they moved slowly on towards the Nab, with flowing sheets, under all the cloth they could hoist, some on the port, some on the starboard tack. At 11h. 15m. they passed the Warner, the Arrow still leading, followed by Extravaganza, Lulworth, Emmet, all close together, the wind now became variable, veering all parts of the compass. The Arrow took a reach over to the east; accompanied by Lulworth, Wildfire and Mariquita, whilst the gave kept close to the wind, and the wind chopping round to the thward gave her the weather position, and she bowled ahead of all others to the Nab, which she was the first to round on the port hand.

Some of them which could be distinguished from the "ruck" were timed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Zouave	11	57	0	Whirlwind	12	7	50	Mosquito	12	11	30
Lulworth	12	2	2	Arrow	12	8	10	Vestal	12	15	40

The others were probably entitled to a place but we could not make them out. The want of steam accommodation to follow is a grievous evil. We feel confident it would pay even as a speculation. A pleasant breeze after rounding the Nab sprung up; and the Zouave was overhauled by the Lulworth off the Noman, she taking the lead and keeping it throughout the match, gradually increasing her chance of winning, Ryde pier was passed on the first round as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	1	14	0	Phantom.....	1	26	15	Extravaganza...	1	29	55
Arrow	1	15	0	Wildfire	1	26	40	Quiver	1	38	0
Mosquito.....	1	15	30	Emmet	1	29	0	Vestal	1	42	30
Zouave.....	1	20	0	Don Juan	1	29	30	Mariquita	1	59	0
Whirlwind	1	20	30								

The Lulworth's position was now good; as she had to allow the Emmet only 15m. 37s. altogether, and she had 15m. in hand on the first round; and of the 23m. 17s. she had to allow Don Juan there were 15m. 30s. gained. The leading vessels now tacked and stood in towards the island, and proceeded on their course to the Brambles, with a good breeze, and as the yachts neared Osborne the roar of cannon announced the embarkation of the Emperor, and the royal personages had an excellent view of the sailing match, which they apparently watched with much interest, and on the return of the fleet to the eastward, after passing the Brambles, they were accompanied by the royal yachts, and we sincerely regret not being in a position to illustrate the scene, as it is impossible to describe it; the Solent was literally swarmed with yachts, gun after gun poured forth their thunder, shouts rent the air, and the excitement and enthusiasm of the crews of yachts, when our beloved Queen came within hail, must convince her illustrious guests that she lives and reigns in the hearts of her people. This accidental meeting will be so impressed on the mind of the Emperor, that should ever a schism take place between us and our allies, (which God forbid,) he will remember this scene, and regret circumstances should separate him from people who are ever ready to welcome their sovereign's guests: when danger threatens her will shed their hearts blood in her defence.

The excitement attendant on the above so absorbed our attention we omitted to mark the time the yachts rounded the Middle Buoy they passed Ryde Pier finishing the first round thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth	2 50 10	Wildfire	3 5 17	Don Juan	3 16 58
Arrow	2 50 44	Phantom	4 7 47	Mariquita	3 20 2
Mosquito	2 55 27	Emmet	3 18 45	Vestal	3 20 3
Zouave	3 3 35	Extravaganza	3 16 25	Quiver	3 27 0
Whirlwind	3 4 15				

They now proceeded on towards the Nab Light, with Lulworth still leading, and Arrow close up, setting balloon jibs and booming them out. These vessels were apparently competitors, and the winner was expected be one of them. The Mosquito struggled hard to get within time, but not successfully. The match, which was watched with great anxiety by the friends of the respective owners, was well sailed throughout, and we believe no accident occurred to spar or rope, except, (as our friend "Juga" informed us) the Wildfire carrying away her jib tackle. The whole affair was finished thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Lulworth	6 6 30	Wildfire	6 25 6	Mariquita	6 51 43
Arrow	6 8 30	Phantom	6 34 12	Don Juan	7 7 18
Mosquito	6 20 55	Extravaganza	6 44 50	Quiver	7 21 0
Zouave	6 22 39	Emmet	6 48 58	Vestal not timed.	
Wildfire	6 24 0				

It will be seen, therefore, that had the full time of Ackers' scale been allowed, the Wildfire would have been the winner, and the Mosquito and Zouave would have been placed ahead of Lulworth, which was the actual winner, and that too of two minutes over the Arrow without having to claim time. In this one match there were more points than is sometimes found in a dozen; in the schooners the contest between the Zouave and the Wildfire was very good; between the Lulworth, Arrow, and Mosquito again; while the Emmet and Extravaganza had a good match of themselves; to say nothing of the two small fry which were struggling for mastery, as the Don Juan came purposely to try herself against the Quiver.

Having finished the day's sport, we wish we could leave off, but it is our painful duty to record the following serious accident that occurred during the firing of a royal salute in compliment to the Emperor and Empress of the French, on their departure, to the men employed about it. It occurred thus: as the assistant named Jacob Harbinger, (who was helping the signalman, named Petty,) was ramming a cartridge into one of the guns which had been fired from previously, the charge exploded through the sponging net having put out the fire of the previous cartridge. At the time of the occurrence, Petty had his left thumb upon touchhole, and Harbour was ramming; consequently the thumb of Petty was blown off, and the arm of Harbour was dreadfully shattered, in addition to which he was blown over the sea wall of the battery, and

had it not fortunately been high water at the time he would probably have been killed on the spot. As it was the poor fellow was nearly drowned, and had it not been for the timely aid of a young man named Richards, who is employed at the baths adjoining, he would have been drowned. Richards plunged into the water, and ultimately saved him. The unfortunate man, who is industrious and married, was conveyed to the Infirmary, where his arm was amputated above the elbow, and he is doing well: Petty's thumb was also amputated by H. Phene, Esq. The R.V.Y.C. immediately headed a subscription list for Harbour by a donation of £25 (and £5 to Richards for his praiseworthy conduct,) and the Commodore and Vice-Commodore gave £5 each, and since that the list has received an augmentation from nearly every member of the Club. We trust, however, Harbour's case will be properly represented to the French embassy, as doubtless the poor fellow may have something awarded him, as his prospects are entirely blasted by the accident, unless an annuity be provided for his support.

Tuesday 11th.—The match this day for a Silver Cup, presented by F. B. Carew, (owner of the *Mariquita*) open to all yachts belonging to the club. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
58	Arrow.....	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
1025	Vestal.....	schooner	74	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
1254	Zouave	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.

The *Thought* entered but the same restrictions as yesterday prevented her sailing. The course was the same as previous day. The start took place at 11h. 30m. instead of 10h. 30m. as previously stated in the programme. There was very little wind which was from the westward. They were nearly all away together, the *Zouave* with a slight lead, and she gently moved towards the *Nab* with *Arrow* second, and *Vestal* third, as they passed the *Warner*, the *Zouave* was 1m. 35s. ahead of *Arrow*, and the *Vestal* was 25s. behind the latter. Having cleared the island they caught a fresh breeze and the *Arrow* passed the *Zouave*, rounding the *Nab* as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Arrow	12	26	50		Zouave	12	27	12		Vestal	

They now stood away for the *Noman*, which was passed in order, in fact they never changed position again throughout. It was evident the *Arrow* would be the winner, barring acci^d

from the slight wind all interest in the race was over, therefore it is unnecessary to go into further details, they finished as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow	5 12 32	Zouave.....	5 35 52	Vestal	5 58 42

The Arrow therefore was the winner of the cup.

Private Schooner Match.—During the sailing of the above, the Dawn, 70 tons, T. Broadwood, Esq., and the Caiman, 78 tons, H. O. Rose, Esq., started, they were not restricted to sails, and they ran down to the Nab under square topsails. This match was kept so close that it was a contest between the two, and therefore we did not time them. The Caiman came in first, and we suppose was therefore the victor.

Wednesday 12th.—The dinner took place at the club house this evening and it was well attended. The viands were of the most *recherche* description, and the style of the arrangements was the theme of much praise; indeed, nothing that the most fastidious taste could desire was omitted on the occasion. On the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and aquatic toasts were given and duly honored. The chair was occupied by the commodore, G. Holland Ackers, Esq., and the vice-chair was taken by the Vice-Commodore, Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.

Thursday, 13th.—In conformity with the programme, there was only one match to come off, viz., the Club Prize of £50, open to all schooners belonging to the R.V.Y.C., to start at 10h. 30m. The following were the entries:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.
638	Mariquita	schooner	125	F. B. Carew, Esq.
1254	Zouave	schooner	105	R. Arabin, Esq.

The Wildfire and Vestal were entered for this race, but did not start, as no time was allowed.

The Roadstead if we may term it, but more properly in the offing, the muster of yachts was as numerous as on the preceding days. The sun shone brilliantly, and a fresh breeze prevailed from the S.E., and in consequence of the wind being in that quarter, a dead beat to the Nab was the result, the pier head was crowded with nauticals to witness the contest between the Mariquita and Zouave, two yachts of no mean abilities, and each of course had its backers. At 10h. 30m., the starting gun was fired. Sails were immediately hoisted, and although Zouave was the first to draw out, the Mariquita was the first to get canvas set, and in a few minutes passed to windward of her. She however the weathermost station, which gave her some little advan-

tage, but it was not of long duration. Both yachts soon set topails and stood over towards Spithead, and it appeared to us neither would give way, and the result was that both went onshore together between the Dean and the Horse, when in the act of going about. The accident happened at 11h. precisely. Fortunately the flood tide was coming in, and from their equal draft of water it was not anticipated they would remain long on the ground. They immediately lowered their mainsails and used their best exertions to get afloat. The Zouave was the leewardmost vessel ashore. At 11h. 12m. she was observed to wear round and was again afloat. She in a few minutes passed by the Mariquita. At 11h. 30m. the Zouave continued to walk away by herself, carrying a rattling breeze, and at 11h. 50m. was closed to our view by the land, the Mariquita still aground. At noon a tug hove in sight and left the mud lighters which she had been towing, and proceeded to her assistance. A hawser was soon carried out and at 12h. 15m., she was hove afloat into deep water, having been ashore about an hour and a quarter, all which time the Zouave was walking away by herself. At 12h. 50m. she returned by the Noman. The wind now dropped, and she got out her balloon jib and continued her portion of the match alone. At 1h. 20m. she passed Ryde, and proceeded to the westward, to walk round the remainder of the course. The Mariquita appeared hove to near the accident, and as she had given up the contest the match afforded no further interest.

Shortly before sunset a heavy thunderstorm came on; and to render herself safe, all the sails of the Zouave were furled, and consequently she did not arrive at the goal before sunset. According to the sailing regulations she thus forfeited her right to the prize, and three guns were fired in quick succession to notify the fact; but the Committee, taking all things into consideration, awarded the prize to Mr. Arabin, and in the decision we believe every one will concur. This match concluded the sailing for the week.

An attempt was made to get up a match between cutters and schooners, the first of each rig to have £25, but the match did not come off. The cutters Hesperus, Shadow, Haides, Spell, and Thought, were entered, but as the latter would not sail without time being allowed she withdrew, and the others followed her example. Among the schooners which were willing to enter were the Wildfire, Beatrice, and W. . . . here again another plea was put in, and instead of a prize a blank was the result, to the mortification of the numerous who congregated on the pier.

Friday 14th.—The aquatic proceedings were a series of boat races, the details of which are given below. On the occasion the

presented an extremely grand appearance. The Brilliant yacht, belonging to the commodore, G. H. Ackers, Esq., occupied the central position of the numerous flotilla, fully dressed out with flags; on the east of the pier was the beautiful Arrow of the Vice-commodore, T. Chamberlayne Esq., similarly equipped; and right and left were yachts of all rigs and sizes, ornamented from stem to stern with every variety of bunting of all shapes, sizes, and colours. As there was a strong wind at the time the flags fluttered most gaily, and the effect was such as must be seen to be appreciated. The pier was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, all of whom appeared to take much interest in the various matches that followed, viz:—

The first race was for yachts' four-oared gigs belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. Prizes, £4, £2 10s., £1 10s., and £1.—Mariquita 1, Zouave 2, Eclipse 3, Irene 4.

Second race, for yachts' boats belonging to a Royal Yacht Club. Prizes, £1 15s., £1, 15s., 10s., 5s.—Haidee 1, Vestal 2, Antelope 3, Brilliant, Eclipse, Mariquita, Zouave, Shadow, Caiman.

Third race, dingy race. Prizes, £1 5s., £1, 15s., 10s., and 5s.—Antelope 1, Haidee 2, Mariquita 3, Eclipse 4, Caiman, Zouave, Brilliant, Beatrice, Lady Jane, and Jane.

Fourth race, yachts' four oared gigs belonging to R.V.Y.C. Prizes, £4., £2 10s., £1 10s., £1., 15s., 10s., 5s.—Mariquita 1, Beatrice 2, Irene 3, Caiman 4, Shadow 5, Zouave 6, Brilliant 7, Eclipse 8.

Fifth race, duck hunt. Winner, £1, loser 10s.—Thomson, (hunter,) winner; Brilliant, (duck,) loser.

Sixth race, for yachts' dingies belonging to the R.V.Y.C. Prizes, £1 10s., £1, 15s., 10s., 5s., 2s. 6d.—Antelope 1, Haidee 2, Mariquita 3, Zouave 4, Brilliant, Shadow, Beatrice, Caiman.

Seventh race, sculling match. Prizes—£1, 15s., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.—Jane 1, Brilliant 2, Haidee 3, What you like 4, Mariquita, Caiman, Antelope, Express.

Eighth race, a duck hunt, for yachts' boats belonging to the R.V.Y.C., Winner £1 5s., loser 15s.—Brilliant, (hunter,) winner; Johnson, (duck,) loser.

The Ball.—This grand gathering took place on Friday evening, and the attendance was most brilliant. The whole of the suite of rooms the club-house were devoted to the accommodation of the numerous guests, and the arrangements made by the stewards were replete for the comfort of the gay throng. The musical department was under the superintendence of Mr. Jones, and as usual the house steward provided everything desirable for the company. Shortly after 12 o'clock, owing

to some bungling on the part of the gas employees, the whole of the house was in darkness for some time; when champagne bottles had to do the duty of candlesticks, and after a messenger had been despatched to the works, the defect was rectified. This fact is more reprehensible as Capt. Helby had for more than a week previously apprised the Company of the demand which would be made upon them on the occasion of the ball, to which they replied that "they would cause such arrangements to be made so that a good supply of gas may be had at the club house on the night of the ball." With the exception of this temporary inconvenience, nothing occurred to mar the pleasures of the company.

Saturday 15th.—The afternoon was devoted to rowing matches between boats, principally belonging to the Brilliant and Zouave, for prizes given by Mrs. Ackers, the particulars of which we cannot give as our engagements elsewhere hastened our departure in the morning.

A General Meeting was held at the club-house this day when about forty members attended, the commodore in the chair, the proceedings of the regatta having been discussed the prizes were awarded.

The first a Silver Salver, value £20 and a purse of £80, won by Lutworth, J. Weld, Esq., owner.

The Second a Silver Cup (presented by F. B. Carew, Esq.,) having been won by Arrow, was given to her owner, T. Chamberlayne, Esq.

The Third a Silver Salver, value £10, and a purse of £40, was presented to the owner of the Zouave, R. Arabin, Esq.

The Commodore said, "It was his painful duty to allude to the unfortunate accident that had occurred on the Club Battery the first day of the Regatta (in saluting the Emperor of the French on his departure from Osborne,) by which Jacob Harbour, who was assisting the signalman, had his arm so much injured by the explosion of a gun in the act of reloading it as to render amputation necessary above the elbow. The Committee had permitted a subscription list to be opened in the club for his relief, and had directed the sum of £25 from the club funds to be added to any subscription that may be raised; and he hoped Members would kindly contribute thereto."

"It was proposed by Sir James Caldwell, G.C.B., seconded by Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., and carried unanimously, that the committee be requested to enquire into the cause of this serious accident and re the next General Meeting, and that in the meantime no salute be fired from the club battery requiring a reloading of the gun.

The thanks of the Meeting were then accorded to the Chairman. The Meeting dissolved.

Tuesday Evening, 18th, Mr. and Mrs. Ackers entertained about 150 of the principal of the nobility and gentry of Ryde and its environs on board of their splendid yacht the *Brilliant*. The spacious deck of the vessel was covered with an awning, and thus converted into a ball room of no mean pretensions; while, below, the suite of cabins formed the refreshment rooms. The whole arrangements were tastefully got up, and the novelty of the scene added much to its attractiveness. Dancing, under the musical superintendence of Mr. Jones, was kept up till an early hour with great vivacity, and the ball afloat was a fair rival to those ashore. The United Steam Company kept the *Prince of Wales* steamer running at convenient intervals all night between the pier and the yacht, so that the danger and inconvenience in a dark night as this happened to be, were entirely obviated. Great praise is due to Captain Beazley, and all under him, for the attention and care shewn to the guests; as it was some considerable difficulty to keep among so many yachts, of which not half had lights up, without an accident.

GREAT GRIMSBY REGATTA.

ALBION no royal club is located here yet, the programme of this place exhibits a liberality which is seldom met with in places where a Yacht Club holds its head quarters. The sum of £160 was subscribed, but that which we more particularly allude to is the amount offered as second prizes in the first two races, one of £25, the other of £18. Such second prizes are in themselves worth contesting, and we are rather "non-plussed" at not finding a larger fleet at their moorings.

Monday, August 3rd, was the appointed time, and from the promising appearance of a beautiful day, with a brisk and bracing wind, and a goodly attendance of yachts a *fete* of more than usual attraction was anticipated. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company, which takes so large a share in these interesting proceedings, had wisely laid on excursion trains, and tempted holiday seekers from Manchester, Sheffield, Hull, Lincoln, Louth, Boston, &c. What North Lincolnshire presents to the eye of the traveller at this particular period of the year is pretty well known. Its broad acres of golden grain, across which sun breezes sweep and autumn clouds cast their cooling shadows—green pastures and crisp clover leys, where short horn and Leicester and fatten in quiet rumination, its thriving farms which speak of high prices and considerate landlords, its many indications of agricultu-

ral enterprize, its teeming orchards and comfortable homesteads, all these were scanned by the many thousand people whose destination, on the day we speak of, was the sea-side. In the town of Grimsby, there were perhaps fewer signs of bustle than usual, though the completion and progress of sundry large and commodious public buildings, serve to show that "Excelsior" is still the motto. Every one wended their way at once to the river.

It was some time after the appointed hour for starting that the committee's boat, the steamer Manchester, under the command of Captain Hawkes, with Mr. Wray as pilot, left the dock and stood out into the river, with an excellent band on board. Edward Bannister, Esq., Hon. Secretary, who on this, as on all previous occasions, was the life and soul of the regatta, had made every arrangement for the amusement and comfort of the visitors on board, in number nearly two hundred. Steering into the river it was found that there was a good breeze from the W.S.W. Two lines of yachts were moored astern of H.M. cutter Lively, and these were the competitors for the prizes.

For the first race a Silver Tea Kettle and plateau in value 60 guineas for the first yacht, and a Silver Bowl value £25 for the second; for schooners and cutters belonging to any Royal club in Great Britain, of not less than 30 tons, no time allowed for difference of tonnage, three to start or no race.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
48	Aquiline	schooner	55	J. Cardinal, Esq.
68	Avalon	cutter	35	J. Goodson, Esq.
823	Rapid.....	cutter	47	A. Bannister, Esq.

The second race was for a Silver Vase, value 35 guineas for the first yacht, and a Silver Salver, value £18 for the second: for yachts belonging to any Yacht Clubs in Lincolnshire or Yorkshire, under 30 tons, and not less than 10 tons. Four to start or no race. Half a minute allowed for difference of tonnage.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
224	Regre	cutter	28	Capt. Bacon
216	Cygnat.....	cutter	10	Capt. Cator, R.N.
345	Fairy.....	cutter	24	W. H. Lewin, Esq.
843	Race of York.....	cutter	20	R. Clay, Esq.

The *Alice Maud*, belonging to G. Cammell, Esq., entered but did not start. The course was down the Humber and round the No. 1 Holme Buoy, down the Humber, round the Clee Ness Buoy, returning to the flag-ship, and passing between it and the piers—a distance in the whole of somewhat more than twenty miles.

When the signal was fired, the *Avalon* seemed to have slightly the advantage, getting her topsail out first, but in a few hundred yards, the *Rapid*, although on the lee side, shot ahead. Ere the buoy was gained, *Rose of York* (in the second class) had overhauled the schooner, and they passed round it in the following order:—*Rapid*, *Avalon*, *Rose of York*, *Aquiline*, *Fairy*, *Eagre*, and *Cygnat*. On running up, the *Rapid*, after losing somewhat of her advantage, nevertheless continued to keep some distance ahead, while the schooner, having the advantage of a freshening wind soon passed the *Rose*, and stretched after her own special competitors. The spectacle from the committee's steamer was interesting, and we may here say by the judicious orders of Captain *Hawks* the company on board the steamer had a far better view of the race than on any previous occasion. Rounding the Holme Buoy, the yachts were observed to pass it about as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Rapid	12	26	30		Eagre	12	28	30		Fairy	12	31	15
Avalon	12	28	15		Rose of York ..	12	28	45		Cygnat	12	50	0

But previous to this an unfortunate event happened, which has given rise to a dispute, and a good deal of recrimination. During the race up, all at once it was observed that one or more yachts had hove to, and in a few minutes it was seen that a collision between the schooner and the *Avalon* had taken place. The mainsail of the cutter was torn, the figure head of the schooner smashed. Moreover the cutter had eight feet of her bulwarks carried away, and had six inches of water on her floor, the schooner holding on her course without waiting to see what damage was done. So alarming was the contact, that those on board the cutter feared she would go down, and one of her crew seems, under this impression, to have jumped on board the schooner, where he was obliged to remain. As soon as the vessels were clear protesting flags were hoisted, and the race was resumed. Each party, of course, blamed

the other. On the part of the schooner it was alleged that on passing the buoy when she was overhauling the *Avalon*, the latter altered her course, came across the schooner's bows, which caused the collision, and which was intended to throw the schooner on to the buoy, by which means she would lose the race. And it was strenuously denied that she touched the buoy. On the part of the cutter, it was declared that

the schooner altered her course in the most unfair manner, striving to pass where she had not a fair opening, that she caused the collision, and that one result of the collision was her fouling the buoy. It was imputed to her that she lost her jib-boom by the collision; but this accident was said to have occurred near the first buoy, when it was carried away by the wind. However the yachts pursued their course in the order they have been mentioned. Returning down the river the schooner speedily overhauled the Rapid, hugging the Barcum Sand so close that at one time it was thought she was fairly on it. Indeed it is said that all the yachts touched more or less. However, the leading yacht continued her course in gallant style. And the wind falling away for a short while, enabled the Avalon to assume the second place. Both the cutters pursued a straight course down the river against the tide, but the schooner struck into Grimsby Roads in order to cheat it, and then stretched away again into the river. The beneficial result of this was not very apparent. But few changes occurred in the position of the smaller yachts. Cleve Ness Buoy was rounded as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aquiline.....	1	41	0	Rapid	1	48	30	Rose of York...	1	52	20
Avalon.....	1	47	30	Eagre	1	50	30				

The interest of the race was only just commencing. The wind, after having veered more southward, again got into the old quarter, and it was at once apparent the schooner could not hold her own. Very soon she made a board, and on reaching over to the south bank, did in the opinion of many proceed too far, but it was not so in reality. However it brought up the cutters immensely, they being able to keep close to the wind. Soon however, they found that they could not fetch the flag-ship without a similar manœuvre. But they took good care to let the board be a very short one; and again they were all on the wind together. Still, however, the schooner felt it too much for her; the flag-ship was but a few hundred yards, and the cutters were still coming up rapidly and confidently. There was no help for it; she must try another board, but the smallest mistake would place her last instead of first. She reached over for fifty or sixty yards; perhaps as it was, there was no help for it; the helm was turned, the Avalon was within bowshot. In a moment she was up.

While the Aquiline was in stays, the Avalon was nearing — and here great doubts were expressed as to which would be first in the schooner was soon underway again. In the race up from Cleve the Eagre and Rose of York changed places, and the five round-
flag-ship as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Aquiline	2	2	0	Rapid	2	2	5	Eagre	2	11	20
Avalon	2	2	2	Rose of York....	2	11	4	Cygnets not timed.			

From the above times it may be inferred that the match was very exciting; and caused great speculation, coupled with regret that the before mentioned collision ever occurred.

During the above matches, six Fishing Smacks started for a Purse of £20; which was divided as follows:—Abstainer, of Grimsby, 34 tons, £10; Arrow, of Colchester, 25 tons, £7; Rapid, of Paull, £3; Admiral, of Paull, 6 tons; St. Margaret of Grimsby, 33 tons; Phebe, of Grimsby, 38 tons. It suffices to say that the winning boat had it all her own way throughout; the second boat had a slight collision with the Phebe, but without affecting her position as regards the winner. Their time of return was as follows:—Abstainer, 1h. 26m. 14s., Arrow, 1h. 35m., Phebe, 1h. 35m. 4s., Rapid, 1h. 41m. 30s., St. Margaret, 1h. 42m. 0s., Admiral, 1h. 53m. 7s.

Rowing and sculling races, and a punt hunt in the Royal Dock brought the regatta to a close.

Messrs. Longhurst, of the Yarborough Hotel, served up a splendid luncheon on board the Manchester, and the afternoon was passed with the greatest hilarity. The Humber was alive with craft of all sizes. Lord Londesborough's Yacht and that belonging to the Trinity House were out; the Sir Colin Campbell, Sheffield, Atalanta, and Harlequin cruised about with clustering cargoes on deck. Following up the custom, quadrilles and waltzes succeeded to the yachting, and this was only interrupted by the formal presentation of the second prize on the quarter deck of the Manchester, whither the yachtsmen had repaired. Mr. Moody, the Mayor, made the presentation of the vase to Mr. Clay, remarking that as some little doubt had been cast upon the use to which it was to be devoted, he had no doubt the winner would give them the benefit of an illustration.

Mr. Clay, in accepting the prize, expressed the pleasure he felt at having been successful. He was proud it had been won in the presence of so much beauty from the counties of Lincoln and York, and proud also that it had been won on the noble river Humber, and under the auspices of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, for whose prosperity he was a well-wisher. In order that he might find a use for the prize he wished it might be filled with champagne, and handed round to the ladies who had honoured them with their presence. Mr. Cammell's boat he said had not run on that occasion, if it had, he believed the prize would have gone elsewhere.

Mr. Chapman, the Railway vice-chairman, presented the salver with

a few words of congratulation to the company, on the success of the day, and to the winner on his success.

Mr. Hutton, on behalf of his relative, Captain Bacon, in accepting the prize, said, with regard to a remark of Mr. Clay, that he hoped Mr. Cammell's yacht would compete with the winner at Hull on Thursday, when they should see which was the best boat.

Mr. Chapman then proposed the thanks of the company to Mr. E. Bannister, the Hon.-Secretary, to whom they were all so much indebted. The proposal was caught up with enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Bannister responded in two hearty sentences, and shortly afterwards the steamer discharged her cargo in the lock basin.

Decision of the Committee.—After due consideration on the part of the committee who consulted other yacht clubs on the subject, it has been determined that the schooner Aquiline forfeits her claim to the prize in consequence of touching a buoy, and returning with one man more than she started with, and that the Avalon also forfeits her claim to the prize in consequence of having returned to the goal with one hand short. The man having jumped on board of the Aquiline during the collision. The first prize therefore falls to the Rapid.

The following has since appeared in *Bell's Life*:—

MR. EDITOR.—When any circumstance occurs in the course of a sporting transaction calculated to mar the general harmony, it usually happens that very opposite statements reach you from interested parties on both sides, and an angry correspondence is the result. I need not enlarge on how much this is to be deprecated, and therefore I send you a plain statement of facts as a disinterested eye-witness. I became acquainted with the gentlemen sailing with the Avalon on the Saturday before the race, and they finding that my own yacht was not going to sail, most kindly invited me to join them. I availed myself of this, and therefore was on board when the collision occurred. After rounding the first buoy, we were able to lie up about two points to windward of the next turning point. The Rapid had the lead, the Avalon on her weather quarter, and the Aquiline in the same position with regard to us, all tearing along with a fresh breeze and a strong flood tide. All the yachts kept close by the wind until near a buoy, which our sailing orders directed us to go to leeward of. To effect this the Rapid kept away; the Avalon, not seeing room to pass between her and the buoy, was compelled to keep away also, and got into the Rapid's wake: this enabled the Aquiline to range up on the weather beam of the Avalon. She also found she had not room to pass, and her helm was put up at once, but too late; it was so strong she had not time to pay off sufficiently to pass under the lons's stern; she struck the buoy, and instantly came stem on into Avalon's weather quarter, carrying away the bulwarks and stanchions nearly three yards, driving her jib-boom through the mainsail, and her quite round, and almost under by the force of the shock. At this

moment the courage, presence of mind, and seamanship of Mr. Mason, the sailing master of the *Avalon*, alone saved her. Although thrown violently into the lee scuppers, and struck by the tiller, he managed, with the assistance of Mr. Monk, to get the helm up, and so kept some way on the ship, and gave his orders as clear and firm as though no danger were present, and restored confidence to his crew, alike by precept and example. Nor can I close without a tribute to the fearless seamanship and activity of the master of the *Kitten*, who, not being engaged on his own ship, went with the *Avalon*.

Yours, A MEMBER OF THE R.Y.Y.C.

ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WE now insert the "doings of this club," which were inadvertently left out last month, and we thank "*Shamrock*" for calling our attention thereto, although we should have been better pleased if he had sent "his version of the affair."

This ancient club, in fact the oldest on record, continues to flourish, and numbers on its list 8 schooners, 41 cutters, and 1 yawl—total 50 yachts, amounting in the aggregate to 1,776 tons. We congratulate the members on the non-appearance of any of the "smoky fleet;" and we hope it will be a long day 'ere one be allowed to hoist the red flag with harp and crown thereon.

The announcement of an aquatic tournament is the signal for a numerous muster, not only of those who have "defended our land," but the citizen, the yeoman, and the tyro-sailor, with their "lady-loves," hasten to the scene of action. On July 14th and 15th the annual regatta was held, and the brilliancy of the weather brought forth some of the loveliest of Erin's fair daughters, arrayed in bright muslin.

First Day.—The racing commenced with the hookers, three of them starting for a purse of £12,—viz. *Rattler*, 24 tons, D. Sullivan, Paris, 21 tons, J. Ronayne, and *Catharine*, 21 tons, M. Fitzgerald. The course was round Spit Bank, and to pass two points immediately outside the harbour, returning the same route, keeping the Spit on the port hand. Distance about 30 miles. The breeze was light from S.E. which contributed to display the sailing qualities of the boats. The start was very fair one, and the issue was for some time doubtful, but the *Paris* ding she had no chance gave in. After a sharp match the *Rattler*aved two minutes ahead of *Catherine*. The former received £9, and latter £3.

The match was for the Cork, Blackrock and Passage Railway prize of 0, open to any yachts belonging to royal clubs or the New York Club,

exceeding 20 and not exceeding 50 tons. Time race—Ackers' scale. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Ton.	Owners.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	34	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
	Julia	cutter	46	G. Howes, Esq.
	Meteor	cutter	33	D. O. Sullivan, Esq.
41	Antelope	cutter	25	W. Hull, Esq.
967	Tar	cutter	42	T. C. Wheeler, Esq.
394	Foam	cutter	26	M. Longfield, Esq.

They started at 11h. to go the same course as the hookers. The start was exceedingly good, the Tar leading, followed by Julia sharp up, the others in "a ruck." In this style they bowled along, rounding the Spit in nearly the same order, and for some time with slight changes, until the Vigilant seeing a chance dashed past the second leading vessel, and boldly challenged the Tar for first place, but the match finished thus—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Tar	3	11	25	Meteor	3	26	40
Vigilant	3	12	45	Antelope	3	55	15

The Vigilant therefore was the winner by time.

The next race was for a prize of £10, given by the River Steamers Company. The following started :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
978	Uriel	cutter	9	E. R. Townsend, Esq.
519	Imp	cutter	11	W. B. Morrison, Esq.
124	Charm	cutter	12	S. Perrott, Esq.

At 12h. they all got away, and after a sharp contest the Imp came in first, but the prize was awarded to Uriel in consequence of the former having compelled her to go about when on the starboard tack, near Camden Fort, to avoid fouling.

Several rowing matches closed the day's proceedings.

Second Day.—The attendance was more numerous than on the previous day. The proceedings commenced by a match between hookers, not exceeding 20 tons, for a prize of £12, which after a good divided between the Victory and New Captain.

The next was the grand match of the regatta, and was for a £50, for yachts exceeding 30 tons. Time race, half Ackers' below that half-a-minute per ton.

The following yachts came to the moorings :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	60	J. T. Turner, Esq.
607	Mosquito	cutter	59	T. Groves, Esq.
967	Tar	cutter	42	J. Wheeler, Esq.
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	34	J. C. Alkins, Esq.

The celebrity of the above yachts created very great interest, and all classes were anxious to see the Wildfire, as this was her first appearance here. The Mosquito was an old acquaintance and a great favorite. The Vigilant which was built by Wanhill, was also well known, having contended with varied success at the different matches. The signal for starting was given at 11 h., and the Wildfire soon showed ahead, which position she maintained to the finish, the goal being reached thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wildfire.....	2 51 30	Tar.....	3 10 30
Mosquito.....	2 55 30	Vigilant.....	3 19 6

In the race for yachts under 20 tons, Capt. O'Bryen's Flirt beat the Fidget, Charm, Imp, and Uriel, and winning the prize £20.

Several rowing matches also concluded this day's aquatic.

The members of the Club entertained, on the following day, the owners of all the yachts in the harbour, and their friends, with the exception of two who were unavoidably obliged to leave. The chair was occupied by T. G. French, Esq. the Admiral of the Club, supported by Sir Gilbert East, Bart. on the right, and Col. Eyre on the left. G. Armstrong, Esq., officiated as vice-chairman. There were about 60 gentlemen present.

GALWAY BAY REGATTA.

THE annual aquatic sports at this place were held on the 30th of July, instead of 27th as originally proposed, and was attended by His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and a numerous suite. The sports commenced with a race by first class bookers for a purse of £20. For this twelve started, and the following three divided the stakes:—Father Mathew, 15 tons, Mr. J. Quin; Bridget and Mary, 12 tons, Mrs. Cook; Seamew, 18 tons, Mr. J. O'Don.

The £100 Sovereign Purse was then offered, but T. Brassey, Esq., and R. M. Ingham Esq., in the most spirited manner declined to contest it with their boats, the Cyma and Plover, requesting that it might be held over until a more attendance of racing yachts would afford a good day's sport to the inhabitants of Galway.

The next race therefore was for the Welcome Cup, a purse of 25 sovs, for which the following vessels came to the buoys :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rtg.	Tons	Owners.
346	Fairy.....	cutter	10	C. Lynch, Esq.
765	Pet.....	cutter	12	H. Lynch, Esq.
807	Plover	cutter	31	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.

The gun was fired shortly after one o'clock, and amidst a heavy squall and rain a beautiful start took place, the little Pet going to the front at once ; from the heavy nature of the day a shorter course than had been originally fixed upon was given, viz : starting from the flag-ship, and going three times round H. M. S. Hawke, and twice round the flag-ship. Upon approaching the frigate the first round, the Plover draw up rapidly with the Pet, overtook her at the turn, and took first place ; in the meantime, the wee Fairy was coming up astern like a little steam-ship, beautifully handled, and bounding over the Atlantic surges buoyant as an air bubble ; power, however, must be served, and still the Plover challenged to win. As they neared the frigate the second round the problem was solved, away went the poor little Pet's main-halliard block, and her well deserved chance was gone. The Fairy now took up the running in most determined style, her crew carrying on after a fashion that warned the Plover to be on the alert. After as interesting a race as we ever witnessed, they arrived at the flag-ship in the following order and time :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Plover.....	4 17 30	Fairy	4 23 35

It will thus be seen that the Fairy lost her race by only 50 seconds.

Second Day.—The weather was much more favourable. His Excellency embarked at an early hour in a boat, and proceeded up the river Corrib to Meulo Castle, the romantic and beautiful seat of Sir Thomas Blake, opposite to which the aquatic sports of the day were to come off. After His Excellency's state barge came the gigs of the yachts, and the whole was studded with boats of all shapes and sizes, urged eagerly onwards to the scene of the sports. We have seldom if ever seen a more beautiful sight than the river and grounds of Meulo presented on this day. Rear Commodore Bridson, R.W.Y.C. presided, and as usual, wherever he is, nothing but good sport and good humour prevailed. Several very excellent contested rowing matches came off, the principal one being won by Mr. J. Rynd's crew of Dublin. The Garrison Purse was won by the Gone Away, rowed by Thomas Blake's son, and the Messrs. Redlington. A sumptuous *déjeûner* was given in honour of His Excellency by Sir Thomas Blake, to *élite* of the county and all the yachting visitors were invited.

Third Day.—The fishing vessels being in for their week's provision water, a Purse of 25 sovereigns was offered for them to contest. *Sh.*

after one o'clock a fleet of seven splendidly equipped and manned trawlers belonging to the Royal Irish Fisheries Company started, and after a spirited match the prize was divided between Druid, Heron, and Trio.

In the evening four of the Directors of the Company (at their own private expense) entertained the captains and crews of the vessels to the number of 54 men, at Kilroy's Hotel, where the most kindly feelings were interchanged, and "Prosperity to the Royal Irish Company," drunk with three times three, coupled with that of its energetic and spirited founder, James Stopford, Esq. His Excellency expressed himself in the highest terms as to his reception in Galway, and stated that he should not easily forget his pleasant sojourn in the City of the Tribes; all classes seemed to vie in making their visitors sojourn pleasant and comfortable; the County Club was thrown open for the reception of the yachtsmen visitors, and ever attention that could contribute to their happiness was paid to them.

Editor's Locker.

A NEW PLAN TO MAKE FLAGS.

Cessnock Park, August 16th, 1857.

SIR.—I wish to bring to your notice a method of joining the parts of Signal Flags together with gutta percha.

To make this easily understood I will describe the making of a flag. As an example I take the Clyde Model Yacht Club flag, which is the Red Lion of Scotland in a yellow shield, on a blue burgee.

To make this I take a piece of yellow bunting a little larger than the shield, with chalk or pencil I draw on it the outline of the Lion, stretch this cloth on an open frame, and lay down on the outline a fine thread of gutta percha, and make it adhere, by holding a heated iron under the cloth with the one hand, while I lay down the thread with the other. This done I take the cloth from the frame and spread it on a table, and over it a piece of red cloth; then pass a heated smoothing-iron over it, keeping it so long on it, as to melt the gutta percha thread; this if properly done will completely fix the two cloths together. Then with a pair of scissors remove the yellow cloth that is *within the outline* and the *spare red cloth without it*, and you will have a Red Lion on a yellow ground. Now, either on this cloth, or on the Blue Burgee, with gutta percha thread lay down the form of the shield wanted; this is as easily done as with the outline of the Lion; or if the outline is of right lines, fix the thread with pin points to a table on which you have the cloth spread, by passing the pins through the thread of the angles and pressing into the table sufficient to make them hold, they having no heads allow cloth that is to form the shield to be pressed down over them. When cloth with the Lion on it is properly in its place, pass a hot smoothing-iron over above the thread quickly, just sufficient to make it take hold of the

cloth, this prevents the thread from shrinking out of its place, which it will do if over heated in one place, now give it heat enough to melt the gum and make it go through both cloths; when cold let all the cloth that is not wanted be removed and the work is done.

I have found it to be rather heavy in the fly, and the whiffing action tears the cloth off.

I often use a piece of paper between the iron and the cloth; its only use is to prevent the gum fouling the Iron, the paper is easily removed if done while warm. I have used this method for three years, I find the cloth to give way before the joinings.

I am, &c.,

To the Editor H.Y.M.

ROBERT HART.

TIME FOR TONNAGE.

[The following appeared in *Bell's Life*, and to which we have alluded in p. 371.]

MR. EDITOR.—May I crave the indulgence of being allowed a small space in your valuable journal for the insertion of the following remarks on those most unfair and ridiculous conditions under which yachts are now frequently required to compete for the prizes given at our regattas, cyleped, "time for tonnage." This very puerile proceeding compels a yacht of 100 tons, altho' as slow as a hay barge, to give one of 50, which may be as fast as a steamer, 25 minutes, whether the course is in the open sea or a narrow and short river or whether it blows a gale or is a dead calm. To prove the absurdity of this, it is merely necessary to show how such a practice would act if carried out to the full extent. Many of your readers, no doubt, can well remember seeing in the list of members of the Royal Yacht Squadron some few years back the name of the much lamented Admiral Corry, and opposite it (as his yacht? I suppose), H. M. ship Superb, of some two thousand tons, and I am not aware of any rule of the Club that could have prevented the gallant admiral from entering his yacht (?) in any time race. At any rate, any member possessing a yacht of similar tonnage is at perfect liberty to do so, and in that case such a vessel would have to allow most of her competitors, in a race of the average duration, somewhere about thirty-five hours in six! Now, the advocates for such a system would greatly oblige the true friends to yachting, who are at present far from being their debtors, if they would favor your correspondent and the public with an early solution of this very amusing arithmetical problem—a characteristic creation of such futile imaginations.

The most unjustifiable use that is occasionally made of this time for tonnage dogma (and in one case of very recent date) is the putting it in force in races for her Majesty's prizes; for it is surely patent to all, the praiseworthy intention of our beloved and generous Queen in offering is as a reward to the best vessel, and an incentive to those who have their power to promote, by and their wealth and ingenuity, the impment in naval architecture! and no one, I think, will deny that such and always has been, the royal wish in similar acts of kindness towa-

races on the turf, to encourage the breed of horses, and reward him who may show himself the most successful in that particular. I must, therefore, maintain that the Sailing Committees at our regattas have no more right to so misapply her Majesty's munificence, by giving it to the worst vessel; than would the stewards of our horse-races be justified in making such rules as would allow of an inferior animal carrying it off from one of superior merit.

If it is considered indispensable for the promotion of sport at our regattas that yachts should be handicapped, the proper way would be to appoint some person, who would, by constant and attentive observation, make himself fully acquainted with the relative sailing properties of all yachts in all kinds of weather and in all waters, and on the morning of the race, when the distance and nature of the course, the set of the tides, and the quarter and force of the wind, are correctly ascertained—then, and not till then, say what time one vessel shall allow another. Such a public handicapper would easily be found, provided the remuneration was liberal and handsome; but to continue the present system, and to allow of or overlook that most odious and unseamanlike practice of shifting ballast during a race, will, ere long, drive from these national contests all honest and honourable yachtsmen, and the large and sea-worthy boats, and leave the funds of our yacht clubs to be thrown away upon vessels calculated merely to put money into the pockets of their unenviable possessors.

Yours, A YACHTSMAN.

MR. EDITOR.—The manifesto against "time for tonnage" in your number of the 9th having remained without reply, I beg to submit the following considerations in opposition to "A Yachtsman." I shall only notice the preposterous case he puts of H.M.S. *Superb* having to allow a yacht of ordinary size 35 hours in a 6 hours' race, by observing that, if "this very amusing arithmetical problem" be a "characteristic creation of a futile imagination," the problematist is none other than your correspondent; Ackers's scale being intended to overcome an existing difficulty, not to provide for improbable absurdities. Let us, therefore, leave vain imaginings for sober fact, and consider, firstly, the purposes for which yacht prizes are given, and, secondly, the probable result of enforcing your correspondent's devoutly wished-for consummation, of giving all such prizes to the "best" yacht, by which I understand him to mean the fastest and best model of a certain tonnage, though what that tonnage should be, "A Yachtsman" sayeth not. I will assume that in a club there are three cutters of 100, 150, and 200 tons respectively, and that the largest of these is according to "A Yachtsman's" classification, the "best". Will he assert that it is the interest or intention of either the State or of yacht clubs to reward the larger vessel to the disarrangement and suppression of the smaller ones? Surely he will admit that encouragement to yachting has a broader purpose, and that it is politic well as just, to consider the numerous 30-tonners, with their small contribution to a naval reserve, as well as the more favoured, but rarer, owner thousands a year, and hundreds of tons.

Your correspondent may say, "Class yachts, and let those of nearly equal tonnage sail together;" but this is possible only in clubs having a very

numerous fleet of vessels, and not always then; as for example—at the R.Y.S. match for the Queen's Cup, for cutters under 100 tons, where the Lulworth of 80 tons, obtained so easy a victory over three others, averaging about 54 tons each, that it was said by some of her crew no judgment of her speed could be formed until tried against something more on an equality with her. Again, at Ryde, the only match of the slightest interest, was the £100 Subscription Prize, time for tonnage, and open to all clubs, for which the unprecedented number of thirteen vessels sailed; whereas on the next day, the only yachts entered for the very handsome Cup presented to the Club by F. B. Carew, Esq., refused to start unless allowed time by the Arrow—an arrangement which was come to at the eleventh hour, when that vessel and two schooners started, leaving several others behind, who would have accepted the amended conditions had the opportunity been afforded them.

For the third prize the small schooners also refused to go without time, leaving the race to be "walked over" by Zouave, whose only competitor, Mariquita, got on shore; and for the fourth prize there was no race, the small cutters refusing to sail without time against Arrow. Here are the two systems in work. The refusal to sail against Arrow is a plain acknowledgment of her superiority over smaller vessels like the Whirlwind, 77, and the Extravaganza of 48 tons. Would your correspondent therefrom deduce that the prizes should be presented to her owner? Surely not! The intention of those subscribing to the regatta fund was probably to encourage yachts of various sizes, and to afford themselves the amusement of a well-contested race, not to present a testimonial to one vessel, however superlatively praiseworthy among those of her class, as your correspondent will, I am confident, allow the Arrow to be. If the "best" vessel is to win, she must have competitors in, at least, positive and comparative degrees, or the public will vote the whole thing a sham and a bore, and leave the funds to be provided by those "true friends of yachting" who are able to overpower the "small fry" by their accidental weight of metal.

"The wealthy and ingenious" improvers of naval architecture (?) referred to are doubtless content with the admitted superiority of their vessels, and seek not the unenviable distinction of being mere cup-hunters in inland waters.

A NON-RACER.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—The "CRUISE TO THE HEBRIDES," received with many thanks, and will commence in our next.

Yachting in America and Canada received, will appear in a future number.

SUB.—The "REMINISCENCES" and "Mr Log" we hope to continue as the Authors return to winter quarters.

"HARBOUR PILOTAGE," shall have our earliest attention.

Several Communications stand over until we have "reeled off" the various Regatta Yarns. Our readers must bear in mind that these regattas when I— will shew the doings of the yachts to future ages.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1857.

YACHTING ON THE THAMES.

Now that the yachting season on the Thames is fairly over we commence our annual *resume* of the different matches, carefully compiled from our own notes.

The season has been a very successful one, there having been eight cutter matches and one for schooners, the only failure being that for the R.T.Y.C. Third Class Match.

All of these matches have been won by old yachts, none of the new ones having done anything, although next season, we may hope for better accounts of them.

The weather too, this season, has been all that could be desired, each match day being fine, and gaff-topsails were carried in every race. Last year, our readers will recollect, it blew hard and rained on each occasion.

The season, this year, was inaugurated, on the 19th of May by the youngest club on the station, viz. the Prince of Wales, and the spirit usually shown by this club was rewarded by a remarkably fine day, and a well contested match, although there were only four entries; but these four were well known clippers, and great sport was expected, which, as the sequel will show was fully realized.

The prizes were as usual with this club, very good for small yachts, first—a silver cup and cover, value thirty-five guineas from the club funds; second—a very handsome cup, value ten guineas, presented by the indefatigable honorary secretary, Mr. Chubb, whose valuable services the club has unfortunately lost; and third—a silver cup, value six guineas, presented by the auditors. The *Silver Cloud*, 7 tons, Mr. Hewett; *Julia*, 7 tons, Mr. Turner; *Little Mosquito*, 8 tons, Mr. Bulmer; and *Valentine*, 7 tons, Mr. Fradgley, contended for these prizes, over the usual course from Erith to the Chapman Head light and back, with one minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage.

Before we proceed to describe the race, we will briefly glimpse at the different yachts :—

The *Silver Cloud* was built last year by Bauckham at Barking, and is a large vessel for her tonnage. She looks a far better sea-boat than racer, although she is remarkably fast before the wind. She was originally rigged as a sloop, but is now a cutter.

The *Julia* is an iron boat of very peculiar build, uniting great accommodation with speed. She was built entirely from the designs of her late owner, Mr. Bain of Blackwall. She has won several prizes, but of late new vessels have come out, and she is not now as successful as she has been. Previous to this match she was lengthened upwards of four feet amidships, and great things were prophesied concerning her.

The *Little Mosquito* was built some years since by Hatcher of Southampton, and during her first season on the Thames, she won everything she sailed for; but has not been so fortunate since she came into her present owner's hands. She is a very short boat with immense beam, and is certainly remarkably fast.

The *Valentine* was built by Wallis of Blackwall, and shared at one time the pride of place with *Julia*, but since she changed hands, her spars, sails, &c., have been very much reduced, or else she would have occupied a better place at the finish.

The start took place with a fresh breeze from the S.W., and the sky overcast. The *Valentine* jumped off with the lead, although the *Little Mosquito* was the first fairly round: *Valentine* set a jib-headed topsail, the others their square-headed ones, and they ran at a good pace throughout Erith Rands, at the lower end of which *Julia* and *Silver Cloud* passed *Little Mosquito*, the latter to windward. In

Long Reach the four were all together, and formed a very pretty picture, their snowy canvas looking still whiter in the bright sun which was now shining.

The Julia kept the lead, and rounded the Chapman 43s. ahead of Silver Cloud, 2m. 43s. ahead of Little Mosquito, and 7m. 41s. ahead of Valentine. The partizans of Julia were now in high glee, as it was a beat back, and turning to windward was well known to be her *forte*. In the third tack Little Mosquito passed the Cloud, and in the fifth was close to Julia, and the match now became very exciting, when unfortunately Julia grounded on the edge of the Blyth where she remained some eight minutes, during which time the other two passed her. Off Mucking light Julia again passed Valentine, but could not overhaul the Silver Cloud, and they rounded at Erith with Little Mosquito the winner, (deducting one minute allowance to each of her opponents,) beating Silver Cloud by 2m. 50s., Julia 5m. 25s., and Valentine 18m. 50s. This *finale* shews that in all probability Julia would have won had she not grounded, when we take into consideration the time she was detained.

There was some talk of a protest against Julia receiving the third prize, on the plea that the crew had shoved her off the Sand, but it was not carried out. Thus ended the first match of 1857. Little Mosquito was admirably sailed by her builder, and was fortunate in meeting with just such weather as suited her.

The next matches on the Thames were on June 2nd, under the auspices of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, being for first and second class cutters, belonging to the club, and the splendid prizes offered, viz.—a silver tankard and salver, value 100*l*. for the first class, and a silver claret jug and six cups for the second, tempted the following vessels to compete. In the first class, *Extravaganza*, 49 tons, Sir P. Shelley, *Cyclone*, 43 tons, Mr. Patterson, and *Mosquito*, 59 tons, Mr. Groves, jun. In the second class, *Silver Star*, 25 tons, Mr. Mann, *Glance*, 35 tons, Mr. Banks, *Phantom*, 27 tons, Mr. Lane, *Thought*, 29 tons, Mr. Marshall, and *Emmet*, 32 tons, Mr. Gibson. The usual course from Erith to the Nore and back, half-a-minute per ton allowed.

The tonnage was calculated by the new rule of the club, which we are glad to see has also been adopted by the Royal London and the Prince of Wales Clubs, so that we have three established clubs on an important yachting station, using the same law of measurement :

and we hope the day is not far distant, when we shall be able to say the same, concerning *all* the yacht clubs, as we are convinced that one uniform mode of measuring would greatly tend to advance yachting interests.

We will now proceed to notice briefly the various competitors:—The *Extravaganza* was built last year by Wanhill of Poole, and is a very fine specimen of a yacht, being a large, roomy, and comfortable vessel, although she has not been so successful in match sailing, as her owner might desire, yet she is rather a formidable opponent to vessels of her class.

Cyclone was also new last year, and was built by her owner at Bristol, and seems to be much stiffer, and more improved in her sailing qualities this season.

Mosquito is now ten years old, and is so well known to all yachtsmen, that we shall only observe that this year she had new sails, and her mast is four feet longer, and her gaff somewhat shorter.

Silver Star was built last year by Tovell of Colchester, and is very long for her beam. This is the only match, we believe, she has actually started in, although she has been entered in others, so we must not judge of her capabilities by this performance.

Glance was built in 1855 by Hatcher of Southampton, and was at the head of the list of winners last year, having won ten matches out of eleven she sailed in; but since she has been in her present owner's possession she has not been successful.

The *Phantom* and *Thought* are both so well known, that any remarks on them would be superfluous. The latter has this year passed into Mr. Marshall's hands.

Emmet is quite new, (this being, we believe, her first match,) and was built by Wanhill. She is a long sharp vessel, looking the *beau idéal* of a racer, and we certainly expected to find her near the winner at the finish, which no doubt would have been the case if she had not met with an accident.

The day was pleasant, with a bright sun, and a light wind from S.S.E. The start took place at 11h. 30m. 20s. in very good style, *Extravaganza* taking the lead, followed by *Cyclone* second, *Glance* third, the others close up. Off Purfleet the wind changed to S.W., the *Thought* shortly after passed *Glance*, *Phantom* following; the *Mosquito* after passing Gravesend overhauled each of the leading craft, was never headed afterwards, and rounded at the Nore (the

vessels of her class,) ahead of Extravaganza 1m. 10s. and of Cyclone 12m. 10s. In the second class the Emmet had the lead from the commencement and rounded ahead of Thought 5m. 20s., of Glance 11m. 40s., of Phantom 12m. 40s., and of Silver Star 20m. 40s. Considering the allowance of time the Extravaganza still had 4m. 50s. in her favour; and the Emmet was winning by 3m. 50s., but unfortunately after rounding carried away the bolt of the bobstay, or as will be seen by the time of arrival her chance was first-rate. A spirited match was carried on between Mosquito and Extravaganza; also between Emmet and Thought. Glance and Cyclone had a little spurt together, and whilst thus employed the Phantom slipped by them, and the whole fleet arrived as follows:—

In the first class, Mosquito ahead of Extravaganza 12m. 35s. including 5m. for difference of tonnage, and ahead of Cyclone 29m.

In the second class, Thought came in ahead of Emmet 4m. 40s., which added to the 1m. 30s. the latter had to allow for difference of tonnage, makes the old-un a winner by 6m. 10s. When we take into consideration the mishap which occurred to the Emmet we cannot call it such a defeat as the Thought can boast of. Now with her old antagonist it is different, the Thought had to allow Phantom 1m., and independent of which she beat her 8m. 10s.! now this was a triumph. Again, the Thought also thrashed the renowned Glance by 11m. 10s. independent of 6m. which she had to receive.

We now come to the first match of the Royal London Yacht Club, which came off on the ever-memorable 18th of June, and was contested by first and second class cutters belonging to the club. The prizes were most liberal, being for first class, a silver inkstand, value 50*l.* for first vessel, a silver tankard, value 30*l.* for the second, and 10*l.* in money for the third: for the second class, a silver claret jug, value 30*l.* for first vessel, and 10*l.* in money for second. In the first the class the following contested—Thought, Phantom, and Rose of York, 22 tons, Mr. Clay. In the second class, Zephyrine, 19 tons, Mr. Chillingsworth, Cormorant, 11 tons, Mr. Talmadge, Kitten, 13 tons, Mr. Leach, and Mystery, 18 tons, Mr. Dormay.

The Rose of York, is a new vessel, but who built her we know not, as our application for information has not been answered. She is a very pretty looking vessel, and hails from Hull, where she won a prize at the last regatta.

The Zephyrine was built by Wallis of Blackwall, and is a wholesome looking craft, but not very fast.

The *Cormorant* is a very handsome yacht, built by Payne of Southampton : she does not seem adapted to racing, with her present fit out.

The *Mystery* is one of the old school, and therefore did not expect to win.

The *Kitten* and the others are too well known to require any particular notice.

The yachts were ranged in two even lines, and at the sound of the gun the lively little *Kitten* bounded off with the lead, followed by the *Phantom* at a great pace. *Thought* carried away her bobstay soon after starting, and fell off to leeward considerably. Off Greenhite the *Phantom* passed *Kitten*, and before reaching Gravesend the *Thought* had also given her the go-bye, and as the wind freshened down came topsails, and most of the yachts took in a reef, and away they rattled for the steamer, moored about two miles below Leigh, which they rounded thus :—In first class, *Phantom* 5m. 30s. ahead of *Thought*; second class, *Kitten*. 19m. ahead of *Zephyrine*, the others not timed.

The tide had some little time to ebb, and as it was now a fair wind, reefs were shaken out and big topsails hoisted, the yachts ran back at an astonishing rate, indeed the steamer only overtook the *Phantom* off Northfleet, and she finished by winning the first prize in her class, and the *Kitten* first prize in her class.

We shall give the remainder of this notice in our next.

A CRUISE TO THE HEBRIDES.

PART I.

AT THIS season, when so many enjoy boating at the coast, some few reminiscences of an excursion to the Western Islands of Scotland may interest your readers generally, and perhaps benefit such of them as contemplate sailing for the first time beyond the Isthmus of Kintyre and extending their adventures to the waters of the Hebrides. I shall, therefore, without further preface, give you a few notices of our trip, picked up by the way and jotted down on board, premising that our vessel was a small cutter, (the *Diamond*, R.N.Y.C.,) of some seventeen or eighteen tons, o.m.. affording accommodation to our party, thre in

number, and to the crew—if two seamen and a lad of eighteen could be so denominated.

Such being our complement, we slipped moorings, at Millport, a sea-coast village on the Frith of Clyde, on Friday the 19th of June last, 1857, and, with a fair wind and flowing sheet, steered, gaily, onward, passing the Garrochhead and Cock of Arran, thence making Campbeltown harbour, where we cast anchor for the night. Our course then lay round the Mull of Kintyre, a point of storms, having nearly as many terrors for the hardy fishermen of the west as the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn had for Vasco da Gama and Magellan of old, and certainly we found the doubling of it far from agreeable, as we encountered a heavy short sea, raised by the wind over night, which had by that time died away, leaving us with empty sails flapping to and fro, while the spars and rigging jiggled backwards and forwards most unmercifully, and our little craft pitched into the chopping sea, bowsprit under, refusing to answer her helm. Fortunately the tide favoured us, and we gradually worked down nearly to Paterson's Rocks, when the breeze freshened, and we stood on our course between Sana and the mainland, and thence northward, passing Machrihanish Bay, through the Sound of Ghia and Loch Nakili, a very good place for anchoring, lying on the west side of Donna Island at the mouth of Loch Achastil. The passage of the sound appeared to be troublesome, as sunk rocks were cropping up on all hands, so much so, that if we had not been advised of the perfect safety of the route, we would certainly have preferred the outer and more spacious seaway lying between Ghia and Islay, marked on the chart as the track for Norway and the Baltic.

Next morning we were astir betimes, enjoying to the fullest extent as magnificent weather as the most fastidious admirer of highland scenery could desire, our only objection being that the wind was light, scarcely ruffling the surface of the water, which reflected clearly the rounded forms of the high land of Jura. We managed, however, to pursue our route up the sound to the opening of Loch Crinan, thence through the labyrinth of isles and rocky headlands which give to this most romantic coast such an air of intricacy and beauty. Here the tide runs very strong in certain quarters, particularly off the Crinan, at the *Doors*, as a narrow passage is technically denominated, where the eddy perceptibly influenced our vessel even when sailing with a pretty stiff breeze, sometimes deflecting the bows to the north, and sometimes to the south, as the currents caught the stem or sternpost.

The most direct course from Loch Crinan to Iona would have been through the Gulf of Coryvreckan, the Charybdis of the West; but our

sailing directions instructed us to avoid that dangerous passage, although it is sometimes taken at certain states of the tide; we, therefore, shunned the difficulties, which are neither few nor small. "Coryvreckan" says *Norris's Sailing directions for the West Coast of Scotland*, a useful pamphlet which accompanies the chart, "is formed by the north end of the Jura and the Island of Scarba. It is distinguished by a violent breaking of the sea, with whirlpools, which sometimes wash over a ship's deck, and would in all probability, sink the vessel if her hatches were left open. The whirlpool is partly occasioned by an excessively rapid stream, running over a steep rock at the north side of the sound near the west coast of Scarba. Should a vessel become becalmed near the east entry of this sound with flood and spring tide, and should there not be a brisk breeze, it will be useless to attempt to pass the Gulf of Coryvreckan either by sailing or towing; the most prudent way will be to secure the hatches, and endeavour by the sails and helm to steer the vessel through the middle of the gulf, so that the tide may take her between the most violent breakers which lie on each side. In the gulf it is high water at half-past four, full and change."

After passing the *Doors*, we sailed along the west side of Luing, and then stood off for Mull through what are called the Slate Isles, leaving Easdale on our right and Ballahuan and Pladda on our left. These two last named islands were sold lately for £700, or thereby, although they contain a village with a going slate work, and I do not know how many inhabitants. So much for the slate trade! Calm now prevailed, so that; although anxious to reach Iona, we were ultimately very glad to cast anchor in Loch Buy, on the south-eastern coast of Mull, and found it very fair shelter, though quite open to the south-west and much exposed to squalls, from the high land on the north, still, in summer time, on the east side of the bay, pretty far in, a vessel may be very snug for a night.

The following day was also calm, scarcely a breath of wind rippled the glassy surface of the ocean during the whole day, so that evening found us little advanced from our morning's rendezvous; the white mansion of Loch Buy was still looming in the distance, and the dark hills of Jura were yet seen to the south. That night was spent at sea, our party taking turn with the seamen. Mine being an early watch I came on deck with the first appearance of light. The sun was then gradually breaking through the clear fleecy clouds which rested on the horizon, tinging the rugged peaks of Mull, and gilding the distant summit of Ben Cruachan, while the heavy sullen swell which, even in the calmest weather sets in here, beats hoarsely upon the dangerous Torrin and Du-

heartach rocks, mingling strangely with the wild cries of the sea birds. At six o'clock, the grey tower of the cathedral of Iona appeared in sight over the craggy headland of Dorril, and a light air of wind springing up, carried us to our anchorage in front of that old church, which, in its hoary aspect looked as ancient as those dreary lichen-covered rocks on which it stands. What associations are there not connected with that relic of antiquity? How strange it seems that upon the verge of the then known world an institution should have been founded to connect a past age with that civilization which gradually arose on the revival of letters as the Christian religion spreads its divine influence over the civilised world. For this work in Scotland we are part indebted to the energy and devotion of one great mind, but of the individual little is now known except the name.

St. Columba appears to have acted much the same part in Scotland as St. Patrick did in Ireland; and from his having served as a presbyter in the monastery founded by the latter at Deernach in Ireland, it seems probable that he was imbued with the spirit of enterprise which inspired the patron saint of Erin, and that he carried the doctrines and practice of St. Patrick, whatever these were, to the desolate shores of Iona. Archbishop Usher, in his "Chronicles of Ulster," states that St. Columba procured a grant of Iona from Conal, son of Congal, King of the Dahaid Scots, and that he founded there, in the year 563, the monastery which afterwards became so celebrated, having had under its control nearly five hundred churches, and ruling many thousand ecclesiastics.

At the period thus assigned for the founding of the original church at Iona, the Roman empire had gradually crumbled to pieces, and the warlike tribes of the north had obtained the ascendancy in Europe. The Vandals, under Genseric, had pillaged Rome, and the Imperial legions were soon after driven from Spain. The Visigoths conquered in France; while the ancient Britons tired of the Roman yoke, sought the aid of the Saxon tribes, and, with their assistance, became again the masters of the soil. In Scotland, the various tribes of Picts and Scots fought with each other for the territories left by the Romans. Almost everywhere at this eventful time we find anarchy and confusion: the Hebrides alone seem to have enjoyed rest under the government of the sea kings or island chiefs, whose authority had not yet been usurped by Harold Harfager of Norway. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that the quiet churchmen should have sought a place of refuge where they could prosecute their literary and devotional exercises apart from the turbulent feuds which then raged everywhere around. As to the literature of this dark epoch there was scarcely any—Cassiodorus and Boetius being the only

classical names I know of; when even Gregory the Pontiff obtained the title of "the Great," and a certain character for superiority of culture, while his name is disgraced by his having burned the Palatine Library, and by many other acts which show that he could not have been much advanced beyond the tribes of the Goths and Huns by whom he was surrounded; it, is therefore, something worthy of notice that Scotland can point to Columba, although it must be admitted that there are in reality no writings of his come down to our time, if we except the "*Regula Monastica quæ extat et vulgo Columkil dicitur*," and "*Hymns in praise of St. Kieran*," and a M.S. at Oxford, in Irish versè, entitled "*The Works of St. Columb*,"—all of which, I should say, are of doubtful authenticity: but I must have done with these antiquarian matters for the present, and return to the narrative of our cruise.

Having come to anchor in the Sound of Icolmkil—which by the way is anything but good anchorage, the tide being very strong, and the swell setting in from the south-west—our party landed and examined the cathedral, returning with the guide, who proved to be the postmaster of the island. He reported that few visitors had as yet made their appearance, and that the place was very dull. We entertained him with a newspaper and a glass of whisky, which last he did not refuse, although the sale of it is prohibited in Iona, and all the inhabitants are, or ought to be, teetotalers.

Setting sail from Iona, we made for Staffa, about nine miles to the north, as directly as the light puffs of wind, which occasionally fanned across the clear smooth sea, would admit. The heat during the day was most excessive from the intense rays of the sun reflected on the water, but the monotony was somewhat diversified by the appearance of a shoal of porpoises and a whale, which puffed and blew most famously, and came so near that we tried the effect of a rifle shot at him, but he was too clever for us, and, although pursued a considerable distance in the small boat, did not again rise within shot. To make up for our disappointment we made great havoc among the flocks of sea birds which surrounded us, killing sometimes four and five at a shot. These soon covered our deck; but we certainly felt that there was much cruelty in the sport, seeing that no use could be made of them.

On nearing Staffa we got on board the small boat and pulled towards the shore, when we had a most favourable opportunity of examining this truly wonderful island, the weather permitting us freely to enter the different caves and study their magnificent proportions at our leisure interrupted only by the whirring and screaming of the innumerable flock of cormorants and sea-mews, which, excited by our unexpected intrusion

on their haunts, kept wildly flying in circles around us, and the heavy surge of the waves which never cease rolling into these dark recesses, filling the cavities with hollow murmuring ebullitions, sounding to the ear not unmelodiously. There is, indeed, something truly magnificent in these stately columns framed in nature's finest mould, which throws the handicraft of man completely in the shade. How grand, for instance, is the archway and portico of Fingal's Cave!—how majestic the facade, and, indeed, how perfectly beautiful the whole island, so delicately yet massively formed of columnar rocks, supporting and relieved by the green sward and herbage above, while below is the transparent sea fringed with foam, reflecting the whole, and above all, the bright expanse of the ever-changing sky.

It was with the utmost difficulty we could tear ourselves from this spot, so many temptations had we to linger and admire the beauties of Staffa, but as our intention was to reach Tobermory the same evening, and as it was now four o'clock, we felt ourselves constrained to depart, and accordingly returned to the yacht. In consequence, however, of the prevailing calm weather, we did not reach Tobermory before eight o'clock next morning. Fortunately, the night was fine, and the sun set beautiful, while occasionally gleams of sheet lightning streamed across the horizon. The tedium of the night watches was also relieved by remarking the striking effect of light and shade, and also observing the flashing of Skerrivore light, which appeared and disappeared to the west like a minute gun at sea.

There is no proper anchorage at Staffa, the nearest being between Ulva and Gometra, where we observed a yacht lying; shelter may also be obtained either in Loch Nakaul or Loch Scridan, both on the west coast of Mull. Neither of them are so safe as the bay of Tobermory, which will be still further improved by the lighthouse nearly completed on the point at the western extremity of the bay.

Our object in calling at Tobermory was to inquire at the post-office for letters, and to despatch our own correspondence. These being accomplished, we retraced our course in part through the Sound of Mull, and then rounded the point of Ardnamurchan, sailing to the north. This in ancient times formed the division between what were called the Nordereys and Sudereys, that is the islands to the north and south of the point; from the latter name is derived the appellation Sodor, originally the ecclesiastical division of islands to the south of Ardnamurchan, but subsequently including the whole of the Hebrides.

This evening likewise it fell calm, so that it was late before we reached Egg. The anchorage at this island we found to be tolerably good for

small vessels between the land and Hastil island, entering either by the south or north, keeping close to Hastil island either way. On the passage we caught a great number of large gurnets from the yacht; these fish we observed swimming in great shoals, frequently on the surface of the water, like tiny porpoises ploughing the surface of the water with their sharp dorsal fins.

ROYAL YORKSHIRE YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

WE have often remarked that where aquatics are concerned, weather was a secondary consideration even with the fair sex, and this opinion was confirmed at the assembling of "the forces," on the 5th of August, on the Humber. Notwithstanding the angry and threatening appearance of the elements, portentous of the coming storm, the piers and jet-ties were crowded with spectators; and the Committee steamer (the Sir Colin Campbell,) bore on her deck a large and fashionable company, among whom we noticed the newly-appointed Commodore, Lord Londesboro', A. Bannister, Esq., Vice Commodore, Lord Ashley, M.P., W. H. Moss, Esq., Mayor, and many other influential gentlemen.

The first race was for a Piece of Plate of the value of £50, presented to the Club by the Commodore, Lord Londesborough, to be sailed for by yachts of any tonnage belonging to the Club. Half-a-minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
843	Rose of York.....	cutter	22	B. Clay, Esq.
823	Rapid	cutter	50	A. Bannister, Esq.
241	Eagre	cutter	22	Capt. Bacon
18	Alice Maud	cutter	22	G. Cammell, Esq.
601	Leda	cutter	31	W. H. Moss, Esq.
216	Cygnet	cutter	8	Capt. Cator, R.N.

A capital view of the start was obtained by all on board the steamer, which followed the fleet, and especially interesting was it to observe the yachts rounding the Bull Float, and a good deal of excitement was manifested during the run home. We cannot enter into the manoeuvre of the yachts; but the result brought the Rapid to the goal, 11m. before the Rose of York, which vessel having to receive 14 minutes for Rapid, was consequently hailed the winner with 2m. 30s. to spare.

Notwithstanding several showers of rain, a very pleasant day passed in the committee's boat. An excellent luncheon was provi-

for the party on board, and Lord Londesborough's admirable private band attended and played inspiring airs throughout the day. After the race the prize was presented to Mr. Clay, the owner of the *Rose* of York, by Lord Londesborough, who said that the race had been a most exciting one, and that the prize had been admirably won.

The prize consisted of a claret jug of classical form, having for its base three dolphins, on the body shell-like convolutes; while the handle, which is both graceful and novel, represents a mermaid reclining on the back of a sea monster.

The only other race was by fishing boats, under 20 tons, for a purse of £15, which after an excellent race was won by the *Rapid*, 19 tons, J. Wilkins, owner, beating ten others.

Captain Randolph, of H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, issued invitations to Lord Londesborough and a numerous party to a grand dejeuner and ball, on board his ship, which was brilliantly decorated, and the visitors were charmed with the entertainment so abundantly provided for them by their gallant host.

Second Day—The morning opened squally, with steady and heavy rain, which with slight abatement, and scarcely any intermission, continued throughout the day; the wind was about N.E. strong.

The principal prize was a Silver Cup, value 60 guineas, presented by the Club, for yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club. Half-a-minute per ton allowed. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rtg.	Tons.	Owners.
823	<i>Rapid</i>	cutter	50	A. Bannister, Esq.
573	<i>Kitten</i>	cutter	13	R. Leach, Esq.
284	<i>Eagre</i>	cutter	22	Capt. Bacon
18	<i>Alice Maud</i>	cutter	22	G. Cammell, Esq.
843	<i>Rose of York</i>	cutter	22	R. Clay, Esq.
43	<i>Aquiline</i>	cutter	55	J. Cardinall, Esq.
601	<i>Leda</i>	cutter	31	W. H. Moss, Esq.

Of the above—*Minx*, *Rapid*, *Avalon*, and *Alice Maud* started. The *Rapid* went off with the lead, followed by *Alice Maud*; the others slow in getting away. The *Minx* however soon got into work, took second place and overhauled *Rapid* in running, passed her off *Paul*, and increased her distance considerably all the way down to, and around the Bull Float. The weather was so squally that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time of rounding that mark, but the *Rapid* was still second, closely followed by *Avalon*. *Alice Maud* gave up the race, and the others dashed the white foam from their bows as they cleft the rude

waves in the vain pursuit of the Minx. During the chase the Avalon in a sudden squall carried away her bowsprit, and the Rapid was left to contest the race with the Minx. After a good match they finished as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Minx.....	2	35	0	Rapid.....	2	56	0

The Minx was the winner by 12m. after allowing Rapid 9m. for the difference of tonnage.

The next race was for a Claret Jug, value £20, for yachts not exceeding 15 tons, belonging to the Club. Half-a-minute allowed:—

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
185	Cobra.....	schooner	11	John Egremont, Esq.
120	Brunette	yawl	10	G. C. Uppleby, Esq.
216	Cygnets.....	cutter	9	Capt. Cator, R.N.
253	Dolphin	cutter	15	E. Squire, Esq.

Cobra did not start. Cygnets took the lead, followed by Brunette and Dolphin. The Cygnets alone went round the Bull floating light, the others returning, and about half-past three o'clock arrived at the winning post. The other two yachts not having gone the round, the was entitled to the prize.

The regatta ball was held in the evening in the Public Rooms, Jarratt Street. The Vice-commodore, A. Bannister, Esq., presented to the Hon. Mr. Dennison, as the representative of his father, the beautiful and valuable prize, (a silver nautilus shell, supported on coral stems, round the base of which are two sea horses, modelled with great spirit and skill, the whole resting on an ebony pedestal, on which a wreathed shield bore the inscription "Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club, 1857.") The health of the noble Lord and Lady Londesborough were cordially drunk, with wishes for the speedy recovery of her ladyship from the accident she had that day sustained from a railway collision at the Milford Junction. It appears that her ladyship and the Hon. Miss Dennison were *en route* for Hull, and the train by which they travelled, was accidentally run into by another train. Fortunately the force of the concussion was diminished by the driver. Her ladyship received a painful contusion of the leg, and Miss Dennison was injured in the face.

Lord Ashley's health was next toasted, and in returning thanks he pressed his deep obligation to the ladies of Hull, for he had no warmer or more zealous supporters at the time of his election; and he hoped in a short time to introduce another lady to his fair friends in Hull at a much later ball: he concluded by giving "The health of the ladies of Hull—God bless them;" to which Lieut. Cumming, R.N., with much gallantry responded. The dance was again resumed, and early morn witnessed the departure of the joyous spirits who delight in promoting the happiness of others.

MILFORD REGATTA.

ON Wednesday, August 19th, under the stewardship of the Hon. R. F. Greville, Capt. Glynn, R.N., and James Thomson, Esq., the regatta was celebrated. This is now an annual event which is recognized in fact as one of the leading routine amusements of the county, and its recurrence is always anticipated with pleasure. For while, on the one hand, it is likely to serve a beneficial purpose, by familiarizing strangers from various parts of the kingdom with the magnitude and rare navigable capacities of our splendid haven, it is a guarantee, on the other, that the taste of our countrymen for an amusement at once noble, daring, and national, is in no danger of decaying. We know, indeed, that there are many persons who are not ardent in pursuit of this amusement, who feel it, in fact, to be in a degree tedious, to watch a few hours the daring scud of the yacht as she flies along under her snowy canvas, or the slower and more measured movement of the boat which is impelled by the active oar: and probably a measure of nautical knowledge, an interest in the result of the race, or in those personally engaged in the contest may be essential to enthusiasm. But even among those who avow that they derive no pleasure from witnessing a regatta, you rarely hear a word in depreciation of the sport. It is felt, on the contrary, that the recreation is one eminently in keeping with our insular position and national character, that it serves to impart strength to the muscle and health to the frame, tends to generate that spirit of daring which finds its ultimate and appropriate province on the main, where, as a nation, we have won our brightest triumphs; that it is promotive of a spirit of emulation than which nothing can be more useful in life; and, finally, that it is calculated to extend the application of science through the exercise of an interested ingenuity.

And now, having premised thus much, says the *Pembroke Herald*, we come to the present regatta. "Cool heavens and favoring airs," desired by yachtsmen as ardently as they were prayed for by the boatmen on the St. Lawrence, were not vouchsafed to the event. The sun, undimmed by a cloud, shone out with intense heat from an early hour, and during the greater portion of the day there was hardly sufficient wind to curl the magnificent waters that lay at the spectators' feet. Still, beautifully still, was the haven, looking, as it glittered in the sunlight, like some huge diamond, while all around seemed for a time to blend with its halcyon calm. Groups of yachtsmen were on the beach, waiting anxiously for the favoring breeze—hoping the best yet dreading the worst, and anon looking listlessly around them, as though they felt all were over

Close to the shore were hundreds of boats, still without their crews, and suggesting from their attitude a perpetual quiescence; while, taking a range beyond, the eye fell on vessels of varied character and size, whose gay colours, refusing to fly, drooped sullenly down. The scene changes, and with all the rapidity of a dissolving view,—there is a slight breeze; the sensitive waters respond in curling waves; there is a rush of on-lookers to all the positions which command the best view of the haven; the attendant band strikes up a spirited air; the hitherto despairing committee rush from their wine, or whatever their consoling beverage may be, to the starting ship; a gun is fired, the suspense of the crowd is awakened to the highest pitch; the races commence, and here we begin the record.

The first race was for a Cup, value 50 guineas, for yachts of any rig, of 20 tons and upwards, belonging to any Royal Yacht Club; time race, half-a-minute per ton allowed for the difference of tonnage up to 60 tons, and above a quarter of a minute per ton.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq.
537	Le Reve.....	schooner	35	J. Thomson, Esq.

The Vigilant and Vesper entered but were withdrawn. It appears the committee were of opinion that they could by a majority, enter schooners on the same regulation as cutters as to time, but when the stewards came to deliberate on the matter they decided against the committee, and that they must abide by the published regulations of the regatta, namely, that the schooners be reckoned at two-thirds of their actual tonnage in calculating the time given to, or received from cutters. The owner of the Vigilant, J. C. Atkins, Esq., not falling in with this decision of the stewards, consented to retire, and his entrance fee was returned to him. The objection to the Vesper, G. A. Bevan, Esq., was, that she being under 20 tons could not compete with yachts above that tonnage, although Mr. Bevan was willing to enter her as 20 tons, which proposition the stewards opposed.

The course was from a vessel moored off the new pier, round the W buoy, back to the starting vessel, and away for Lewis buoy, and a b moored at Dale buoy, and back to the starting vessel: keeping all buoys on the starboard hand. Distances about 20 miles.

At the sound of the gun they started, the Le Reve with the le

Cyclone second, and Wildfire last. In a short while, however, the Cyclone took the lead of Le Reve, and she in her turn was forced to yield the "pride of place" to Wildfire, which came rushing up, whilst the others were lying motionless, being in a manner landlocked, and rounded Weir buoy first—the Cyclone having caught a puff rounded second; and from this point to the winning vessel, the race was never in doubt,—the Wildfire "walking the waters like a thing of life," and winning in magnificent style—the breeze having freshened as the day advanced to maturity, and which tended to shew her excellent sailing qualities.

Second race for a Cup, value 20 guineas for yachts under 20 tons, time race, three-quarters of a minute per ton for the difference of tonnage.

The following small yachts started:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
Arrow.....	bermudn	10	— Lewis, Esq.
Fairy.....	bermudn	9	G. Thomas and Gould, Esqrs.
Sylph.....	bermudn	4	J. Harries, Esq.

This match from all the vessels being known in the haven created far more interest than the former. At the sound of the gun they started in good style, the Fairy with the lead, but the wind coming to the eastward, and being very light, the Arrow rounded the Weir buoy first. The breeze now freshening enabled the Fairy to take the lead of the Arrow, and run down the haven closely followed by her rival, both keeping close under Bullwell, passing the roadstead of Angle, and on for the Lewis buoy, off St. Anne's, in rounding which the Fairy had to shift jibe, and lost a great deal of her vantage ground. Owing to this circumstance the Arrow was enabled to come pretty close—nearly beam and beam—and a beautiful race ensued up to the buoy in Monk haven, the Fairy, however, being the leading boat, and sailing on the starboard tack; in rounding this buoy the Arrow, being on the port tack, attempted to shoot ahead unfairly, and to cross the bows of the Fairy, but failed, and the result was that they fouled. In consequence of this the Arrow avoided tacking (which she must have done had she kept her proper course and gone astern,) took the lead from Fairy, and rounded the buoy Monk haven about two minutes before her opponents, and sailed away gallant style, every inch of canvas being set, but closely chased by Fairy, which gained nearly a minute from the fouling to the finish, and they arrived thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Arrow.....	6 1 0	Fairy.....	6 2 23
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Thus it was thought by many that the Arrow had won; but on the arrival of Mr. Thomas on board the steamer he entered a protest against her for fouling. This being referred to the stewards, they, after due consideration awarded the prize to Fairy. She was built by Mr. James Thomas of Hakin, and has won about £80 since she was first launched, two years ago.

Third race for a purse of £5 for pleasure boats, open or otherwise, was won by the Vestal, Mr. Thomas, beating the Freak, Mr. Alpass, and the Sylph, Mr. Harries. This was a well contested match, and won only by a length.

Matches by fishermen's sailing boats, rowing boats, &c. finished the sports afloat.

In the evening the Nelson Hotel was honoured with a numerous company, who were presided over by the Hon. Col. Greville, faced by Dr. Field.

On the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal toasts were given, after which the Chairman in proposing the "health of the successful competitors," said "He was sure there was no one present who would regret the prize leaving the haven if it was carried off by more successful science; and by that fair and open competition which it was the pride of them all to challenge and to emulate. All he regretted now was that he could not present to the owner of the yacht that which his vessel had so fairly won; but when he told them that the father of that gentleman was present, he thought he should do that which they would be pleased to see, namely, to place the cup in his hands, with a request that he would come another time and try for another cup. He had no doubt that when this prize was seen, and it was known it had been won at Milford, it would be enquired what sort of place it was. He hoped the gentleman to whom he was about to present the cup, would inform his son what sort of place it was, and what sort of welcome he would get when he came here." Col. Greville concluded, amid loud cheers, by proposing the "Health of Mr. Turner."

Mr. Turner said "In the name of his son he begged to thank them for the honor done him. His son when he saw the prize must be excessively proud, for a prettier cup he (the speaker) had never seen. He would tell his son how hospitably he had been received at Milford, and he was satisfied that if there was a regatta next year, and another cup to be sailed for, they would come and try to carry it away. He thanked the meeting sincerely for their kindness."

Several other toasts followed, and then the Secretary announced plus in hand from the present regatta, and that £40 had been sub-
by the gentlemen present at the dinner towards the regatta of 18

The present Stewards were re-elected by acclamation, and a evening of conviviality all parted delighted with the Milford re-

ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THE annual gathering of this club took place on the 26th and 29th of August, the weather was not exactly such as might be desired the first day, as there were several smart showers during the races. Notwithstanding a numerous attendance as usual of the neighbouring gentry gave a pleasing feature to the scene. The Orion (club-vessel) bore the flag of the Vice-Commodore, J. Houldsworth, Esq., in consequence of the unavoidable absence of the noble Commodore, the Right Hon. the Earl of Eglinton: Captain M. M. Keane, the Secretary, ably assisted the V.C. in forwarding the proceedings.

The first race was for yachts of the royal clubs, and was competed for by the following craft, the prize being a Piece of Plate, value 60 guineas.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
918	Stella...	cutter	41	C. T. Couper, Esq.
187	Crusader...	cutter	30	J. Spiers, Esq.
189	Coralie...	cutter	35	A. E. Byrne, Esq.

The course lay round the beacon at Toward Point, then round the Mavis buoy, off Inverkip, thence to the Shoals buoy, off Rossneath Point, round the flag-boat at Dunoon, and then round Mavis buoy and back.

Three such celebrated vessels competing in one match would naturally cause great excitement among nautical men; but on this occasion there was not that anxiety that we expected, the fact was the Crusader was booked to win, and she did not deceive her backers. On the signal being given the Crusader bounded off with the lead at 1h. 3m. 10s., followed by Stella at 1h. 4m. 5s, and the Coralie at 1h. 5m. 22s. The advantage in starting the leader never lost, and the whole match was sailed and finished in the same order, the Crusader being hailed a winner amid loud cheering.

The second race by yachts not exceeding 35 tons, for a Piece of Plate value £30, was competed for by the following yachts:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
16	North Star.....	cutter	26	Geo. Harrison, Esq.
30	Zingara.....	cutter	15	Jas. Scott, Esq.
13	Kulpie.....	cutter	22	T. A. Robinson, Esq.

The course was the same as in the previous race, with the exception that the yachts were not required to go round the Maris buoy a second time. Shortly after starting the Zingara carried away her throat halliard, and gave up the contest, which accordingly lay between the North Star and the Kelpie; they arrived at the flag-boat as under:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
North Star.....	5	58	40		Kelpie.....	5	2 58

The North Star came in first, and was proclaimed the winner. We cannot give the time she beat by although she came in 4m. 18s. before the Kelpie, as we are not informed what allowance for difference of tonnage was granted.

The winner being a new yacht this year, we will give the description of her as it appeared in a contemporary at the time she was launched—
 †“The 6th Aug., witnessed the launch of the North Star, which, we think, if we may judge from appearance, will not disgrace the Royal Mersey Yacht Club flag, and be a useful boat to her owner, G. Harrison, Esq., as well as a credit to St. Clair Byrse, Esq., who designed her. She is a remarkably strong yacht; we should say more so than any iron or wood yacht ever built. She was launched all ready for sea, and about an hour after was underway with her owner and a few friends. To show what can be done in iron, her keel was only put down on the 20th of June; and in six weeks and a half we see her in the water, underway, with everything on board, and a little over seven weeks she will be engaged in a race. She is 26 tons, but more roomy than most 35 ton wood boats. To show how near calculations can be made in these go-ahead times, her draught of water when launched was within a quarter of an inch of that intended. Length on load line, 48ft. 9in., beam (extreme) 11ft. 6in., tonnage (R.M.Y.C) 26 59-9ths; draught aft 8ft. 3in., forward 4ft. 9in., height above water aft 8ft. 10in., ditto forward 6ft., head room, clear under beam, in main cabin 6ft. 1in. by 10ft. 6in. square full; has a good rise of floor, with a substantial bilge, and carried out forward in a very slightly hollow load line, and at the same time clear run aft below; and fitted up with everything of the very best; all iron ballast casks to fit. Mast above deck 42ft., bowsprit (outboard) 27ft. 6in, main boom 16ft., gaff 30ft.”

The third race by small boats was not successfully finished as ¹²--- ¹³ did not arrive in time, according to regulations.

Several rowing matches concluded the first day's regatta.

Second Day.—Saturday 29th the sports were resumed at 1
 The weather was beautiful, and the sun shone forth unclouded, the 1 being moderated by a fine breeze from the north-west. In consequence

of the fine day there was a much larger number of spectators present than on the first day. The Firth opposite Dunoon was literally covered with small craft, whose occupants appeared to take a great interest in the proceedings. The arrangements were precisely the same as on Wednesday, and everything that could possibly conduce to the comfort of the sight-seers afloat was given with that cordiality and welcome which distinguish the secretary, Captain Keane.

The first race was for the Corinthian Cup, value £30, open to all yachts. The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
736	North Star.....	cutter	21	G. Harrison, Esq.
1250	Zingara	cutter	15	J. Scott, Esq.
187	Crusader	cutter	30	J. Splers, Esq.
918	Stella.....	cutter	41	C. T. Couper, Esq.

The course was the same as the first match on Wednesday. Shortly after starting, when off Wemyss Bay, the North Star carried away her gaff-topsail, which mishap put her to a great disadvantage in the competition. The Crusader also when off the Holy Loch in the first round carried away her gaff-topsail, but the accident had no injurious effect on her sailing. Each round was finished thus:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Stella	2	14	38	3	22	4
Crusader	2	15	17	3	21	27
North Star.....	2	21	57	3	29	11
Zingara	2	36	34	3	57	39

The Crusader was the winner, thus adding another laurel to the fame of her builder.

The match intended by fishing boats did not fill. The regatta was concluded by several keenly contested rowing matches.

ROYAL WESTERN YACHT CLUB (E.) REGATTA.

THIS event was celebrated on the 26th of August, and notwithstanding the unpromising appearance of the weather, and the fears engendered by an almost total calm, yet the Hoe, and other parts of the Sound where the sports could be witnessed, were densely crowded with anxious spectators; the water also was alive with numerous craft of all denominations, sitting about like so many butterflies in their gaudy colours. About 10

o'clock the wind freshened a little from W.S.W., but still it was far from what yachtsmen wish for. But mid-day there was quite a breeze from the S.E., and everything appeared satisfactory, until about 4 p.m., when the wind died away again, and an occasional puff is all that was left to finish sports not more than half concluded. In the absence of the Vice-Commodore, T. W. Fox, Esq. K.D., the American Consul, hoisted his (the V.C.'s,) flag on board the Medina.

The first match was £80, or a Piece of Plate of that value, at the option of the winner, open to all yachts of any rig, belonging to members of the Royal Yacht Clubs, or to Foreign Royal or National Clubs, of 25 tons and upwards: time race, four to start or no race.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
638	Mariquita	schooner	125	F. B. Carew, Esq.
625	Lulworth	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.
587	Le Reve.....	schooner	36	Jas Thomson, Esq.
686	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
462	Glunce.....	cutter	36	E. G. Banks, Esq.

In consequence of a regulation by the committee that schooners should allow half minute time, and only receive a quarter of a minute, the owners of the Wildfire and Le Reve declined to start, complaining that such an arrangement was in violation of the rules usually recognised by other clubs. The answer of the committee was, that since the arrival of the America in this country the schooners had increased their power, and they instanced the case of the Wildfire herself, which had beaten the Mosquito, and won five or six cups. The owner of the Mariquita did not assign any reason for not running.

The start took place at 10h. 34s. with a gentle breeze from the S.W. In a short time Lulworth gave her competitors the slip, and headed them considerably, but about 11h. 30s. she was observed coming up on the western course, and it was evident there was some mistake. About twenty minutes after she passed the committee vessel, and reported that the western mark boat was not in her place, and that the mark brought up as the last boat reached her. Under these circumstances Mr. Weld, the owner of the Lulworth, entered a protest against race, and the committee after due deliberation resolved that, "western mark boat not having been in its place the first match must resailed, either on this day once round and half time, or on the morrow."

twice round, the usual time." It appears this decision gave satisfaction to all except Mr. Banks, the owner of the *Glance*; but it was ascertained that she had not complied with the rules, that "an owner or member of a royal club should be on board during the race." This settled the matter, and the owners of *Thought* and *Phantom* having expressed their willingness to compete again that day, Mr. Banks went on board his yacht, and the second start took place at 2h. 35s., the wind blowing fresh from the south. Soon after they got away the wind dropped, and gradually subsided to an almost perfect calm. Somehow or other, the yachts crept round the western and eastern mark-boats, and about six o'clock the *Glance*, *Thought*, and *Lulworth* were seen off the Breakwater. From this point the yachts drifted up on the tide, and as they neared the Cobbler buoy, just before making the committee's boat it was feared that for want of wind they might drift up the Cutwater. After rounding the Cobbler, a slight puff off shore assisted them a little, and the two leading vessels arrived as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Glance</i>	8 3 30	<i>Thought</i>	8 7 15

The others not timed. The *Glance* was declared the winner, by 2m. 15s., after deducting allowance to *Thought*.

The second race was for the Members' Cup, value £60, or the winner to receive the amount in cash if preferred; open to yachts of any rig or tonnage, belonging to members of the club: time race.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
37	<i>Annie</i>	berm.	20	S. Triscott, Esq.
361	<i>Fawn</i>	cutter	26	H. Ellis, Esq.
310	<i>Ethel</i>	cutter	16	H. E. Bayly, Esq.
1039	<i>Vision</i>	cutter	45	W. Rashleigh, Esq.

At 11h. 23s. the signal for starting, the *Fawn* took the lead, followed closely by *Vision* and *Annie*; the *Ethel* rather tardy. The *Annie* soon ran past *Vision*, with *Ethel* creeping up. Off the Breakwater the *Ethel* overhauled and passed the two latter, taking second place; in this manner they proceeded to the eastern mark boat, after rounding which the *Vision* gained upon the *Ethel* and ultimately passed her: they finished the first round as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Fawn</i>	3 10 0	<i>Ethel</i>	3 14 15
<i>Vision</i>	3 12 30	<i>Annie</i>	3 39 0

The wind now died away, and as the yachts could not complete the second round, it was decided by the committee that they should sail again on the 7th Sept., irrespective of weather, and that the time of arrival be extended to midnight.

The third prize, a Piece of Plate, value £21, presented by the tradesmen of the club, with £10 added; open to yachts belonging to any Royal Yacht Club, of 10 tons and not exceeding 30: time race.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
679	Midge.....	cutter	13	Capt. Commerell, R.N.
989	Vampire.....	cutter	20	C. Wheeler, Esq.
72	Alma.....	cutter	29	R. Mangin, Esq.

At 12h. 25a. they started, all getting away nearly together, and the breeze having freshened a good match was expected; but 'ere completing the first round the Alma retired from the contest, and the round was finished by Vampire being 45m. 45a. ahead of the Midge, which having no chance also "cut it," leaving Vampire alone in her glory, and she arrived at the goal at 6h.

A Cup of the value of 10 guineas was given by Mr. Bate, of the Royal Hotel, which was sailed for by seven small yachts, and won by the Ida.

This was followed by a sailing match between watermen's boats: the Brunswick beating four others.

Several rowing matches concluded the sports afloat, and the regatta concluded with a fashionable ball at the Royal.

The renewed Match.—On the day appointed by the committee, (7th Sept.) to re-sail for £60 prize before noticed, the same yachts,—Annie, Fawn, Ethel, and Vision appeared at the start.

They got well away, the Fawn leading, and on looking out for the western mark-boat Mr. Fillis discovered it in Cawsand bay, but the boat not being discerned by the other yachts so quickly, they fell away to the eastward of the Sound. As soon as they perceived their error the Vision and Ethel bore up and went back, both declaring that they should protest against the race. The Fawn and Annie, however, continued the race, and on rounding the committee's boat on the conclusion of the first round, they were hailed and told that there was no protest; but as the owners of the Fawn and Annie thought they had started fairly, and everything had been correct on their part, they proceer

When they had completed the course, according to the regulations, Mr. Fillis, who was the winner, went on board the committee vessel and claimed the stakes, when he was informed that in consequence of a protest being entered on the part of the owners of the Vision and Ethel, the race was void, the ground assigned being that the mark-boat in Cawsand bay was not fixed according to the regulations, and secondly, that it had not the proper flag flying. With respect to the former objection, it was proved by a gentleman deputed by the committee to ascertain if the boat was in the right position, that the boat occupied the proper place, and by the bearings of the compass, was correct according to the directions issued by the committee. With respect to the second objection, it was shown that the same boatman was deputed by the club on the 26th of August, to hoist the very same flag, which was then considered to be a red ensign. Mr. Fillis claimed the prize, but it was withheld, and he was told that the race must be sailed over again, but he protested against the money being appropriated to any other race. The committee, however, persisted in declaring that it must be sailed for again, when Mr. Fillis declined to engage in any other contest, and withdrew his yacht.

The following day the Ethel, Vision, and Annie started. The signal was given at 11h. 9m. a.m., and the yachts got away well together. The contest between the Ethel and Vision was a very hard one, as will be seen from the time of their arrival on the first round; and during the second round the wind freshened considerably, and ultimately a heavy squall came on, which tested the merits of the yachts, but they did not change position. The time finishing each round was as follows:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Ethel.....	1	14	0	2	57	15
Vision.....	1	16	34	3	2	0
Annie	1	28	0	4	17	0

The Ethel received the prize. She was built by Mr. W. F. Moore of Friary Yard, Plymouth.

[We shall follow up the above regatta by noticing the others on the Devonshire coast, which were omitted at the time they came off.]

PLYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA.

His came off on 22nd July, and we feel great pleasure in stating, in a most satisfactory manner to all interested—to the committee who so
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zealously undertook its measurement, and to the great mass of the public, who congregated in thousands on the Hoe and surrounding heights, and who appeared greatly to enjoy the holiday. The weather in the morning looked dull, but as the day advanced the clouds dispersed, the sun shone forth, the wind blew a fine breeze from the north-west, and a finer time could not have been experienced.

The sports commenced with a sailing match for trawlers, which the Baron, a fine cutter, built by Moore, won.

The principal race was for the Town Plate, value 50 sovereigns, open to yachts of any rig, the property of a member of a Royal Yacht Club: time race.

The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
1039	Vision.....	cutter	45	W. Rashleigh, Esq.
462	Glance.....	cutter	36	E. G. Bankes, Esq.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.
983	Vesper.. ..	schooner	25	W. H. P. Western, Esq.

One of the arrangements adopted by the committee was that one-fourth of the tonnage should be added to cutters, in order to equalize them with schooners, and that the larger vessels should allow half-a-minute per ton to the smaller vessels, of any rig.

The starting gun was fired at 11h. 53s., and all the yachts bounded off in magnificent style: but the Wildfire soon took the lead, closely followed by Vesper, Glance, and Vision, each carrying a press of canvas. In spite of the manœuvring and able seamanship displayed, the Wildfire continued ahead. The Vesper unfortunately sprung her bowsprit and was forced to give in at the end of the first round. Each round was finished as under, and the Wildfire was declared the winner.

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Wildfire.....	1	34	3	3	17	11
Glance	1	42	25	3	34	5
Vision.....	1	58	3	4	3	37
Vesper	2	0	40			

The next race was for a Piece of Plate, value £25, presented by Royal Highness the Prince Consort, with a purse of 10 sovereigns added, to be sailed for by yachts of 15 tons and not exceeding 30: belonging to any Royal Yacht Club: time race.

The following yachts started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners
869	Secret	cutter	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.
982	Vampire.....	cutter	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.
37	Annie.....	cutter	21	S. Triscott, Esq.

This match excited great interest: the start was at 12h. 21m. 30s. all getting away together. The Annie is Bermudian rigged, and carried a tremendous topsail, which as it was blowing stiffly, it was generally expected she would douse when she got outside, but she ran through the water with her mast bending under the weight of canvas. At this time the lookers on trembled for her safety—still on on she rushed regardless of danger, and when off the Snag Stone away went her flying jib-boom, still like the maddened courser onwards she dashed, till she carried away her gaff-topsail and sprung her mast,—then, and not till then, did she fall off, allowing her competitors to pass her. Her daring deserved a better fate, but her chance was gone; the first round was finished thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Secret	2 10 14	Vampire	2 15 7	Annie	2 27 38

The race was now between Secret and Vampire, and the former so increased her distance that the latter drew off, and left the Secret to finish alone, which she did at 4h. 4m. 30s. When she came in loud was the cheering, the band playing "See the Conquering Hero comes." Mr. Waring being much respected, his reception was most enthusiastic.

A Purse of 15 sovereigns for yachts of 8 tons and not exceeding 15 tons. Half-a-minute per ton allowed.

The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
798	Pixie	cutter	15	R. Shurlock, Esq.
310	Ethel.....	cutter	15	H. E. Bayly, Esq.
890	Snake	yawl	13	O. Philpotts, Esq.

Ethel, although only the same tonnage as the Pixie, is nearly four feet longer. She took a slight lead at starting, followed by Pixie well, and Snake a little behind. Ethel continued the lead, and eventually in the race. The start took place at 1h. 1m. 32s, and the rounds re made thus:—

	First Round.	Second Round.
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
hel.	2 4 48	4 24 53
xie.	2 11 58	4 38 18
ake.....	2 22 21	

This was followed by a match for a Purse of 8 sovereigns, with a second prize of 5 guineas for yachts under 8 tons: half-a-minute allowed. The following started:—Tartar, Mr. Richards, Phantom, Mr. Wey, Flying Cloud, Mr. Clark, Little Jenny, Mr. J. C. Clark, Fairy, Mr. Ever, George, Capt. Thompson, Secret, Mr. Brown, and Turk, Mr. Rennolls.

This was an exciting race; all got off well together at 1h. 36m. 30s. Several of them carried a heavy press of canvas, more than, considering the breeze, was thought prudent. Happily no accident occurred, although many shipped more salt water than is consistent with perfect security. After an excellent race the Phantom came in the winner.

Then followed a novelty in aquatics, viz. a Four Oared Gig race, rowed by Women, in boats not exceeding 30 feet. First prize £3., second £2., third £1.

The Daring, (Elizabeth Furnace), Victoria, (Mary Ann Rendle), and White Mouse, (S. A. Basley), started, and after a severe struggle—in which the Saltash amazons showed their usual pluck—they came in as above: some idea may be formed of the severe character of the contest, by the fact, that in the first round there was only a quarter of a minute difference in time between the first and second boats on passing the committee's barge; and only half a minute between the second and third.

After several other rowing matches the presentation of the prizes on board the committee vessel took place. The Mayor officiated as chairman. the first prize a purse of £50 was handed to Dr. Pratt, as the representative of Mr. Turner, the owner of Wildfire; the second prize (the Prince Consort's gift,) was presented to Mr. Waring, the owner of Secret: it was a beautiful and richly chased Silver Salver; and the third prize for yachts was handed over to Capt. Bayly, the owner of Ethel: the other prizes were then given to the several winners; and the day was finished with a dinner at the Navy Hotel, which was well attended, and all expressed their willingness to support aquatic sports when they were carried out with the liberality of the Plymouth Committee.

TENBY REGATTA.

THIS came off on the 21st of August, and was the first ever held at Tenby, from the numerous attendance, the excellence of the arrangements and the general satisfaction which all present expressed we look annually for a continuance of aquatic sports.

The first race was for a prize of £50, and was open to all yachts any Royal Yacht Club being not less than 20 tons register; time 13 minutes three to start or no race; entrance £1 1s. There were five entries, only four started, viz:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	36	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
210	Cyclone.....	cutter	43	W. Patterson, jun., Esq.
1096	Wildfire.....	schooner	58	J. T. Turner, Esq.
749	Osprey.....	schooner	30	W. H. Neville, Esq.

The distance, according to the programme for the first sailing match, was from the starting vessel which was moored about half-a-mile off the pier, twice round a vessel moored off Ragwen Point, and thence round a vessel moored some ten miles off in the channel, thence round the rocks known as the Woolhouses off the east end of Caldy Island, and back the second time to the starting ship. For the other races only once round.

All being ready, precisely at 12h. 10m. the gun was fired for the first race, when the four yachts started in good order, the Wildfire being slightly ahead. The Cyclone, Vigilant, and Osprey, followed in close succession, but the Wildfire kept her position throughout the whole race. She rounded the starting ship the first time at seven minutes after two o'clock, followed by the Cyclone at 19 minutes after, by the Vigilant at 21m. after, and by the Osprey, at 39m. after two. They came round the second heat in similar order, and at the following times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wildfire	4 23 30	Cyclone	4 39 0	Vigilant.....	4 54 0

The second race was for a prize of £20, open to all yachts of any Royal Yacht Club, not exceeding 20 tons register; no time for tonnage allowed; three to start or no race; entrance 10s. 6d.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Rig.	Owners.
1023	Vesper	cutter	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.
453	Gem	cutter	18	J. J. De Winton, Esq.
398	Foam	cutter	7	G. N. Maude, Esq.

The yachts started precisely at 12m. after one o'clock, and were to sail only once round. The Vesper took the lead at starting, and maintained her usual superiority as a fast sailing cutter. She arrived at the winning vessel exactly at 42m. after three, distancing her two antagonists, which did not come home for some time after. The regatta was wound up by several sailing and rowing matches.

TEIGNMOUTH REGATTA.

WE regret we cannot record the regatta as a first-rate affair, not for the want of funds, (altho' some say, there was a reluctance on the part of the inhabitants to subscribe, however, one gentleman set them an example, and sufficient was collected,) therefore the non-attendance of yachts was much felt. The only entry for the 30 guinea prize was the Phantom, S. Lane, Esq., and not one for the 20 guinea prize for schooners, and after divers offers, the following appeared to compete for a prize of £15.

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Ton	Owners
310	Ethel.....	cutter	15	H. E. Bayly, Esq.
679	Midge	cutter	13	Capt. Commerell, R.N.

The course was about 30 miles, and the start took place at 2h. 30m., a stiff breeze blowing from the N.E. The Ethel soon got away with the lead, and on rounding the eastern mark-boat was four minutes ahead; between this point and the western mark-boat, under Babbicombe, the distance remained precisely the same. After this the Ethel improved her position, passing the committee boat thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ethel	4 23 30	Midge	4 28 19

They continued in this order till the Ethel, fetching Babbicome bay, was suddenly becalmed; Midge on the contrary, had a rattling breeze, which she brought with her, and passed the Ethel about 200 yards to leeward, just after rounding the western mark-boat. In two or three minutes the Ethel got the breeze, but it was too late—she could not recover her lost ground: they came in as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Midge	6 49 45	Ethel	6 51 0

The Midge winning without the allowance of time she was entitled to receive.

The committee endeavoured to get up another race, and offered £10 to be sailed for by yachts that declined to enter into competition with the Ethel in last race. The offer was not responded to.

On the same day, 24th of Aug., a nautical fete took place. The object to benefit the funds of that excellent institution, the Royal National Life Boat Society, which has at Teignmouth, and at fifty or sixty other places the coast, a life-boat fully equipped, so as to be ready at any time to render

assistance to the distressed shipwrecked sailor. . And if there is one subject more than another that justly claims to commands attention, and to enlist the sympathy of a maritime country like England, it surely must be the security of those "whose business is in great waters." Yet how imperfectly informed, how supinely indifferent is the great mass of the population, either as to the cause, or the extent of means within their reach, at little cost, for the prevention or mitigation of the appalling catastrophes that annually absorb nearly six hundred valuable lives around our coasts, leaving a proportionate number of widows and orphans unprovided for. The operations of this day commenced by a steamer towing into the offing a small smack which was kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Samuel Hutchings. On giving signals from the smack, such as gear adrift, ensign reversed, and minute guns firing, the life-boat manned with her crew, was launched, and proceeded to the relief of the distressed vessel. She immediately took them on board, and brought them ashore. Considering the size of the life-boat which must necessarily be large and heavy to enable it effectually to contend with a heavy surf and wind, she was rapidly launched, for it could hardly have exceeded twenty minutes from the time she was brought from the boat-house to that when she was afloat.

Afterwards a communication was effected on the first attempt with the mimic wreck by means of the Manby apparatus. A Coast Guard man was hauled from the mast-head ashore on the usual "breeches" sling. But from the careless manner in which he attached himself to the sling, omitting to put his legs in the "breeches", the operation nearly cost him his life; as it was he came off with a good ducking. The importance of teaching sailors and others how to make a right use of these important line-communications with stranded vessels cannot be overrated. Nearly every winter fearful consequences of their ignorance of attaching the line is brought under our notice. At one time a sailor, as soon as the line had been thrown over his ship, will tie it round his body and plunge into the boiling surf, where he instantly perishes, and his comrades doomed, from his ignorance, to share the same unhappy fate. At another time a whole ship's crew of four or five men will tie themselves to the frail line, and are dragged ashore in a lifeless state. Let us therefore, express an earnest hope that efforts will be made to teach our mariners the proper use of the communicating line.

In the Journal of the National Life-boat Institution for the current year, there is an excellent article on this important subject. Its price is only 2d. and it should be in the hands of every sailor, and every yachtsman would be doing good service by circulating a few copies of this periodical amongst his row every quarter.

The anchor of Captain Jerningham, R.N., was next fired from a mortar. This skilful mechanical contrivance, which possesses great holding power, is intended to haul off life-boats, and other boats through a heavy surf. Some years ago the writer of this saw the anchor fired from a mortar by Captain Jerningham from the dockyard, Woolwich. It was thrown nearly across the Thames, and its great holding power was manifested by the fact

that it required about thirty men to haul it home. Unfortunately, however, the fireman on the present occasion did not understand the peculiar but simple mode of firing it—the anchor was thrown by him only a short distance. Better success, however, attended the firing of Mr. Offord's expanding fluke grapple. Nothing could exceed the precision of the operation. It was thrown about 200 yards into the sea, and its holding power was tested by the life-boat being subsequently hauled off by it. From various causes no success attended the trial on this occasion of Francis's American life-saving car. The Coast Guard men on board the vessel did not understand its admirable qualities.

The Rev. E. L. Berthon, of Fareham, exhibited his remarkable invention, the collapsible ship's life-boat, in perfecting which he has expended upwards of £5,000, and devoted much of his time. [A description of this valuable invention with engravings will be found in vol. iii, p. 322, of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*.] The Rev. gentleman illustrated the principle of his invention by a model stationed on the promenade. The peculiar feature of this invention is, that half a dozen collapsible boats can be easily stowed away in the space now occupied by one ordinary ship's boat. Thus ample boat accommodation can be easily provided for troop and passenger ships. Mr. Mansfield's rough raft, consisting of a few spars fastened to some empty casks, was fully tested on the occasion, and clearly showed the utility of such contrivances in the hour of danger.

After this last experiment the smack in the offing was discovered to become a real wreck; she began to fill rapidly and to heel on one side. This circumstance, combined with the fact that both the regatta and the nautical *fête* took place at low water, which rendered the operations of the former almost void of interest, and the general dispersion of the spectators to their homes, brought the proceedings to a close before Perrott's tubular raft, Dr. Sibbald's ship communicator, and several other contrivances for saving life, were experimented on.

TORBAY ROYAL REGATTA.

THIS annual amusement came off on 28th August, under the stewardship of the Commodore (G. H. Ackers, Esq.) and members of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The attendance of many first-rate yachts ensured capital sport, which was highly appreciated by a large number of visitors sojourning at Torquay.

The first race was for a Purse of sovereigns for fishing boats, & the Musical Box won, beating six others.

The second prize was for the Ladies' Purse, for pleasure yacht longing to Torbay; the entries were Myntary, Mr. Thomas, Gannet,

Pearson, Edith, Mr. Turner, and Belladonna, which was won by the Gannet.

The third race was for a Purse of 20 sovereigns, for yachts under 35 tons, open to all cutters kept for pleasure only: time race; three times round. The following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
982	Vampire.....	cutter	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.
361	Fawn.....	cutter	25	H. Fillis, Esq.
310	Ethel.....	cutter	15	Capt. Bayly
679	Midge.....	cutter	13	Capt. Commerell

The start was at 12h. 47m. They all got well off, the Vampire with a slight lead: the others endeavoured by every legitimate means to overhaul the leader, but it was of no use; she maintained the good character she obtained in other localities. By the time of each round which we have given below, it will be seen the contest between the Ethel and Fawn was rather sharp, except in the last round, when the Ethel ran away from her.

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Vampire.....	2	22	33	4	12	30	6	6	25
Ethel	2	27	0	4	23	17	6	21	30
Fawn	2	30	40	4	24	6	6	30	0
Midge	2	35	40	gave up.					

The fourth race was a Purse of 30 sovereigns, for yachts of 25 tons and under 40 tons: time race.

The following yachts started:—

No.	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
327	Emmet	cutter	28	E. Gibson, Esq.
786	Phantom	cutter	21	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
462	Glance	cutter	35	E. G. Banks, Esq.
	Fire Cloud.....	cutter	45	— Mansfield, Esq.

The start was at 1h. 19m. The start was admirably effected, the phantom obtained the lead which she maintained to the finish, although her celebrated rivals strove hard to overtake her, she completed each round several minutes in advance; in fact, she never so completely beat her old antagonist, the Thought, as on this occasion. The Emmet, Glance, and Thought had a sharp contest for second place, which the latter obtained. Each round was finished as follows:—

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	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Phantom.....	2	52	13	4	36	18	6	24	40
Glance.....	2	55	27	4	55	0	6	46	57
Thought	2	56	43	4	54	30	6	38	53
Emmet.....	3	4	40	4	51	30	not timed.		
Fire Cloud.....	3	16	10	gave up.					

The last match was for a Purse of 40 sovereigns, for yachts of any rig not less than 40 tons.

The following started:—

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
58	Arrow.....	cutter	192	T. Chamberlayne, Esq.
625	Lulworth.....	cutter	80	Joseph Weld, Esq.
638	Mariquita.....	cutter	125	F. B. Carew, Esq.

Lulworth had the lead at starting, followed by Mariquita second, and Arrow a little behind. But the latter soon gained second place, and a race between her and the Lulworth began, which ended in favour of the latter. Both these vessels were designed by Mr. Weld, and he must have experienced much pleasure in witnessing the match. The Arrow, however, after the first round, from some unexplained cause gave up the contest. This was much regretted, for notwithstanding the difference of time on rounding, still in a sailing match, an accident might happen to the one leading which would throw her out of the race. However, the Lulworth was left to finish the match by herself, the Mariquita having withdrawn from the race in the first round. The timing of each round was

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Lulworth.....	3	51	3	5	30	35	7	15	0
Arrow.....	3	57	58						

Rowing matches finished the day's amusements.

PAIGNTON REGATTA.

THE inhabitants of this place determined to take "Old Time by the lock," so the month of July witnessed a large concourse of spectators anxiously waiting for the sports to begin. There was a drizzling rain accompanied by a stiff breeze from S.W. The proceedings commenced with races between fishermen's boats, but the grand race was between yachts.

Three prizes in cash were sailed for by yachts not exceeding 15 tons. The following entered;—

Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
Ethel	cutter	15	Capt. Bayly
Firefly	cutter	15	Capt. Adams
Curlew	cutter	12	Major Brown
Fairy	cutter	9	— Bicknell, Esq.

The start took place at 1h. 47m., the reputation of the Ethel thus early in her career had established her claim to be ranked a clipper. She was closely scrutinized by the nauticals present, and, of course, various opinions expressed. The Fairy and Curlew were known to the Devonians, and were expected to run her close: the Firefly was unknown, therefore all the interest laid between the first three. Ethel however soon after shewed her capabilities, gradually drew away from her antagonists, and finishing the first round 5m. 45s. ahead of the second boat: the next round she increased her distance to 8m. 54s., and finished a good winner, as will be seen by the following:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Ethel	3 59 15	Firefly	4 16 50
Fairy	4 10 20	Curlew	4 17 0

Ethel received £5, Fairy £2. 10s., and Firefly £1. 5.

Rowing matches and other amusements concluded the sports.

LONDON MODEL YACHT CLUB.

SINCE our last notice of this club three separate days' sailing matches have taken place on the Serpentine, Hyde Park. On the first day, Messrs. Turner and Temple's Three Williams, was the victor; on the second day, Mr. Bull's Lightning won, beating the conqueror in last race and several others; and on the third day, the Anne, belonging to Mr. G. Kerridge, was the winner. On each occasion a Silver Cup has been the prize.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB REGATTA, AT HELENSBURGH.

THE second regatta of this spirited club took place at Helensburgh, on 8th August. The day was fine, with an easterly breeze, which, however, did not extend beyond the Shoals buoy, and several vessels got becalmed in consequence. It blew freshly during the day close along the Helensburgh shore, and the run of the competing yachts from Ardmore buoy to the commodore's yacht was thus rendered a pretty and interesting sight. James Smith, Esq.,

the respected Commodore of the Club, was on board his yacht *Wave*, which was anchored nearly opposite the Baths, and was assisted in his duties by A. Kennedy, Esq., the Honorary Secretary, and several members of the Sailing Committee. The turn out of yachts was large, and several belonging to the Royal Northern Yacht Club cruised about, and accompanied the different races.

The first race was for yachts of 8 tons and under. First prize, an elegant Time Piece, presented by James Smith, Esq., commodore; second prize, Piece of Plate, value £6.

The following vessels started, viz.:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Maud	8	St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.
Bella	8	Robert Walker, Esq.
Fairy Queen	8	James Grant, junr., Esq.
Armada	8	John Dickie, Esq.

The course was round the Shoal buoy, a flag-boat moored off Ardmore, and home. The vessels in first and second races went twice round, the others only once.

The competitors were anchored by springs, and exactly at 11h. 30s. the appointed time, the gun was fired, and the first race started. Such praise-worthy punctuality is exceedingly rare at regattas, and we hope that the example set by the Clyde Model Club will be generally followed. The *Maud* took the lead, followed by *Armada* and *Fairy Queen*, but, in beating back from the Shoals buoy, the latter vessel (lately launched by Mr. Fyfe, Fairlie,) went in front. After rounding the Ardmore flag-boat, however, the great running powers of the *Maud* came into play and she gained considerably on the *Fairy Queen*; but she was not to be caught, and the *Fairlie* build came off victorious. The vessels passed the Commodore's yacht each round as under:—

	First Round.			Second Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Fairy Queen.....	2	3	3	3	49	12
Maud.....	2	5	52	4	0	4
Armada	2	9	27	3	54	4
Bella	2	10	49	3	59	48

The first prize was awarded to *Fairy Queen*, and the second to *Armada*.

The second race was for yachts of 6 tons and under. First prize was a Piece of Plate, value £12; second prize a Piece of Plate, value £4. 10s.

The following vessels competed in the race:—

Yacht's Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Maria	5	Robert Lyall, Esq.
Leda.....	6	A. Finlay, Esq.
Pearl	4½	J. and R. Ferguson, Esqrs.
Comet	5	Thomas Steven, Esq.

The Pearl went off with the lead, but was headed by the Maria, which, kept the lead throughout the first round, passing the Commodore's yacht 21m. 2s. ahead of Pearl; but in the second round the latter finished an exceedingly well contested race by coming in considerably in advance of her rival.

The third race was for yachts of 4 tons and under. First prize was a Piece of Plate, value £9; second prize a Piece of Plate, value £3. 3s.

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Banshee	4	A. Kennedy, Esq.
Lily	3½	John Ure, Esq.
Lightning.....		Robert Walker, Esq.
Will-o'-the-Wisp	3½	Wm. Miller, Esq.
Echo.....	2½	James Sutherland, Esq.
Frances.....	4	Capt. Taylor

The Frances led, followed by the Lily. On rounding the Shoals buoy, the strong ebb tide drifted the vessels to leeward, but the Frances, by standing towards the Greenock shore, avoided its full strength, and was the first vessel round the Ardmore flag-boat. Shortly after rounding, her peak halliards were carried away, but the damage was smartly repaired, and notwithstanding the delay which occurred, she came in a winner by upwards of thirteen minutes. They were timed on arrival as follows;—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Frances.....	3 3 37	Lily.....	3 17 2	Echo	3 39 11

The Banshee and Will-o'-the-Wisp were becalmed. The Frances arrived at the goal before the third vessel in the previous race.

The fourth and last race for light open boats, for a Piece of Plate, value £3, which was contested by the Urania, Mr. R. Sharp, and Rose, Mr. J. Rankin, which was won by the former.

There were no rowing matches, and this terminated the day's proceedings, and before six o'clock the yachts had dispersed to their various anchorages.

BIRKENHEAD MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE contest for the Challenge Cup of this club, value £50, with £5 added, came off August 15th, the conditions being that it must be won twice by the same owner to entitle him to be its permanent possessor. This is a rule peculiar to the B.M.Y.C., the usual course being the yacht to win twice to entitle her owner to keep the prize.

This cup has now been contested for five times, and as it has been won according to the conditions, we append a slight description of it. It forms a handsome summer dish or epergne: Neptune, with his trident, stands by the pedestal; the base forms a triangle, at each corner a seated mariner holds in his hand a wreath of victory. The cost of the prize was contributed by the members of the club, and was from the celebrated manufactory of F. L. Hansburgh, of Church-street, Liverpool. It was first contested on the 18th

September, 1853, and was won by Mr. Bowers' yacht *Presto*, beating six others. The next contest was on the 16th Sept. 1854, and was won by Mr. Wilkinson's yacht *Electric*, by 36 seconds. Mr. Bower again won the cup on the 5th of September, 1855, *Spray*, winning by 12 seconds. On the 23rd of Aug., 1856, it was won by Mr. Wilkinson's yacht *Glide*, by 10 seconds; and this year it was won by this gentleman's yacht *Snake*, by 6½ minutes being the easiest victory in the cup's short career. Mr. Wilkinson, who has a thorough yachtsman's spirit, was absent, having gone to Alexandria for the recovery of his health. After this brief digression we proceed to record the incidents of the race. The following yachts came to the starting post:—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
<i>Charm</i>	7½	J. Poole, Esq.
<i>Snake</i>	7½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
<i>Glide</i>	7½	T. Wilkinson, Esq.
<i>Mayflower</i>	7	G. Harrison, Esq., v.c.
<i>Phantom</i>	7	D. Morrison, Esq.

One of the Woodside steamers accompanied the match, leaving the Woodside Pier shortly after two o'clock, when the Rear-Commodore having given the signal, the gun was fired, and the start was effected at 2h. 31m., the *Phantom* with the lead, followed *Charm*, *Snake*, *Glide*, *Mayflower*. While passing the Birkenhead Ferry, the *Phantom*, looking and going like a winner, unfortunately lost her mast about four feet below the hounds, and her snowy canvas fell into the deep. The *Charm* now took the lead for a short time but was soon afterwards passed by the *Snake*, which retained the lead until the termination of the match. The flag-boats were passed thus:—

	<i>Eastham.</i>			<i>Dingle.</i>		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
<i>Snake</i>	3	11	10	3	37	30
<i>Glide</i>	3	12	0	3	40	9
<i>Charm</i> ...	3	12	30	3	42	7
<i>Mayflower</i>	3	14	20	3	41	6

Soon after passing the *Eastham* flag-boat, the *Charm* touched the bank two or three times, and the *Mayflower* took the third place which she kept. The *Charm* did not seem to go so well as usual, and it was rumoured that she had not so much ballast on board, and therefore did not hold so good a wind. The same remark will apply to the *Glide*. The wind being on the beam the whole course, it was manifest that the one which rounded the *Eastham* flag-boat first must win, accidents excepted, and this may be taken as a fair criterion of their running qualities.

They passed the flag-boats the second time in the same order as the first but immediately after rounding the *Dingle* the *Mayflower* shifted jibs, and occupied so much time that the *Charm* again took third place, and the first was finished thus:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Snake	4	46	57	Charm	4	54	35
Glide	4	53	27	Mayflower.....	4	57	0

The Snake being hailed the victor by six minutes and a half. This is the quickest race ever run over by the winning boat (2h 15m. 57s.); and when we mention that the yachts started with the early flood, and that full half the distance was against a strong tide, our readers may imagine the speed they sailed at. The Cup was presented to Mr. Wilkinson, jun., by the Rear-Commodore in a few happy remarks, in which he traced the progress of the Club from its small beginning to the position it at present occupies, and concluding by wishing health and happiness to its possessor. Mr. Wilkinson responded, and invited the ladies to pledge success to the Club in champagne, and thus terminated the season of 1857. There was a large attendance on board the steamer, and the company were enlivened by the strains of music from Mr. Phillips's band. Among the yachts in company were the celebrated Coralie, and the Vice-Commodore's yacht. North Star, which had just arrived from their contest at Carnarvon.

IRISH MODEL YACHT CLUB.

ON Wednesday, 26th August, this young club held its first regatta in Dublin Bay, and numbers attended to witness the manœuvring of the fleet. The Royal Westerns of Ireland take great interest in the club, and the *Blanche*, belonging to T. M. Dunlevie, Esq., was kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee for the day. She was moored near the mouth of the harbour, the yachts starting from their anchors in a line with the flag-ship.

The first race was between yachts the property of members of the Irish Model Yacht Club, under 15 tons. Time allowed for difference of tonnage, 45 seconds per ton. The following entered :—

Yachts' Names.	Tons.	Owners.
Bijou	14	R. D. Kane, Esq.
Dove.....	15	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
Electric	8½	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
Fanny	9	E. Nugent, Esq.
Flirt	7½	R. Battley, Esq.
Virago	11	J. S. Byrne, Esq.
Gipsy	12	E. Clarke, Esq.

The course was a distance of about thirty miles, being twice round a flag-boat moored three miles to the eastward of Kingstown harbour, thence to the black buoy off the Poolbeg, and back to Kingstown, winning on the second round on the starboard hand of the *Blanche*.

On the signal being made the fleet got off in splendid style, with the wind from S.S.W., the *Flirt* with the lead, closely followed by the *Electric*, *Bijou*, and *Virago* with the *Dove*, *Gipsy*, and *Fairy* close astern. Just at starting

the *Virago* carried away her bobstay, throwing her out of her position in the race. The relative position of the boats was kept until about half way to the first flag-boat, when the *Virago* passed the *Dove* and *Electric*, taking third place, and rounding the flag-boat about one minute after the *Bijou* and *Flirt*. On the run to the far buoy the *Electric* showed her sailing qualities, easily taking the second place, and rounding the buoy immediately under the stern of the *Bijou*, which with the *Flirt* and *Virago*, might almost be covered with a handkerchief at the time. The beating up from the bar to Kingston brought out the *Bijou*'s weatherly powers, she holding a far better wind and passing the flag-boat off the harbour a long way ahead of the others, with the *Flirt*. *Dove*, which had come up on the beat and *Virago* close up. On the second round, in passing the first flag-boat the *Virago* came up and passed the *Dove* and *Flirt*, again taking second place and keeping the lead to the bar buoy, when the wind dying off she was collared by the *Dove* about midway between the bar buoy and Kingstown. The wind still falling off the *Flirt* crept ahead, all the boats coming in as under :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Bijou</i>	4 59 13	<i>Virago</i>	5 19 36	<i>Gipsy</i>	5 31 22
<i>Dove</i>	5 11 55	<i>Electric</i>	5 27 30	<i>Fanny</i>	5 35 26
<i>Flirt</i>	5 15 15				

Allowing time for tonnage, the first prize, the cup, was awarded to *Bijou*, and the second to *Flirt*.

The second race was for yachts under 6 tons, the property of members belonging to the club ; the same course, once round.

Yachts' Names.	Ton.	Owners.
<i>Torment</i>	5½	J. Todhunter, Esq.
<i>Truant</i>	3	R. Barklie, Esq.
<i>Will-o'-the-Wisp</i>	3½	A. Faulkner, Esq.
<i>Bacchante</i>	3½	H. H. Allen, Esq.
<i>Dwarf</i>	4	W. Todhunter, Esq.
<i>Temeraire</i>	4	R. O'Grady, Esq.

This start was also made in beautiful style, the little *Truant* getting off first, with the *Torment* close on her stern, followed by the *Bacchante*, *Temeraire*, *Dwarf*, and *Will-o'-the-Wisp*. On passing the first flag, the *Torment* took the lead, which she kept all round, the yachts coming in in the following order :—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
<i>Torment</i>	4 36 30	<i>Bacchante</i>	4 46 58
<i>Truant</i>	4 43 54	<i>Dwarf</i>	4 51 40
<i>Will-o'-the-Wisp</i>	4 45 30	<i>Temeraire</i>	4 53 51

Torment was declared the winner by 1m. 15s. The course for the larger yachts, over thirty miles, was sailed over in less than two hours and a half. The whole affair was most satisfactory, and the day was finished by a dinner which was well attended.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

RESIGNATION OF COMMODORE GOODSON.

THE members present at the last monthly meeting of this Club (Sept. 21st.) were taken by surprise when the Chairman (Mr. Eagle, the Treasurer,) in the absence of the Commodore announced that he had received a letter from their worthy Chief, which his duty as Chairman compelled him, though with great reluctance to bring forward. The following was then read:—

19, *Sutherland Terrace, August 18th, 1857.*

"SIR.—The decision of the Committee on the Grimsby case having been communicated to me last night at the Caledonian Hotel, I have to request that you will place my resignation of the office of Commodore before the members at the earliest opportunity. The extraordinary construction put on some of the Sailing Regulations by members of the Sailing Committee will hereafter prevent my cordial co-operation in that respect, thereby leading to constant differences. I have asked the Vice-Commodore to undertake those duties for the present which would have devolved on me.

"You will be kind enough to express to the members my grateful thanks for the uniform kindness I have experienced at their hands.

"I have to thank you personally for your ready assistance in matters concerning the Club.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"JAMES GOODSON."

The Chairman amidst considerable sensation at the contents of the letter, said that immediately on the receipt of it, the Secretary at once summoned a meeting of the Sailing Committee, but as on the veto of that Committee the letter which had just been read had arisen, they found themselves placed in so delicate a situation that they absented themselves; the Secretary essayed a second time to procure a meeting, but again failing had recourse to the House Committee, who met and advised on the subject, the result of their deliberation being to place the matter at the earliest opportunity before the Club, which they now did. The Chairman observed that he felt it to be his duty to communicate to them that he had also received a private letter from the Commodore with reference to the funded property being in their (the Commodore and Treasurer's) names, requesting him to substitute some name instead of his (Mr. Goodson's), and expressing his readiness to attend the transfer whenever called upon.

Mr. R. Tress, a member of the House Committee stated his opinion that, if the subject was referred to a Committee it would be attended with advantage. A list had been placed in his hands containing the names of several who had kindly undertaken to serve upon that Committee. The Chairman thought that before the Club proceeded any further the members would like to be put in possession of the cause of the resignation. The Secretary then read a letter from the Committee of the Great Grimsby Regatta, stating that as that regatta had been sailed under the laws of the Royal London Yacht Club, they should feel obliged on receiving its opinion on the following subject matter of dispute:

"A collision took place between two of the yachts competing for the first prize, and one of the crew belonging to the yacht struck, jumped on board the other boat for safety, and the yacht came up short of a hand."

The letter then went on to allude to the case of the Wildfire, and called the attention of the Committee of the Southern Yacht Club to the subject.

The Chairman said that on the receipt of this the Sailing Committee met twice and fully considered the matter as follows:—

"In their opinion a person leaving a yacht against his will or inclination from any cause whatever would come within the meaning of the word accidentally knocked overboard, in Rule 1 and 2 of Sailing Regulations; but that a person leaving a yacht of his own free will or by his own exertion, from any cause whatever, would disqualify the yacht."

In consequence of this decision by the R. L. Y. C. Sailing Committee the Grimsby Committee awarded the prize to Rapid, as will be seen by reference to page 412 of our September number, which notice we received from Mr. Fletcher. This decision forms the basis of the Commodore's complaint and consequent resignation.

Mr. A. Crosley deeply deplored the resignation of their worthy Commodore; the Grimsby matter in dispute had occupied the fullest attention of the Committee, and he regretted that, after a decision by that honorable body, the Commodore should have taken up the matter as he had done. No one could more sincerely respect their chief officer than he did, and he would with much pleasure second the appointment of a Committee, having in view, if possible, the withdrawal of the letter of resignation.

Mr. Farmer, in allusion to the proceeding of the Sailing Committee, said that on the first meeting to consider this matter, there were three on one side and three on the other, but at the second meeting there was a majority of four to two for the decision above quoted. The yacht disqualified was the Commodore's, and that circumstance naturally induced them to feel some delicacy. They had applied their most earnest attention to the matter, and had felt the law so dead against the Commodore, that they could not conscientiously do otherwise than they had.

A member inquired what were to be the powers, what the duties of the Committee sought to be appointed? Was it to be a court of review? Was it to set aside the decision which had been come to by the Sailing Committee?

Mr. Tress did not contemplate for one moment any disrespect for that body.

The Chairman suggested that it would be better to leave the Committee unfettered to act as their own good sense might suggest, upon the whole of the circumstances that came before them; to hamper them with restrictions would be to limit their usefulness. In his opinion, they should be left to consider the letter of resignation, and report upon it, and they would, doubtless, in their deliberations go into the case, and do the best in their power to remedy the difficulty in which the Club was placed.

A member observed that nothing must be done which could be construed into a vote of censure on the Sailing Committee.

Mr. Tress said he would move "That the letter of resignation of the Commodore be referred to a Committee, consisting of Messrs. Appleton, Crosley, E. Crosley, Farmer, Keene, Oriel, C. Oriel, Power, Kuhl, Robertson, Skeen and Tulke, to take the same into consideration, and to report to the Club what

steps they would recommend that body to take." This being seconded, was carried unanimously; and, on the motion of Mr. Powell, it was determined that the resolution should be reported to the Commodore.

The annual dinner was fixed to take place on Thursday, November 26th, at Willis's Rooms, and the following gentlemen were chosen as stewards for the occasion:—The Vice and Rear-Commodores, Capt. Haseltine and A. Croxley, James Glegg, S. F. Oriel, George Oagood, William Roe, George Kuhl, Alfred Skeen and Richard Tress, Esqrs.

Editor's Locker.

HARBOUR PILOTAGE.

Liverpool, Aug. 29th, 1857.

SIR.—During an evening of calm I sat in my cabin re-perusing some of the numbers of the *Yachting Magazine*, and being alone, my mind was solely bent on the task. On coming to the "Reminiscences of Yachting, by Blue Jacket," my attention was particularly arrested by his recommendation of a Committee to investigate and lay down bearings for the harbours of our coast. The idea is certainly very commendable, if there existed a necessity for such an undertaking,—but I contend we have in that excellent work of Lieutenant Hay, R.N., "*The Pilotage of the British Channel*," all that is required,—it is a work of authority, and having been patronized by the Admiralty, and attested by some of our best navigators, should be considered a necessary appendage to the yachtsman's library. In fact, without it I would not attempt to put to sea, I consider it as a safeguard to yachts cruising on our coast. Your correspondent deserves the thanks of the whole community of yachtsmen for his suggestion, as it evinces a desire to benefit the Pleasure Navy; but I verily believe he has not met with the "*Pilotage*" or we should find him pointing out to us the utility of the work. Trusting we shall have a continuance of his excellent Article in your next number, I beg to subscribe myself,

AN OLD SALT.

THE LATE VICTORIA REGATTA.

Ryde, September 21st, 1857.

MR. EDITOR.—Your correspondent "Yachticus" in his remarks respecting the prize won at Ryde, must be mistaken when he says "Mr. Weld winning the prize was not much relished." "Yachticus" is assuredly labouring under a delusion for no one belonging to the R.V.Y.C. could for one moment entertain such an idea. Every Yachtsman should be pleased to find success attending the exertions of a gentleman at Mr. Weld's advanced age. It cannot be for his own benefit that he designs and builds yachts, but for the purpose of promoting a sport to which his life seems to be devoted. That he may long continue in that course is the wish of every one that knows him, and I do for one most emphatically deny, that the club regretted his success. What people unconnected with it thought and believed is of no import to the members.

Yours faithfully,

TRUTH.

YACHTING IN AMERICA.

FRIEND SPIRIT.—Agreeable to a polite invitation of the Harlem Club, your correspondent wended his watery way to that ancient Dutch village famed for its anglers, skaters, and aquatics generally, as it is for its buxom dames and bonny lasses. The occasion of his sojourn there, was the third annual regatta of the Model Yacht Club, an event of far more importance to the young blue jackets of the vicinage, than that of the more aristocratic yachting of Hoboken. Intending to be in time on this occasion, I slept on the ground—I was about to say—but water would be more genuine, as some body has said, to the matter—and on turning out bright and early, I found I had plenty of the enemy to take an hour's pull up the river and try my luck for a fish. It was however, N. G., for the *fin*s had, probably, taken a notion to see the race, and were not to be had; so I had to make my breakfast, and I found the village all a-gog to get afloat—everything that could possibly swim, was chartered for the cruise, from a steamer to a wash-tub, and if the latter utensil could be launched, it would have been made to take a turn with or without a tiller. The *Iolas*, owned by Stephen Roberts, Esq., and commanded by Captain Grattan, was chartered for the use of the Club and their invited guests. Her cabin and decks were decorated with the feminine gender, shawl'd, gown'd, and crinolined for the occasion most extensively, and together, with what our friend Benedict would call the little responsibilities, formed not the least important or interesting feature of the scene. Noon was said to be the hour for getting under weigh, but it was nearly one P. M., before everything was arranged to the satisfaction of the gentlemen appointed to keep the log, and see that everything was fair, taut, and above board. The last bell that rang, and the smallest of the very small craft was cast loose, when *Iolas* dropped down to Ward's Island, and there found the yachts which had been entered for the race drawn up in their respective positions. The wind was at this time rather light from W.S.W., hardly to be called a topsail breeze, and the *Electric Spark* had won the position nearest the dock, considered the most favourable to fill and get away with. The squadron were placed in the following order, each having a berth of about thirty feet.

Yachts' Names.	Length.		Owners.
	ft.	in.	
<i>Electric Spark</i>	28	0	D. D. Kirby
Samuel T. Webster.....	28	0	J. E. Ebling
David Kirby	28	4	{ Thomas Graham
			{ Charles Churnock
			{ William Leaman
			{ William Bell
Bob Fish.....	28	0	Jacob Varian and Brother
Red House Belle.....	23	0	N. Gibson
Marianne	26	4	H. P. McGown
Silence.....	23	0	J. E. Ebling

Allowance of time, two minutes to the foot, extreme length.

The judges had previously issued the following as the order of the day for the regulation of the competitors.

The sailing ground for prizes shall be from anchorage off Red House dock, foot of 106th street, in Harlem river, thence to and through Big Hurl Gate, thence around the buoy off College Point, thence around a stake-boat anchored off Classon's Point, thence around the buoy off Throg's Neck, thence back, turning the stake-boat off Classon's Point, thence around the buoy off College Point, thence through the Big Hurl Gate, up Harlem river to anchorage at Harlem Bridge.

All yachts keeping to the westward of Riker's Island both ways, subject, however, to the rules and regulations of the Committee of Judges.

The yachts are to anchor across Harlem river, No. 1 taking the westward position on the New York side, and the others as they are numbered in regular order to the eastward on Ward's Island side.

At 1h 39m. p. m., the flag of the Commodore was seen to dip its wing like a duck wanting to dive—or to dine—and in the twinkling of a marling-spike up came the kedge, and a pull at the jib-halyard with a roaring cheer from all hands, young and old, and the whole covey of sea-gulls or Mother Carey's Chickens, swooped off, the *Spark* in the van, followed close by the *Kirby*, the *Marianna*, the *Fish*, the *Webster* and the *Belle* bringing up the rear, but doing her best to get a foremost station. The *Silence* owned by the Commodore, was not only unlucky in winning the worst station, but had to run the gauntlet of three or four land-lubbers who had got afloat, and did not know enough to keep out of the way. All the others got through 'the Gate,' and as we steamed into the Sound the wind freshened enough to give them good headway, and they sped on to College Point, which they turned in the following order—Judges' time:—

Turning College Point.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Electric Spark.	2	22	40	Bob Fish.....	2	26	0	Red House Bell.	2	29	35.
David Kirby...	2	23	0	S. T. Webster...	2	27	35	Silence.....	2	33	40.
Marianne ...	2	25	38								

The view upon the river, or, as Monsieur Crapeau calls it, the *coup d'œil*, was worth seeing, for we had an infinitely greater variety attendant craft,

"To share our triumph and partake the gale,"

of public favour, than the regatta of last week could boast of. However, comparisons are as odious as a tar-bucket; so I'll have none of 'em, being only desirous of impressing it on the minds of your readers, that if your "winged coursers" could draw forth such a brilliant assemblage, our East River pony racers possess some magnetizing influences around the beautiful shores which encircle the Sound. However whilst I am jotting the items down, the boats are nearing Classon's Point, and the wind evidently inclined to give them a little taste of its quality by way of a freshener, but not so much of it as to give any one of them a decided advantage beyond what was made at the start. You will note that the time varies but little, showing very close sailing.

Classon's Point Stake Boat.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Electric Spark..	2 25 55	Bob Fish	2 29 30	Red House Bell	2 34 40
David Kirby ...	2 26 30	S. T. Webster. .	2 31 40	Silence	2 38 5
Marianne.....	2 29 20				

We then ran down to the eastward to Throg's Neck, and as the *Iolas* carried the judges and the ladies—the former being compelled, and the latter anxious, of course, to see the flotilla round the Neck,—the steam had to be put on, in order to reach the station in time. The swell thus raised was somewhat prejudicial to the rearmost yachts, the Webster and Silence probably suffering some—if not more than their rivals in the race. The former craft also lost her jib-stays, which cost her a few minutes to replace. They rounded the buoy as follows :—

Throg's Neck Point.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Electric Spark...	2 50 45	Bob Fish.....	2 53 50	S. T. Webster...	2 57 25
David Kirby....	2 51 40	Marianne	2 54 30	Silence.....	3 5 50

The wind now fairly got his pluck up, and came out with what we call a spanker, and the little 'uns bounded over the white caps, on the homeward stretch, so as to keep the lads on the look out and the ballast trim over to windward, or some of them might have gone overboard. One of the Spark's crew did, indeed, get a ducking, but the mishap did not make her lose her place in the race. Several large schooners got in the way on the return, and very unkindly also got to windward. At this juncture it was decided not to take the time at the fourth station, but for the *Iolas* to run to the final goal at Harlem Bridge, so as to be ahead of even the swiftest of the fleet. This was a wise resolve, as the Captain and the judges had but a few minutes to spare ere the Spark came flying on, amid the loudest kind of cheers, from the largest kind of a crowd that thronged the bridge, the shore, and the waters.

Arriving at Harlem Bridge.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Electric Spark..	4 19 55	Marianne.....	4 27 18	S. T. Webster...	4 40 31
David Kirby ...	4 20 15	Red House Bell.	4 37 52	Silence.....	4 49 3
Bob Fish.....	4 25 55				

It was a capital race, and everybody said so, and everybody congratulated everybody, even your friend the Commodore, who did not win, was congratulated, not for his *silence*, but for the capital arrangements he had made and which by the aid of his coadjutors, had been so admirably carried out. As for Capt. Grattan, he was fairly overwhelmed with congratulations, and he deserved them, too; for, every inch a sailor, he had been unremitting in his care for the comfort and to add to the enjoyment of the ladies. And now, having landed them and their little ones safe, and with fresh appetites, all hands were piped to the Club House, to splice the main brace, and write up the log of the cruise. The latter was the duty of the Judges, Messrs. Jas. B. Devoe, George Lynch, and George C. Newman. These gentlemen, having no protests before them, were not a great while in consultation, and made the following report :

Time of Race.

Yachts' Names.	h. m. s.	Time added for difference of Length.		Gross Time.		
		m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Electric Spark	3 0 55	14	10	3	15	5
David Kirby.....	3 1 15	16	5	3	17	20
Marianne	3 8 13	12	10	3	20	23
Bob Fish	3 6 55	16	0	3	22	55
Red House Belle	3 18 53	6	15	3	25	8
Silence.....	3 30 3	—	—	3	30	3
S. T. Walker.....	3 21 31	15	50	3	37	21

Giving thereby, rather curiously, the three prizes to the three boats which first got away from the starting point. Indeed, it is worthy of note that the Fish and the Marianne are the only boats which changed positions during the race.

The next duty was the award of the prizes, and that pleasurable task devolved upon Mr. James B. Devoe. I believe he is known to the "Spirit," and therefore I need not dilate on the eloquence he displayed in his allusions to yachting, as next to racing and trotting, to be esteemed and cultivated as the most exhilarating, most exciting, and above all, dearest to New Yorkers, as giving to its cultivators and patrons, the dominions of Old Neptune. I refrain from entering more at large on what was said, and give your readers what was done on the presentation of the prizes to the winners.

The owners of the Spark, the David Kirby, and the Marianne took the three prizes, consisting of three gold medals, valued variously at 50, 30, and 20 dollars each, and inscribed as follows:—"Prize of the Harlem Model Yacht Club, Third Annual Regatta taken by the —, June 15th, 1857.

On the reverse was a beautiful cut of a clipper, the whole designed, and got up by Messrs. Baldwin and Saxton.

The Spark is owned by D. D. Kirby, was sailed by him, and built by D. Kirby, junr., who also built the other three winning boats. This is the fourth prize she has taken.

The Kirby was owned by three gentlemen, and sailed by her builder, Mr. David Kirby, junr. This is the second time she has taken a prize.

The Marianne, which took third prize, has been but recently launched for Mr. H. P. McGowan, her owner, formerly Commodore. She was only fitted up on the Saturday previous.

I believe I have spun out my yarn to its utmost length, and although I have on my log a few more leaves which might be added, yet as I know your space will be required also for the fashionable course, as well as for the briny spray, I shall haul off.

Down in this latitude, if you can venture so far, you will find some of the old set at the landing. The house has just opened, and the country looks in its gala dress. Next week I shall have something to say of topics ashore as well as afloat. Your friend Captain Cattle is around, and beginning to pick up again. The salt water is good for the Captain's constitution.

From Spirit of the Times, N. Y.

TOM TAFFRAIL.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1857.

YACHTING ON THE THAMES.*

THE next match we have to notice was *par excellence* THE match of the season, namely the Royal Thames Yacht Club schooner match, which came off on June 19th, from Gravesend to the Mouse light-ship and back to Greenhithe, for two excellent prizes; viz. a claret jug, value 100*l.* for schooners over 75 tons, and a tureen, value 50*l.* for schooners under 75 tons. In the first class only two started, the Zouave, 90 tons, Mr. Arabin, and the Mayfly, 113, Mr. Bidder. In the second class, the Aquiline, 64 tons, Mr. Cardinal, Wildfire, 60 tons, Mr. Turner, and Vestal, 74 tons, Mr. Marshall, contended.

The Pet, 160 tons, Mr. Tooth, entered for the first class, but it was said she did not arrive in time to be measured: there we have another reason why *all* yacht clubs should adopt the same law of measurement, as in that case, the production of the register of tonnage, from an acknowledged club, would have been sufficient; and the Pet could have started with the others.

Of the craft we shall merely remark, that the Zouave was launched from Inman's at Lymington a short time before this match, she is a very fine large roomy vessel, with plenty of accommodation. Since this match her spirited owner has entered her in several others.

* Continued from p. 426.

The Vestal was built by Inman in 1854, and is a long, narrow, and shallow vessel : she has been altered since last season, and seems much improved. On this occasion she was painted all white, and presented a very peculiar appearance, and when running before the wind, with her immense balloon sails set, looked very pretty.

The other vessels have been so often described in this journal, and no particular alteration in their appearance, we shall proceed with the races.

The fleet was moored in two lines below Gravesend ; the first class lowest down. As a strong east wind was blowing, with rather a heavy sea on, there was every prospect of a good match, which as will be seen, by the result, was really the case, this having been the best contested schooner match on the Thames. The Wildfire was the favorite at starting. They all got away at 12h. 33m. 35s., the Vestal leading and the Wildfire last. In the Lower Hope the five vessels were very close, flying along at a tremendous pace, and as the sun was shining brightly, formed a very pretty picture. Among the numerous vessels accompanying the match, the old Mosquito was the most prominent, and she seemed to keep up easily with the racing yachts, although she had two reefs down, and a boat astern. They rounded the Mouse light in the following order :—Wildfire 4m. ahead of Vestal, 14m. 30s. ahead of Zouave, and 18m. ahead of Aquiline ; the Mayfly nowhere.

The match now became very exciting as the Vestal was known to be the fastest before the wind, but Wildfire had a good start, and had to receive three minutes and a half time for tonnage from Vestal. Topmasts were now sent up and balloon sails hoisted, the Vestal having a magnificent balloon jib, the effect of which was immediately perceived, and some very good sailing now took place, in the efforts of Vestal to pass Wildfire, and of the latter to prevent her. They kept side by side until they reached the Lower Hope, when the Vestal took the lead and kept it, arriving at the flag-buoy off Greenhithe ahead of Wildfire 4m. 20s., of Zouave 8m. 45s., and of Aquiline 27m 55s.

Now came, not the least arduous task of the day, namely . award of the prizes,—Vestal was undoubtedly winner of the first prize, as the rule of Royal Thames Yacht Club is that a second class vessel coming in ahead of all the first class ones, takes the first class prize ; but the great bone of contention was, whether the Wildfire

Zouave should take the second class prize, and it was finally awarded to Zouave, although in our humble opinion we think that Wildfire ought to have taken it; but we will not open the question again, as it has already been the subject of considerable discussion.

The vessels were all remarkably well handled, and we think that the Wildfire, if fitted with a better suit of balloon sails, would have been the winner.

We must now proceed to notice the third class match of the Royal London Yacht Club, which event came off on the 2nd July, from Erith to Coal House Point and back to Greenwich for three prizes, namely, a claret jug, value £20, for the first boat, £10 for the second, and £5 for the third: time allowed was one minute per ton. The following entered—Little Mosquito, 8 tons, Mr. Bulmer, Julia, 8 tons, Mr. P. Turner, Invicta, 7 tons, Mr. Tuckwell, Blue Belle, 6 tons, Mr. Ridgway, Violet, 9 tons, Mr. Kirby, and Undine, 9 tons, Mr. Searle.

We have already described Little Mosquito and Julia in our review of P.W.Y.C. match of May 19th.

The Invicta is an iron boat, built by her owner at Greenwich last year, and this is the first match she has contested on the Thames, as our readers will remember she was disqualified (though entered) for the Prince Wales Challenge cup last year.

The Blue Belle did not look at all like a racer, as she has small sails, and is an old boat.

The Violet is well known to fame, and the harder it blows the better she likes it; but unfortunately for her, the wind on this occasion was very light.

The Undine is a new boat, built by Searle of Chelsea, from the design, we believe, of Mr. Ash of Blackwall, is of great length and narrow beam, drawing 7 feet water, is of peculiar rig, having a lofty mast with an immense sliding gunter topmast, and a very long boom. When her topmast is hoisted to its full height, she presents a very extraordinary appearance, her mainsail and topsail (so to speak) being one sail. On this occasion she seemed very crank, heeling over in a light wind in rather a dangerous manner.

The start was effected at 11h. 38m. with a light N.N.E. wind, and a gloomy sky: Julia was first away, altho' Little Mosquito first hoisted the muslin. The sweet Violet attended by Undine outpaced the former, and now a sharpish match between the four

which ended in the pretty Julia and saucy Mosquito showing their sterns to the whole fleet, and they bowled along, but not without meeting with many changes, —Undine once took the lead during the race but could not keep it: the Coal House Point was reached and the Little Mosquito was rounded ahead of Julia, 40s., of Violet 55s., Undine 1m. 25s., of Invicta 7m. 50s., and of Blue Belle 10m, 50s.

The tide was still ebbing, and continued to do so till the vessels reached Erith, but fortunately it was a fair wind, so, of course, balloon jibs and big topsails were hoisted; Julia and Violet also set squaresails. Undine managed to get ashore, and was towed off by steamer. The wind was light until they came to Woolwich, when it freshened, and round to S.W. They arrived at the buoy off Greenwich Hospital thus:—Little Mosquito first, beating the others in the following order and times; Julia 12m., Violet 18m. 40s., Blue Belle 36m., and Invicta 36m. 25s.

The Little Mosquito was fortunate in meeting with the weather that just suited her, and the Violet just as unfortunate. The friends of the Invicta were rather disgusted by the despised Blue Belle beating her, and she does not seem to be by any means a fast yacht.

The next match on record was for the Prince of Wales Yacht Club Challenge Cup, value 70*l*., July 17th, and caused considerable interest. It will be recollected by our readers that this cup was won last year by the Flirt, 8 tons, built expressly for this match by her gallant and lamented owner, Mr. A. J. Young, whose death left a gap in the yachting world, which has not yet been replaced.

The entries for the match this year were—Silver Cloud, 8 tons, Mr. R. Hewett, Rifleman, 8 tons, Mr. Bennett, Undine, 8 tons, Mr. Searle, Little Mosquito, 8 tons, Mr. Bulmer, and Valentine, 8 tons, Mr. Fradgley. The Undine was too large according to the old measurement, and was withdrawn; this also prevented the Julia entering; and we cannot but think, that as the winner of last year's match was sold out of the club, the new admeasurement should have been adopted in this as in the other matches.

The Rifleman was built last year, and is very like the Violet on a small scale, but is not so fast in proportion.

The course was from Erith to the Chapman Head and back, the Valentine being in the best position slipped away with the lead but the Little Mosquito spread her wings and soon passed her, away she fled, pursued by the pack in vain, the distance point w

turned 7m. 15s. ahead of second vessel the Cloud, and upwards 17m. ahead of the others. The wind now freshened with the flood, and they prepared to beat back, a most tedious affair it proved, for with the exception of the Valentine passing Rifleman there was no change; suffice to say the Mosquito added several minutes more to the before mentioned times. The Little Mosquito thus became the holder of the cup until next season.

We now come to the last club sailing match on the Thames of the season, for third and fourth class cutters belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club. this came off on the 18th July. The third did not fill, as no vessel would enter against the Vampire, as was the case last year, so that the sport was confined to the fourth class:—two prizes were contended for, viz. 30*l.* for the first, and 10*l.* for the second; to the Chapman and back to Erith: half-a-minute allowed, which we think too little for vessels of this size. The entries were Silver Cloud, 8, and Emily, 7 tons, Mr. Hewett, Wave, 8 tons, Mr. Farnell, Quiver, 12 tons, Mr. Chamberlayne, Cormorant, 10 tons, Mr. Talmadge, Undine,* Julia, and Violet.

The Emily only launched a few days before at Barking. She has immense beam, and therefore we hope she will improve.

The start took place under a hot sun and a light breeze, the Quiver went off with the lead and kept it throughout, the interest therefore passed to the other vessels, which showed some very good sailing. The Quiver rounded at the Chapman 2m. 20s. ahead of Violet, so that considering the allowance the former at this point had nothing to pride herself on. As the tide had still two hours to ebb, and the wind light, a long and tedious beat back, with an overpowering sun, made the return tedious and unenjoyable. The Quiver rounded the buoy at Erith, 5m. 30s. ahead of Violet the second boat. These two received the prizes.

Thus ended the legitimate (we say legitimate, because some members of the P.W.Y.C. got up a private match as noticed in our last,) yachting season on the Thames, which has been on the whole a very good one, shewing plenty of sport, which combined with the splendid weather, tempted a large number of the Londoners, on each occasion, to forsake their smoky homes for a pleasant trip on the Thames.

* Altered to cutter rig.

RETIREMENT OF JAMES GOODSON, ESQ.

MR. EDITOR.—It is unnecessary to apologise for saying a few words upon this subject,—“as public men are public property,”—and besides as I do not intend getting up the “dander” of any man, I have no fear of “pistols for two”. According to the reports published to the world, the worthy Commodore of the Royal London is rather “riled” at the decision of the Sailing Committee of that Club, for putting a just interpretation on one of the laws, which we may presume the Commodore himself assisted in forming, or at all events justified, by its remaining on the Code of the Club. The public have no right to judge why this act of the Sailing Committee should be made a means of depriving the Members of the valuable services of Mr. Goodson, but were it any other man, who had not been so useful,—the public might say it was a pretext for quitting office. That the Sailing Committee are honourable men there cannot be the least doubt, and they deserve the thanks of the Club for their independence. Theirs was a very unthankful task, no less than sitting in judgment upon their superior. By my troth it was a sort of Court-martial, and be it known to the yachting world, they did their duty, although each individual of that Committee revered their Commodore.

Mr. Goodson has been many years known as a zealous advocate for carrying out yachting in a fair and honourable manner, and it is with the deepest regret we part with him. His general urbanity and kindness of manner has raised the Royal London to its present height of prosperity, and his retirement will be long felt, not only by the members of that Club, but by yachtsmen in general. He carries with him the best and sincerest wishes for his welfare of every one who has met him either at the festive board or at the yachting stations. His exertions to establish a permanent regatta at Lowestoft are gratefully remembered at that place.

As the fiat has now gone forth it will be necessary to elect a gentleman to fill that honourable post, whose position in society is of that high character,—that the members, many of whom are eminent men, may still support the Club, and respect its leader. That he be a thorough yachtsman is a *sine quâ non* not to be overlooked. Many men are doubt, anxious to take office, but the Commodore of the Royal London must rank as A. 1., in station, wealth and yachting knowledge.

PENDANT.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE monthly meeting in October. was fully attended, to receive the report of the Special Committee which had been appointed to wait on Jas. Goodson, Esq., relative to his resignation of the office of Commodore. Mr. Eagles the Treasurer occupied the chair.

The special committee presented their Report, which the Secretary read as follows.—

"Oct. 19th, 1857.—Report of the special committee appointed at the last monthly meeting.—Your committee beg to report that for the purpose of carrying out the views of the club, they held a meeting on the 5th instant, with the view of considering what steps ought to be taken with reference to the Commodore's letter of resignation, and it was determined that a deputation of the committee should wait on that gentleman for the purpose of ascertaining if any thing could be done by the club to induce him to resume office; and the Secretary was requested to communicate with him to obtain an interview, which took place on Tuesday last, at Mr. Tress's Chambers, when everything that occurred to the committee was urged on the Commodore with the view of inducing him, if possible, to resume office; but the Commodore stated that nothing whatever would induce him to do so, and that his previously expressed determination must be considered final. Under these circumstances the committee further reluctantly report that having taken into consideration their various circumstances relative to the resignation, they are clearly of opinion that it must be accepted; at the same time the committee cannot fail to recognise the great services Mr. Goodson has afforded to the club, and they did not come to the foregoing conclusion without sincere regret. In conclusion your committee recommend that the club take the necessary steps for the election of a Commodore." The report was unanimously received and adopted.

Mr. Tress said,—I deeply regret the necessity for laying before you the report just read, and I am sure that you have not accepted it without the greatest reluctance. We must all admit, that in parting with Mr. Goodson, we have lost a most valuable officer; a gentleman just fitted for the post he occupied, and who has made the club what it is. Some of you, I have no doubt, can remember the time, although far distant, when Mr. Goodson first came among us. We were then without a leader, and having asked aid of Mr. Goodson he gave it, and became our Commodore; and I trust that you will not forget what is due to him for his past services. What I have especially to lay before you is the following proposition :—

"That this club, in accepting the resignation of their late Commodore, James Goodson, Esq., do so with the deepest regret; and in recognition of the great services that gentleman has for so many years afforded to the club, desire to record this feeling by a special vote of thanks to him."

This proposition was received with loud cheers, and Mr. Oriel briefly seconded it.

Mr. Tress then said—When Mr. Goodson came amongst us we were in our infancy. He has since that time used his utmost efforts to enhance our prosperity, and the result is evident. Our lists gradually filled with members, till at length we number 500, and we are strong enough to weather any storm (hear). He has now left the ship, and we are at anchor. While Commodore, I repeat, no one could have performed the duties of the office more assiduously than he did; and I trust that you will not be wanting in your acknowledgment of his services, and will accord to him a vote of thanks in a cordial manner. (Loud cheering.)

Mr. Hopwood eulogised the conduct of the Sailing Committee, which he considered was upright and honourable. The decision they had come to in the Grimsby affair was in strict conformity with the R.L.Y.C. rule relative thereto.

Several other gentlemen having expressed similar opinions the Chairman put Mr. Tress's proposition to the vote,—it was carried by a majority of 30 to 3.

Mr. Lott proposed, and Mr. Skeene seconded, "That a vote of thanks should be forwarded by the Secretary to the late Commodore."—Carried.

Mr. Lott then proposed and Mr. Olivier seconded—"That the special committee appointed to consider the late resignation should remain in office in order that they might select a fitting person to fill the vacant post of Commodore."—Agreed to, and the flag officers, and Messrs. Geach and Stanbridge were added to the committee, which now consists of the following gentlemen:—The Vice and Rear Commodores, Capt. Roberton, Messrs. A. and E. Crossley, Appleton, Eagle, Keene, Powell, Ruhl, Skeene, Tulke, S. and C. Oriel, Tress, Geach, and Stanbridge.

Mr. Eagles said—He had another subject to bring before them, that of appointing another Trustee, as the late Commodore was desirous they should do so. The funds were invested in Three per Cents. in the names of that gentleman and himself.

After some discussion the appointment was postponed until a new Commodore was elected, and the Secretary was instructed to notify the same to Mr. Goodson.

Mr. Brandon was anxious for the special committee to take into consideration the sailing regulation which had caused the resignation of the Commodore; but Mr. Farmer informed him that no alteration could take place till March, and that the Sailing Committee alone had the power to alter the regulation. The subject stands over for the present.

Several gentlemen were elected members.

A CRUISE TO THE HEBRIDES.*

THERE is often something in the name of a place which draws attention, whether it be the euphoniousness of it or the reverse. I suppose, therefore, the islands, of Egg, Rum, Muck, and Cana have not escaped observation; indeed, I believe they are among the first places to attract the notice of the schoolboy when studying the geography of Scotland. It may be asked, then, what sort of islands are they? In reply, I may mention, firstly, that they constitute what is called the Parish of Small Isles; and, secondly, that they contain a population of between eight and nine hundred inhabitants. Of the four, Egg, although not the largest, may be regarded as the chief, being the most populous and the seat of the church and schoolhouse. The name is supposed to be derived from the Gaelic word *Ec*, signifying a hollow, from the appearance of the island, intersected as it is by a glen, at one side of which rises Scur Eigg, a very remarkable hill, attaining a considerable height, and forming a most picturesque and grand object looking from the bay.

Rum, though less populous than either Egg or Cana, is the largest of the group, being twenty miles in circumference, its name signifying, in Gaelic, roominess or capacity. The hills of Rum are very lofty, and bear a most striking resemblance to the outline of Arran, north of Brodick Bay. In the year 1764 this island had a population of 304, according to the report of the clergyman at that period; but in 1851, when the last census was taken, the inhabitants only numbered 162—so much for Highland depopulation.

Muck or Monk Island is small and flat, containing scarcely any inhabitants. Its name is derived from having been formerly church lands attached to the monastery of Iona.

Cana, the last of the four, is chiefly remarkable for having a small, but well sheltered harbour, commodiously situated for vessels bound

* Concluded from page 432.

† Comparative population of several of the Western Islands, mentioned in this journal, in 1764 and 1851—the former date being taken from Walker's *Economical History of the Hebrides*, vol. i., p. 22; and the latter from the census of 1851:—

	1764.	1851.		1764.	1851.
Gigha	452	540	Coll.....	1200	1109
Islay	7000	12,334	Tiree	1681	3709
Jura	630	1064	Skye	14,724	21,528
Esasdale	446	571	Egg.....	457	461
Karera	150	164	Rum	304	162
Lismore	1125	1250	Cana	253	240
Mull	5316	7485	Rassay	400	540
Icolmkill.....	200	604	Bona	36	165

either north or south, and consequently much frequented. The port is situated between Sandy island and Cana.

Egg is occasionally visited by tourists on account of the cave where the M'Donalds were so savagely put to death by the M'Leods, when between four and five hundred, indeed the whole inhabitants of the island, were barbarously murdered by kindling fires at the entrance of the cavern, the M'Donalds having taken refuge there to escape the pursuit of their enemies. Some of the bones of the dead still rest on the cold earth, among the loose stones, although the greater portion of them have been buried of late years by the proprietor of the island.

At the further end of the cave we were surprised to find several calling-cards left for the gallant proprietor by some friends, who had either supposed this to be his place of residence when he visited the island, or wished to make known to future visitors the fact of their having penetrated to the extremity of the cavern.

A thick mist had by this time settled down on the water, so that we were doubtful of the propriety of sailing; but the darkness having cleared away a little by mid-day, we ventured to leave the bay. It was not long, however, before all trace of land disappeared, so that the chart and compass became our only guides. We made our point notwithstanding pretty accurately, and came to anchor in Loch Slappin, island of Skye, which we found very good ground, and having the additional advantage of being within three miles distance from the Spar Cave of Starthaird. Our party of course landed and examined this celebrated spot, which with all its recommendations, is by no means the most agreeable or pleasant feat to perform, in consequence of the great stream of water constantly running down the rocks within it: still, the wonderful extent of the interior, and the beauty of the stalactites—discoloured I must say, by the smoke of the torches and candles used by visitors—amply repays the trouble, although, perhaps, few would be inclined to repeat the visit.

It was midnight before we turned in, but, notwithstanding all were astir by six o'clock next morning, and sailing down the Loch (if lying without a breath of wind on a calm sea could be so styled.) By the time we had drifted down to the point of Slate, a breeze sprung up, and we stood northwards through the Sound of Skye, amidst as magnificent scenery as the Highlands afford, and the tide favouring us at Kyle R. which at the narrows is indispensable, we reached the bend of the sound opposite the mouth of Loch Duich, where we came to anchor in small bay at the Cailach Stone. While passing through the tideway in the Sound, near the ferry, the scotches were very plentiful, so that

caught a great number with the white feathered hook. They were so numerous at times that the water under our stern was quite blackened by the shoal, and the hook was scarcely in the water before a fish was taken.

Next day being Sunday, we remained at Keilaken, a hamlet at the entrance of the Sound, where attempts have been made by Lord M'Donald to form a harbour of refuge, with spacious quays. The undertaking however, hitherto, appears not to have succeeded, although the situation has its advantages, and will be further improved by and bye, when the lighthouse now building on the point opposite is finished. Near this is an old ruined castle, abutting on the sea, which forms a most picturesque object; it is supposed to have been originally occupied by the the Barons of Sleat, and was in all probability erected soon after the isles were formerly ceded to Scotland by the successors of Haco, after the battle of Larga, in 1263.

The following day it blew pretty stiff, so that we required to strike the topmast and run for Portree, under reefed mainsail, keeping between the Croulin Isles and Longa, clear of Skerinderick and Skerintarson rocks, which last are particularly dangerous, drying at half-ebb, and as they lie in a channel which is much frequented, I am surprised they have not yet been marked by a perch or beacon of some kind. Continuing our course between Scalpa and Rasa, we opened out Portree, the principal town in the Island of Skye, and there cast anchor.

Before leaving the Clyde we had some idea of making Stornoway the end of our voyage, but in consequence of the long continued calm weather we made less progress than we ought to have done; and consequently found that the time to which we had limited ourselves was drawing towards a close; it was therefore necessary that we should think seriously of turning to the south. In these circumstances it was agreed that we should spend the following day on shore, concluding our visit to Skye at this time by an excursion to Loch Corusk and the Cuhullin Mountains. With this view we landed, and arranged at the hotel for a car to be ready the following morning to convey us to Sligahan about nine and half miles from Portree, that being the usual starting point of tourists visiting Loch Corusk by land. Our plans being settled we walked about Portree a little, and then returned to the yacht for the night. Next morning, at the appointed time, we were in the stable yard of the hotel, superintending the harnessing of the steed to the conveyance which was to take us to Sligahan. The morning was beautiful and the road unexceptionable, so that ere we reached our destination we found ourselves in excellent spirits, and thoroughly appetised for break-

fast. The inn at Sligahan had been destroyed by fire last winter, and was, at the time of our visit, in course of being rebuilt, our accommodation was not, therefore, quite so comfortable as it would have been.

At Sligahan we were provided with ponies, and a guide to take us to Loch Corusk, the distance being about seven miles, over as rough a path as I ever remember to have encountered. It took us about seven hours to accomplish the distance there and back, but I believe it could have been done as speedily on foot, only the heat was considerable, so that we did not regret taking the ponies, although our party walked a considerable part of the way. The charge for the guide was six shillings, and a like sum for each pony. On arriving at the shoulder of the mountain, we were amply repaid for the toils of the journey by the magnificent prospect which at once broke upon us. All was wildness and desolation. High towering around us were the rugged peaks of the Cuhullins, while below was the dark lake of Corusk, still beautiful notwithstanding that the wretched Government surveyors have painted in large white characters on all the prominent headlands the different letters of the alphabet, commencing with the letter A at the northern end, and B., C., D., &c., down the west side, continuing the letters all round, so large that they can be easily distinguished many miles off. Surely there is something absurd in this. I leave it, however, to those better acquainted with surveying than I pretend to be, if it is necessary to thus disfigure the finest scenery in Scotland. In the same way are marked the headlands at Kyle Rhae and at the Spar Cave, which is now No. 5, Loch Slappin. I suppose the next step will be to paint Staffa, and the Cathedral of Iona in the same barbarous style, and then daub the Royal Exchange at Glasgow, or Holyrood House and Arthur's Seat. Verily some of these surveying chaps should get the brush shoved into their mouths.

On our return to Sligahan mine host received us with a hearty welcome, and furnished a very respectable dinner, considering the state of confusion the house was in, the walls not being yet entirely plastered. I have no doubt, however, that by this time it has assumed a different appearance, as the alterations are progressing rapidly. Having rested ourselves a short time at Sligahan we returned to Portree, and visited the cloth factory, where several kinds of coarse woollen goods are made. Some of them we bought as specimens of the industry of Skye.

At some distance from this is Kingsburgh, where upon the 5th of March 1790, died Mrs. Allen M'Donald, better known in association with the name of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart as Flora M'Donald. Her seizure and confinement in the Tower are matters of histor

She however obtained her liberty, and returned to her native isle, where in November 1750, she married Allan, son of Alexander M'Donald of Kingsburgh, who upon the death of his father succeeded to the property. She afterwards went to North Carolina with her husband, where he took part in the civil war. This entailed upon them many hardships, and ended in their returning to Skye. On the way home the vessel was met by a French privateer, whose attack was successfully resisted by the crew, encouraged by Mrs. M'Donald's resolute bearing. Her arm was broken in the encounter; but she survived to bring up seven children, five sons and two daughters. All her sons entered the army as officers, and both her daughters married military men.

Next day we set sail on our homeward course, returning by the same route we came by, casting anchor for the evening opposite Armadale Castle, the beautiful residence of Lord M'Donald, erected about forty years ago, after designs by Gillespie Graham. A considerable addition is now being made to it by his lordship. The evening was spent walking through the grounds attached to the castle, admiring the scenery of the district, and fishing in the bay.

In the morning of the following day the wind had changed, and proved adverse, so that we were kept all day beating to windward, and only reached Tobermory at midnight, somewhat tired of our day's work. Next morning we landed, and, for the first time since leaving Campbeltown, got a sight of a newspaper, (the *Glasgow Herald*) of later date than we had brought with us, the only newspaper we had seen was an old copy of the *Edinburgh Witness* at Portree. In the *Herald* we found an account of the first day's proceedings at the trial of Miss Madeleine Smith, which of course was read with great interest, as we had heard nothing of the proceedings from the time we left Glasgow, when the day for the trial had not been definitely announced.

It was now the afternoon of Friday the 3rd of July, a fortnight exactly since we started, and as one of our party was particularly anxious to reach Oban, so as to overtake the steamer in the morning for the south, we left Tobermory about two o'clock in the afternoon, although the wind was ahead, and blowing very fresh, expecting to reach Oban the same day. We had not been long out before it came on to blow quite a gale, accompanied by drenching rain, so that, however anxious we were to proceed, it was agreed that we should come to anchor in Caranihena Bay, opposite Loch Aline, for the night, and start with the first light of morning, when the tide would also favor us, and so reach Oban before the steamer left in the morning. Accordingly, we got up anchor at two o'clock on Saturday morning, and landed at Oban at

half-past seven, where we saw our friend safely embarked on board the Mountaineer at eight o'clock, on his way homeward. Our party then reduced to two, besides the seamen, returned on board and breakfasted. Soon after we made sail. It happened, however, as unfortunately it had done so frequently during the passage, that the wind fell off so soon as we left our anchorage; the vessel was consequently lying all day becalmed in the Sound of Karera. About two o'clock a heavy shower of rain came on, followed by a thick mist, which caused us to take refuge for the night at Easdale.

Next morning being Sunday, we sailed at five o'clock, and arrived at the entrance to the Crinan Canal about nine; the yacht was, however, obliged to remain outside till about two, when the tide was sufficiently high to admit her into the basin. On Monday morning we were all aroused at five, and commenced the passage of the canal about half an hour after. During the transit we met with no adventure, and found it by no means troublesome; the charge for a man and horse to track the yacht being seven shillings, and a like sum of seven shillings for canal dues, this being the only expense incurred. We were four hours and a half crossing.

From the Crinan we had a very speedy run home, thus completing a most agreeable excursion, which I at least, and my fellow voyagers also, I believe, will look back to with satisfaction, as a fortnight of time not ill spent. In the course of these reminiscences, I have refrained from enlarging upon the sporting details of the cruise, lest I might be accused of making more of them than they deserve; indeed, to tell the truth we were little disappointed in that respect, more particularly as time was so much occupied otherwise, that we did not devote an entire day to either fishing or shooting. As it was, we always did much more than keep ourselves in fresh fish, and shot four porpoises, besides innumerable water fowl of different kinds, so that in reality we had little reason to complain: but the long continued hot weather had so dried up the burns that we considered it useless to try the salmon or trout fishing, leaving that for another opportunity, which I hope may soon occur.

A BALLAD OF THE GULF STREAM.

BY B. B. FOSTER.

Heavily through a hundred storms
 The toiling ship had passed;
 She floated now in the mystic stream
 Of waters warm and fast,
 And the great brown sails, like weary things,
 Were hanging against the mast.

There leaned upon the idle helm
 A bearded sailor-man;
 His furrowed brow was marked by years,
 His cheeks were brown with tan,
 And his heart was rude as the seas it loved,
 Where no mean currents ran.

A tender breeze sprang up behind
 And tossed his grizzled hair,
 And the sailor started back, as pale
 As if a ghost were there;
 For he saw a yellow butterfly
 Blown through the summer air.

It lighted upon the compass box,
 And the sailor's eye grew dim,
 And his winged thoughts flew far away,
 Beyond the horizon's rim,
 To a ruined homestead on the land,
 Where were none to think of him.

Again, in the meadow broad and green,
 On a holiday in June,
 He heard the drowsy humble bees,
 Singing their quiet tune;
 And he watched the elm tree's shadow grow,
 In the wasting afternoon.

Again, beneath the cottage roof,
 When the evening prayer was said,
 He felt his mother's soft hand rest
 In blessing on his head,
 And his father's kiss upon his brow,
 As he knelt beside his bed.

But the boatswain's whistle strange and shrill,
 Was sounding in his ears,
 And his thoughts came back from their pilgrimage
 Of mere than two score years;
 And, with his rough and horny hand,
 He dashed away his tears.

As the brimming can was passed round
 By the swinging lantern's light,
 And his shipmates roared their merry staves
 In bolsterous delight,
 He loudest laughed, and deepest quaffed,
 In the forecabin that night.

Washington, D. C.

EFFECTS OF OIL IN BECALMING A HEAVY SEA.

BY TOM TUG.

SINCE sending you a yarn on this subject in February last, I have fallen in with an authority for the story of the old fisherman, which I then alluded to, that "he had made a practice of towing a loose bag, or net filled with fish bones, skin, and other greasy garbage, which had a considerable effect in becalming a following sea."

It occurs in "Hone's Every Day Book," Article for February 4th, vol. ii, written 20 years ago, and is as follows:—

"Stilling the Sea with Oil.—Dr. Franklin suggests the pouring of oil on the sea, to still the waves in a storm, but, before he lived, Martin, wrote 'an account of the Western Islands of Scotland,' wherein he says, 'The Steward of *Kilda* who lives in *Pabbay*, is accustomed in time of a storm to tie a bundle of puddings, made of the fat of sea-fowl to the end of his cable, and lets it fall into the sea behind the rudder.' This he says, 'hinders the waves from breaking, and calms the sea; but the scent of the grease attracts the whales, which put the vessel in danger.'" (?)

Your correspondent "Summooa Juga," in corroborating my views in your succeeding number for March, mentions an idea of Jack's, that the Pacific owes its name to the influence of oil, given to it by the South-Sea men, who after securing the head matter of the sperm whale send the blubber adrift. *Query*—If Old Martin's allegation be true that the whales follow the grease, would it be "very like a whale," or more like a mackerel, if it would allow itself to be attracted by a slip of fat, cut out of its own tail!

A VOYAGE TO TIERRA DEL FEUGO.*

WHEN one meets with a work which is written in a truthful spirit, the enjoyment is tenfold greater than when doubts and uncertainty accompany the reader through scenes which are perhaps imaginary. In the work before us truth seems stamped in every line, and notwithstanding the many hair breadth escapes of the little yacht from the perils of the deep, the bold master spirit that guided her amid rocks and sunken dangers brought her again and again unscathed to safe moorings. This is an excellent descriptive work, penned by a thorough seaman, and although the title may startle some of our friends we assure them there is no cant in these *tomes*. We have read them with great pleasure, and recommend all persons, to "do likewise." To show our readers the nature of the work we will give a brief outline of its contents.

A certain Missionary Society, having determined on sending another expedition on the same errand as that on which Captain Allen Gardiner, and his companions lost their lives by starvation, they built a small schooner of about 88 tons, and advertised for a Captain, which attracted the attention of Mr. Parker Snow, (a gentleman known to the world as the Author of a work called "*The Voyage of the Prince Albert in search of Sir John Franklin*,") who offered his services to the Society, and we find him in the command of this little vessel, "The Allen Gardiner," so named after the unfortunate commander above alluded to. The object of the present voyage was to establish a Mission Station on the Falkland Islands.

At the outset, and before leaving England many vexatious obstacles were thrown in his way, which must have given him a foretaste of the unpleasantness which he had afterwards to contend with. Being restricted as to the religious principles of his crew, it was with extreme difficulty he obtained men, and Mr. Snow must have been a persevering as well as courageous man to put to sea on a voyage sure to be attended with great danger, with such a crew, and being likewise cognisant of the fact, that the bones of his predecessor lie whitening on a desolate shore. But such was the faith he put in his *own* abilities to surmount all obstacles, that Mrs. Snow also became a partner in his trials, accompanying him during the voyage.

With cheerful hearts however they left Bristol in October 1854,—

* "A Two Years' Cruise off Tierra Del Fuego, the Falkland Islands, Patagonia, and in the River Plate:—a Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas."—By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission yacht Allen Gardiner.—London—Longman and Co.

and the very first night a gale came on, that caused them to beat about for some days, which having weathered, they proceeded on their way. Various were the changes of calm and storm they encountered, and Captain Snow nearly lost his life one tempestuous night.

The Falklands being reached our Author determined to make Keppel Island the chief Mission Station,—a spot well calculated for the purpose, and therefore in due time he landed and formally took possession,—it being at that time entirely unoccupied, except by an immense number of the feathered tribe.

"After breakfast I summoned the entire land and sea party to the quarter deck, and after telling them what was about to be done, gave the necessary orders for every one to proceed on shore.

"Myself and the doctor dressed for the occasion, and accompanied by my wife we left the ship, and walked up to the tongue of land whereon I had marked the site of the house. Here a flagstaff (a spare top-gallant mast) had been erected, and seats and tables arranged around it. Immediately upon my arrival the national colours, a silk flag of my own, given me a year or two previously by a friend of Arctic enterprise, the Honourable Mrs. C——, were hoisted to denote that the land was British property belonging to the Crown. This done, and all hands arranged in order, the proceedings commenced with certain prayers and necessary forms."

After the ceremony the men were permitted to ramble about the island, not however, without a caution to be very careful that nought should mar the general happiness, yet despite their promise in less than two hours they returned with the intelligence that the grass was on fire! Captain Snow says

"The first expressions of my anger over, I lost no time in ascertaining from the rest of the men, who had now arrived, what was the extent of the fire, and the probability of it increasing. This they assured me was comparatively trifling; and, as the locality was some distance off, I apprehended no present danger, especially upon the tongue of land we were on, which could be reached from the fire only by its taking a circuitous route, and crossing a rugged patch of what I thought incombustible scrub. I therefore took all hands on board with me, and left the fire to itself, hoping that it would not spread much further. That evening I commented strongly upon the careless conduct that had been displayed in spite of my exhortations, and of promises made me to the contrary. Most of the men admitted the force of my remarks, and said it was not requiting the kindness shown to them, nor remembering the circumstances connected with the day."

On reconnoitring the scene of the fire on the following day, our Author considered there was no danger to prevent the landing of stores and materials to build the mission house, they therefore proceeded to carry out their first intentions; and by great exertion and labour, day after day, they got on shore all that was required.

"We were now doomed to have a sudden cessation put to all our labour. Working in the hold, I had not paid that minute attention to the fire that per

haps I ought to have done. I had felt the smoke becoming more and more intolerable: but seeing the flames *ascending* the Cove Hill, away from us, I little imagined that the destroying element was also travelling fast towards the very spot we had occupied with our stores and timber, and was, indeed, right down upon us. In fact, I could have hardly conceived it possible; the distance, and the circuitous route it would have to come, seemed to negative such an idea. Yet it actually was so, and that too before I was well aware of it; for not until the increasing heat after dinner warned me that all was not right did I conceive it necessary to go and again examine. With the doctor I walked up the tongue of land towards a rise it took, at about half a mile from West Point; and no sooner had we reached that part than the full extent of danger burst upon our startled senses. Before us, the whole valley was one awful mass of flame; and burning bushes, with thousands of little dancing fires, were coming with remarkable rapidity towards us. At our feet,—for we had advanced as well as the suffocating smoke and the intense heat would permit us to come near the edge of the burning ground,—scores of the globular bog-balsams were glowing with livid fire, while the fuchinal and other shrubs crackled in the flames as they became readily ignited at the first touch of the burning element. The parched up grass was speedily devoured; and, like magic, did the fire spread in every direction, but especially so toward us. Even before we could recover our nearly stupefied faculties (which were all but enchained in admiration and awe,) the surface fire had got around, and made us hastily retreat. Moreover, no time was to be lost; and the moment I recovered myself, I took in at a glance the extent of danger, perceiving that nothing, not even the trying to cut it off, could stop its progress to the point, we hastened at our utmost speed to the working party on the cliffs. With rapid utterance, I gave orders to cease everything but getting the powder and inflammable materials away from their present dangerous position, across the water to the other point. That was our only chance: to get them on board was impossible in the time: for I calculated that not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, would elapse, before the main body of fire would be upon us.

"Summoning every one to the task, and, I must confess, with bitter reproaches levelled at him who had, as I was informed, caused this lamentable fire, I issued directions what to do. And surely did we one and all work and do, as perhaps none of us had ever worked or done before, or shall do again. Things were lifted and carried about that I am certain no man amongst us could have touched for the same purpose at any other time; but such was the excitement and the danger, that we seemed endowed with double strength. Certain it was that in remarkable quick time, we cleared the cliff of all the large quantity of stores, timber, plank, and other material we had been placing there the last three days. It was, however, but barely in time; and even before we had done, it was necessary to try and deaden the progress of the flames towards us, by saturating the grass with water. Vain, however, the scores of buckets of water we scattered about, as they were passed by hand from the water side and over the cliffs to the fire. Vain, also, an attempt to beat and trample it down by bushes, and even by our feet; and strange, almost mad, would we have appeared to any one who could have seen us jumping and kicking about the fire and dashing in among the flames, * * * * *

Thus it will be seen that all Captain Snow's exertions were jeapordized

by the carelessness of one of his bigoted crew. However by perseverance, and a determination not to be thwarted in his project he removed his *materiel* from the west to the east point, and there founded the Mission station. After this we find him day by day and night by night traversing the dangerous coast to further the interests of the Society which sent him forth. Encountering the most fearful perils, gale succeeding gale, and one out of the many is thus graphically described.

"The scene, it must be remembered, is a wild and stormy one, on a rough and, except at the mission station, totally uninhabited coast. Pictures from a sailor's hands in this part of the world are not often fraught with the softer sketches of smooth waters flowing beneath a sunny sky. They are more frequently of the description now to be given, as upon the close of a sabbath day, with a threatening sea, the schooner may be seen striving to work to windward with the rocks, and breakers, and a furious tide close by. There is a lowering sky and coming gale in view, and the fierce waves are lifting up their snowy crests in quick succession, while the lengthened spray is scattered far and wide as if 'twere so much foam. In the midst of it you may see the small vessel struggling onward to reach yon coveted point.

"See how she bounds and plunges! Mark how she reels and seems to stagger! Behold how gallantly she breasts the angry seas that dash upon her, and in huge masses send vast quantities of water on her deck!

"Will she attain her object? Will she be able to clear that rocky point upon her bow? Look! her prow has bent more inward, and greatly inclines towards the boiling surges on the reef! What will she do? Must she go upon the rocks—that hardy little ship? Must she be lost? For, lo! she already seems too close; and every sea, as she plunges into it, appears to drive her further in. From a distance her very bows seem to be covered with the breakers' foam. Surely she touches! Surely she has gone too far!

"Yet no, no; for see!—some movement on her deck proclaims that a nautical manœuvre is to be attempted; and behold, even as she all but touches where there's danger, a voice is heard coming from one whose hand is on the helm, and whose eye is steadfastly watching for a proper moment to escape the peril, and whose heart is lifted up to Him

"Who plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm;"

and as the sound floats away, he turns the wheel in his grasp, and with another short pithy order, the sails shiver in the wind, and the vessel's head turns away from the dreaded shore! Another moment and she has her stern presented in the direction opposite to that it was before; but a fresh command, a re-arrangement of sails, and she is again dashing through the water in angular course away to sea. What then? Has she given up the hope of getting round the point of land she seemed to have been striving for? Is she going out upon the threatening ocean with an ominous night before her? No—for see! again is she made to turn and present her prow towards that rocky point; again she dashes through the sea, sending the spray upward on her masts; and again she strives—but strives in vain—a little has been gained, but not enough, and once more round she goes, and stands away from land. And as she thus—now on, now

off, then on again—makes strenuous efforts to weather the point, there is a solitary watcher on yonder lofty hill anxiously beholding her. With eager eyes he strains his vision to make sure that it is the little ship he hopes for, and which himself and brethren in that lonely isle have been awaiting; and being convinced, how earnestly he watches her progress, as struggling still with increasing breezes, she bears up for her usual anchorage.

“And now there is hope. The helmsman is working her through the heavy seas, and despite her plunging, and the deluge of water tumbling over her bows, carries her onward under press of sail. See how he has to watch each flutter of her canvas! Look how anxiously he turns his eye from the quivering masts to the breakers close upon his lee, with a glance that denotes a steady concentration of his every thought upon what is now before him, while the incessant spray drenches him, even at the helm. But there is confidence in his mind, He feels that he has now a weatherly position, and that a short time more, as the wind at present stands, will enable him to take his little vessel past the danger. And that little vessel seems, indeed, to know and feel it—for how gallantly, and like some foaming war steed, she dashes onward! Look how bravely she battles with those giant waves! Mark how she scorns each ‘angry sea, as it comes furiously upon her!’ And then, at last, hear you the joyous cry from him who steers her, as in ringing tones and with lightsome tongue—his eye bright with satisfaction—he gives the welcome order, ‘Square away the yards,’ and turning the helm, directs the vessel’s head towards the bay!

“She has achieved her task—and rushes past the dreaded point, turning more and more towards the mission house, the watcher on the hill with speed descends, and in hasty but glad tones, proclaims to his brethren that the ‘Allen Gardiner’ is close at hand, and is fast coming to her anchorage!”

Our author, evinced the same bold and fearless spirit when amongst the savages,—joining in their dances, and thereby gaining a friendly feeling, which he was anxious to cultivate. Yet, although risking his life daily and hourly to serve the cause he had embarked in, he was left to his own resources to obtain the means of paying the expenses of the ship, the Missionary Society neglecting to supply the Expedition with a sufficient sum to carry out the wishes of the public, which had come forward so liberally in the cause. And we hope *that* public will demand a rigid investigation into the management of Societies seeking contributions and subscriptions from the benevolent, professedly for the extension of Christianity in Foreign parts;—but adopting the old adage, “Charity begins at home,”—and in too many instances ending in the same place. Near two years Captain Snow was beating about the wild and dangerous coast of the Falkland Islands, making fruitless trips also to Monte Video and Stanley for a Missionary clergyman,—who at length made his appearance without one shilling to pay the expenses of the ship or even provisions for the many persons who accompanied him. Money must be had, and from Capt. Snow’s account it was obtained at Stanley. This Christian minister it appears not only raised money on the vessel, but he gave the lender authority over that vessel, so far as to prevent her

lawful commander from carrying out the business of the owners,—the Society. By what right or power he acted must be shown to those who subscribed the funds to purchase the vessel; and we hope Capt. Snow will succeed in his endeavours to enlighten the benevolent as to what purposes their munificence was devoted. The conduct pursued also at one of Her Britannic Majesty's islands, where justice is administered by interested parties, should be laid before the Home Authorities.

These volumes are replete with useful nautical information, interspersed with stirring incidents and curious adventures, alike interesting to the seaman and landsman; the work is also illustrated with two excellent charts and six beautifully executed sketches. We strongly recommend it to our readers as the production of a talented man, who with truth and sincerity depict things as they are; and no library will be complete without it.

BURNHAM REGATTA.

THIS aquatic festival was under the distinguished patronage of the Right Hon. Lord Portman, the lord-lieutenant of the county of Somerset, and was attended by numbers from Bristol, Glastonbury, Yeovil, Taunton, and many other places. Burnham can scarcely be called a town, yet it is certainly more than a village, and in a few years it may perhaps be able to reckon itself as not being amongst the most isolated places in the kingdom. It is situate about two miles from the Highbridge station of the Bristol and Exeter Railway, and it was never so animated as on this occasion: fir trees were planted along most of the streets, triumphal arches, with appropriate mottoes, spanned the principal approaches, processions were formed, and the bands of music imparted a refreshing tone to the proceedings. The committee offered liberal prizes for competition, but were unfortunate in not attracting a numerous fleet, whether it originated in the yachts being otherwise engaged, or that sufficient publicity was not given, it is impossible to say; but such is fact that for some of the prizes there was not a single entry; and the only yacht race that did come off here (Aug. 24th) was for the

Burnham and Bristol Channel Cup, value 40 guineas, for yachts not exceeding 50 tons. This excellent prize brought only two yachts to the start, viz.:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
97	Blue Belle	sloop	30	S. Padley, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	43	W. J. Patterson, Esq.

The distance to be sailed was computed at about 60 miles. They got away at 10h. 45m., and notwithstanding there was a stiffish breeze they managed to return—the Cyclone at 7h. 19m. p.m. and the Blue Belle at 7h. 44m. The Cyclone was consequently declared the winner. Mr. Patterson entered his yacht at numerous places this season, but victory had not crowned his efforts. The Blue Belle was purchased by Mr. Padley at the commencement of the season, and has not succeeded in winning a prize, although entered in several matches.

Then followed matches by Pilot Boats for 20 sovereigns; Fishing Boats for 10 sovereigns, and Rowing for 3 sovereigns. Fireworks and dinner closed the proceedings.

WEYMOUTH ROYAL REGATTA,

THE Committee of this regatta selected an excellent time (Sept. 3rd and 4th,) for it, when the chief of the other meetings were over, and the yachts would be at leisure to attend this ancient place. Their judgment was well rewarded, for not only were numerous yachts present, but some of the most successful this season entered in the different matches. The weather was unpropitious in the morning, yet as there was a good breeze numbers of persons flocked to the rendezvous.

During the matches the rain cleared off, and with it the breeze lessened; consequently the affair terminated on the first day rather languidly. The first match was for a purse of £50, for yachts of any port or club not exceeding 120 tons. Three to start or no race; distance four times round marks. Time race, half-minute per ton: the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners
1096	Wildfire,.....	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
	Alice	cutter	5	Captain D. Roebuck, Esq.
625	Lulworth	cutter	80	J. Weld, Esq.

The Mariquita, F. B. Carew, Esq., entered but did not start.

A purse of £25, to be sailed for by yachts not exceeding 30 tons o.m. three to start or no race; distance four times round marks. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
786	Phantom.....	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	25	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
327	Emmet	cutter	27	E. Gibson, Esq.

In order to test the sailing qualities of the various yachts, the £50 and £20 matches were started together. An admirable start was effected at 12h. 35m. but the light wind which prevailed tended much to diminish the brilliancy of the race, and afforded the competing vessels no sufficient opportunity of displaying their capabilities.

Each round was effected in the subjoined times :—

	First Round	Second Round	Third Round	Fourth Round
	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.	h. m. s.
Lulworth.....	1 53 0	3 34 20	5 17 40	7 28 30
Wildfire	1 58 30	3 47 50	drawn.	
Alice.....	2 33 0	5 0 0	drawn.	
Thought.....	1 57 45	3 40 20	5 38 40	8 25 0
Phantom.....	2 3 0	3 45 20	5 50 0	
Emmet	2 2 20	3 59 0	drawn.	

The Lulworth was thus the winner of the £50 prize ; the Thought carried off the £25 prize. The sailing of these two yachts was the theme of general admiration, and from the first they were favourites.

A Purse of five sovereigns for sprit sail boats. First boat to receive £4, and the second £1. The following sailed :—Alarm, R. Ayles ; Contest, W. Chant ; Sheerwater, W. Hart ; Eliza, F. Ayling ; Sea Urchin, W. Thompson, Esq. A capital start was effected, Sheerwater taking the lead, and maintaining it throughout the race.

Second Day.—This day's sport was considered the grand fete of the regatta, as four of the crack yachts were entered to compete for the Town Challenge Cup, won last year by the Thought, and which yacht now came forward under the guidance of her new owner, F. O. Marshall, Esq., to endeavour to add it permanently to her other laurels. We will endeavour to trace the Cup's fate from 1851 when it was won by the Heroine, but at the regatta of 1852 although she was at Weymouth, she declined entering for it again, therefore it was left to others, and after two starts, on separate days, the Volante ultimately became the holder, beating the Albacore and Enchantress.

In 1853 the Mosquito then belonging to Lord Londesborough entered but such was the terror of her prowess none entered against her, consequently it still remained to the credit of Volante. We have no record of 1854-5, but in 1856 it was won by the Thought, beating Phantom and Wildfire. Thus it will be seen that it has been a sort of heir-loo!

to the Weymouth Committee. Although it is styled the Town Challenge Cup, let it be understood that it was the gift of Col. Freestun.

On this day great hopes were entertained that the Thought would carry it away from Weymouth; as notwithstanding it being a pretty work of art still something fresh is required. However to proceed, the following are the particulars :—

The Town Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, to be sailed for by yachts of 10 tons and upwards; open to all the world, and to be won twice by the same yacht; four to start or no race; entries £2. 10s.; distance, four times round; time race, 30 seconds a ton; schooners to be allowed time for tonnage, according to Ackers' scale. The following entered :—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1096	Wildfire	schooner	56	J. T. Turner, Esq.
786	Phantom.....	cutter	27	S. Lane, Esq.
956	Thought.....	cutter	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
327	Emmet.....	cutter	28	E. Gibson, Esq.

The start was made at 11h. 45m. when Thought took the lead, with Phantom second, followed by Emmet and Wildfire. The breeze, however, appeared to favour the progress of Wildfire, she shortly after took first place, keeping her position at each successive rounding of the steamer in the bay, when the yachts were timed as follows :—

	First Round.			Second Round.			Third Round.			Fourth Round.		
	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.	h.	m.	s.
Wildfire.....	12	51	0	2	2	0	3	12	30	4	22	10
Thought.....	12	54	30	2	9	40	3	22	0	4	34	40
Phantom.....	12	55	35	2	11	45	3	35	0	4	36	30
Emmet	12	54	0	drawn.								

Wildfire was declared the winner of the race, the Cup consequently remains in hand another year, which we opine, if all goes right with the present winner, will in 1858 find a resting place with Mr. Turner.

The next match was for a purse of £15 for yachts of any port, not exceeding 20 tons, distance, four times round, time race, 30 seconds a ton; three to start or no race; entrance 7s. 6d.

The following entered :—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
Vespa.....	cutter	9	T. & J. Rickman, Esqrs.	
Alice.....	cutter	5	Capt. Disney Roebuck	
Roam.....	cutter	8	R. Stanley, Esq.	
Fanny.....	cutter	10	W. Grant, Esq.	

The *Vespa* took the lead twice round, after which the other yachts retired, consequently she claimed the prize. She is a new boat, built, we believe by Bromley of Poole. Great credit is due to the builders, and to the crew for the seamanlike manner in which she was handled. The last round was at 4h. 41m.

The day was brought to a close with a variety of matches for pleasure boats, with other sports and amusements for the entertainment of the public.

GOOLE ANNUAL REGATTA.

THE arrangements at this regatta August 31st and September 1st, were well carried out, and the whole affair was well patronised by the inhabitants of the town and surrounding neighbourhood.

The first match was for the Aire and Calder Prize, value 20 guineas, open to Lincolnshire and Yorkshire yachts under 10 tons. The entries were as follows:—

Frolic.....	Mr. Robinson, Hull.	Cygnets.....	Capt. Cator, R.N.
Flirt.....	Mr. Pickering, Goole	Fairy.....	Mr. Pilkington, Goole
Arrow.....	Mr. Wood, York	Brunette....	Mr. Appleby, Barton, Hull
Pearl.....	Mr. Chambers, jun., Goole	Vivid.....	Mr. Speak, Hessel, Hull

The course was from a boat moored at Saltmarsh, passing on the west side of a boat moored off the Ship Lock, up the Ouse, round a boat off Howden Dyke, leaving the boat on the port side, and back to the Middle Lock, Goole; passing again on the west side of the boat opposite the Ship Lock.

On starting the *Fairy* took the lead, followed by *Pearl* well up, then came *Cygnets*, *Arrow*, and *Frolic*. The *Pearl* occasionally had the lead, and the wind freshening the whole sped well on towards the Ship Lock. It afterwards slackened, and *Fairy* consequently fell back. *Cygnets* caught a breeze, but the whole were becalmed at the turn. Opposite the pier they passed in beautiful order, and so on to Howden Dyke, where the wind being dead against them, and the current likewise, they tacked round, but it was impossible to get off. The whole lot came round several times, but as often as they came up the wind caught them, and no headway could be made. For two hours at least this continued, when *Frolic* by a little manœuvring got in a right position and came in the winner.

The next a match between Sailing Boats, open to Lincolnshire & Yorkshire, no decks allowed, prize 7 guineas. For this seven we entered—*Empress*, Mr. Wilde, *Beeswing*, Mr. Dent, *Henrietta*, M

Milner, Isabella, Mr. Johnson, Norfolk, Mr. Leetham, Nautilus, Mr. Driffield, and Helen, Mr. Tolan. The race was well contested, until arriving at Howden Dyke, where they also were baffled by the current for some considerable time. The Empress however at length got away, and came in a winner.

The sports were finished by rowing matches.

Second Day.—The wind being more favorable much better sport than the preceding day was anticipated. The wind was N.W.

The Loughborough Plate, value 10 guineas, brought the same yachts to the start, as sailed for the Aire and Calder prize on the first day.

They all got well off together, and when in front of Swinefleet, Frolic leading, followed by Arrow, Cygnet, and Brunette; and in passing Goole the former was three minutes ahead of Arrow. The buoy at Howden Dyke was rounded in splendid style. When about a quarter of a mile from home the Frolic, which was still leading, grounded; having approached too near shore to tack across for the centre of the Channel. The Arrow, which was then only a length behind, took the lead, and came in the winner.

The next match was by Sailing Boats, for 5 guineas; the following started—Ellen, Mr. Tolan, Empress, Capt. Collier, Henrietta, Mr. Milner, and Norfolk, Mr. Leetham. This was a spirited race, and after several changes the Empress won.

The regatta was concluded by several well contested rowing matches.

CARNARVON REGATTA.

WE have endeavoured, without success, to obtain a more detailed report of this regatta, therefore, rather than not notice it we insert the following:—August 13th it came off, but from the fact of no steamer being engaged for the use of the club and its officers, little seemed to be known of what took place during the race outside. The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No	Yachts' Names	Rig	Tons	Owners
189	Coralie.....	cutter	35	A. E. Byrna, Esq.
803	Plover.....	cutter	30	R. Tetley, Esq.
736	North Star.....	cutter	26	G. Harrison, Esq.
821	Ranger.....	cutter	18	J. A. Clarke, Esq.

There was a beautiful breeze at starting which rather fell off during the race. A pretty start was effected by the North Star, Coralie, and

Plover, (Ranger did not start). North Star at once took the lead, and left the rest at a great pace (on a wind), and continued to gain rapidly, and outside the Narrows, on the first tack, when at least half a mile dead to windward, was run ashore. A very strong tide setting in put her harder and harder on, where she remained 41 minutes. In the meantime Coralie and Plover continued sailing, which they did for about half an hour, and then anchored in the tide. On the North Star being got out of her difficulty by the steamer, the others slipped, but in about an hour after they were passed by the North Star to windward, and she rounded the flag-boat about six minutes ahead of Plover with Coralie close astern. The run home from this buoy, a distance of about three miles from the starting point, was completed in the following order and times:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
North Star.....	4 11 0	Plover.....	4 22 30	Coralie.....	4 27 9

The cup was awarded to the Plover, on account of the North Star having received assistance.

DOVOR REGATTA.

THE annual aquatic sports at this port, were celebrated on the 7th of September. The beach and sea-wall skirting the shore were thronged with spectators of all ranks and degrees. The sea was studded with yachts, skiffs, and pleasure boats, many of which flitting about here, there, and everywhere, much to the annoyance of the committee, who were desirous of keeping a clear course for the matches.

The first race was for a purse of £30, for yachts not exceeding 30 tons; half-a-minute per ton allowed for difference of tonnage.

For this race the following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
607	Little Mosquito.....	cutter	8	E. Bulmer, Esq.
26	Amazon.....	cutter	46	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
213	Cyclone	cutter	43	W. Patterson, Esq.
68	Avalon.....	cutter	38	J. Goodson, Esq.
956	Thought	cutter	25	F. O. Marshall, Esq.
786	Phanton	cutter	28	S. Lane, Esq.
1257	Zuleika.....	cutter	20	F. Britten, Esq.

The start was made at 12h. 53m. 46s., all the yachts bringing up their moorings upon the signal gun being fired, except the Avalor

which had only been entered in case there should not be a sufficient number to make a match.

The course was from the committee vessel round the west buoy, thence round the outside buoy, thence to the east buoy, passing between the committee vessel and the shore; twice round, leaving all the buoys on the larboard hand. The first round was completed as follows:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Phantom	2	26	37		Amazon.....	2	33	44		Zuleika.....	2	53	59
Thought	2	29	34		Cyclone.....	2	42	15					

After an excellent race the Phantom proved the winner. The four first named yachts arrived as under, the Zuleika and Little Mosquito having given in.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		
Phantom.....	3	15	26		Amazon.....	4	1	14		Cyclone	4	18	5
Thought.....	3	57	0										

This race was followed by a Bye Match between yachts, not exceeding 12 tons, for a sweepstakes of £7, added from the fund: once round the above course, half-a-minute per ton allowed.

The undermentioned entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
1037	Violet.....	cutter	10	J. Kirby, Esq.
989	Undine.....	cutter	8	E. Searle, Esq.
546	Julla.....	cutter	7	P. Turner, Esq.
	Greyhound.....	cutter		R. Francis, Esq.

The Violet and Undine only started, which was effected at 1h. 35m. 36s. This was a one-sided affair, and the Undine does not appear to be much improved in her sailing qualities since her rig has been altered. The undermentioned time of arrival at the goal will prove this:—

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Violet.....	3	27	34	Undine.....	4	26	21

Several rowing matches closed an excellent day's sport.

HOWTH AND BALDOYLE REGATTA.

On Wednesday and Thursday, the 12th and 13th August, the regatta came off, under the patronage of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Right Hon. the Earl of Howth. Many yachts attended, and the display of buntine, ashore and afloat, was very cheering to the holiday folks.

The first race was for a cup, value 40 guineas, for yachts not exceeding 35 tons, a time race, for which the following vessels entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
568	Meteor	cutter	20	J. Duckworth, Esq.
	Kelpie	cutter	23	T. Robinson, Esq.
60	Atalanta.....	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.
1028	Vigilant.....	cutter	32½	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
79	Banba	cutter	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq.

About 12h. the signal was given to start, which was excellently effected, with a fine fresh breeze blowing from S.S.E. The Vigilant went ahead, followed closely by Atalanta, with Kelpie and Banba but a few seconds behind; in this order they passed the first round; shortly after the Kelpie challenged Atalanta, a struggle ensued between them, the former gained second place, and then made a rush for Vigilant, but too late to take the lead. They finished thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant.....	5 18 45	Atalanta.....	5 26 55
Kelpie	5 23 48	Banba.....	5 40 0

The Kelpie was declared the winner by time.

During the sailing two boats started to row a match, viz: the Una and Undine. There was a very high sea on, and the Una was struck by a heavy wave, and over she went, the Undine immediately returned her assistance, but met with the same fate, as she soon filled, and both to crews were floundering about in the water. Several yachts' gigs and other boats went to their assistance. The owner of the Kelpie although winning the cup, immediately hove to his vessel, and prepared to lower his gig to the rescue. The Una's crew however, shouted out to him that all were safe, and to go on with the race, which he did, and won it, although he lost fully three minutes by his gallant conduct.

The second race was for a purse of £10, for yachts not exceeding 12 tons, when the following started:—

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
381	Flirt.....	cutter	8	R. Battley, Esq.
927	Sybil.....	cutter	8½	T. W. Hodgans, Esq.
903	Scamp.....	cutter	10	M. Creagh, Esq.
	Electric	cutter	7½	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.
102	Bijou	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
	Dove	cutter	12	T. Keogh, Esq.
1038	Virago.....	sloop	12	Capt. Byrne

The breeze at starting was very fresh, and some of the smaller yach

had as much as they could safely carry sail under, careening over dangerously, in this way they proceeded, till the Sybil carried away her topsail yard. After passing the first flag-boat, the wind died away considerably, and Bijou took the lead. The Flirt and Virago then had a spirited contest, and the match ended thus:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Bijou.....	4 19 12	Dove.....	4 32 21
Flirt.....	4 29 48	Sybil.....	4 36 30
Virago.....	4 30 18	Electric	4 37 16

The Bijou was the winner.

Several rowing matches by yachts' gigs and fishermen's boats wound up the sports of the day.

Second Day.—The weather was particularly fine, but with very light winds. The first prize was for the Howth Cup, value £30, for yachts not exceeding 35 tons; a time race.

The following entered:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.
60	Atalanta	cutter	27	H. Scovell, Esq.
1028	Vigilant	cutter	32½	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
79	Banba.....	cutter	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq.
	Dove.....	cutter	12	T. Keogh, Esq.
102	Bijou	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
1038	Virago.....	sloop	12	Capt. Byrne

They started at 1h., Banba with the lead, followed by the Vigilant, Virago, and Atalanta. The Vigilant on passing the first buoy took the lead, which she maintained till the finish. They arrived at the goal as follows:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Vigilant.....	7 16 3	Banba.....	7 36 15
Atalanta.....	7 22 40	Bijou	7 43 0

The Banba was declared the winner, but by what rule in yachting we cannot comprehend.

The second race was for a purse of £10, for yachts not exceeding 10 tons; time race, for which the following started:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts' Names.	Rig	Tons.	Owners.
381	Flirt	cutter	8	R. Battley, Esq.
927	Sybil	cutter	8½	T. W. Hodgans, Esq.
903	Scamp.....	cutter	10	M. Creagh, Esq.
960	Torment.....	cutter	5	J. Todhunter, Esq.
102	Bijou.....	cutter	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.
	Electric.....		7½	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.

There was nearly a dead calm, and they were some time in getting off, but they managed to make a very interesting race, in which the pretty Flirt was the winner. This yacht was the winner of the Prince Wales Yacht Club Challenge Cup last year, and on the death of her owner was purchased by Mr. Batley.

Several capital rowing matches terminated an excellent regatta.

CRICCIETH REGATTA.

On the 20th August, the aquatic revels were held in the beautiful bay, and we feel great pleasure in submitting to our yacht owners particularly, the following description, obligingly forwarded to us by one who is desirous of seeing, next season, a numerous attendance of yachts.

Criccieth is almost peculiarly endowed with those rich and varied attractions of scenery, which nature has so liberally bestowed on this romantic and beautiful country "the land of the mountain and the flood." Whilst it offers an endless source of gratification to the lover of the picturesque and the sublime, it furnishes matter for contemplation and study to the historian and antiquary. The most prominent object which arrests attention is the Castle, its grey ruins frowning from their elevated position. This fortress supposed to have been erected in the time of King John, stands on a rocky eminence, jutting into the sea, towards which it presents a lofty, bold, and rugged front. On either side, extending for a considerable distance, is a fine pebbly beach, the vast expanse of Cardigan Bay stretching out as far as the eye can reach, while inland the Snowdonian mountains tower majestically in the distance.

It will be easily seen that the bay at this part is remarkably well adapted for the purpose of a regatta, there being none of those tidal difficulties and impediments presented in narrow channels or branches of the sea. In clear weather the competitors may easily be distinguished throughout a course of many miles.

On Wednesday the sun set in a sea of glory behind the western hills, the precursor of a fine day. The morning of Thursday was, however, sultry, the wind, if such a phenomenon could be said to exist, being from the north-east. The Blue Jackets looked anxious from sea to sky, and vice versa, whistling for a breeze, but the ocean, like a sheet of glass, remained unruffled, reflecting from its mirrored surface the fields of golden grain and velvet sward covering its shelving banks, and reproducing the numerous w trimmed craft which studded the water, their canvas hanging listlessly. Towards noon there was a better prospect of sport. A slight breeze had sprung up, obedient to which the St. George's ensign, on the summit of the Castle, nodded in friendly recognition to the numerous flags and stream in the bay; and, as the company began to assemble on the Castle Hill.

well appointed band of music playing lively airs—the scene was full of animation and gaiety.

The arrangements for the regatta were most satisfactory, reflecting the highest credit on E. W. Mathew, Esq., of Wern, the steward. The Dauntless life-boat was stationed off the castle as a flag-boat, where all the signals were made by means of flags, as follows:—station signal, blue peter, half mast high;—"prepare," white flag—"make sail," red flag—"slip and away" blue peter.

There were five prizes for sailing boats, and one for yachts,—the Criccieth Cup.—This was a silver claret jug, beautifully chased, on which was inscribed "Criccieth Regatta Cup, 1857." It was offered for yachts under 20 tons, but with regret we add there were no entries, and the prize remains for a future occasion.

The first match was for a purse of 15 sovereigns, divided between the first three boats, viz. Gwylan, Mr. Lewis, Flirt, Mr. Homfray, and Daniel, Mr. Morris. This was a beautifully sailed race, and they were loudly cheered on arrival.

The next race was for a purse of 7 sovereigns, which was divided between the John Edwards, Marquis, and Red, White, and Blue, being the only three boats entered.

Other sailing matches followed, and aquatics finished with a well contested rowing match.

The pleasureable expressions of all present lead us to hope that next year will eclipse the present, and that it may be attended by a numerous flotilla of yachts.

CLYDE MODEL YACHT CLUB.

THE members of this flourishing Club concluded their first year's proceedings by dining together in the Globe Hotel, J. Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, Commodore in the chair, supported by the Lord Provost and Colonel Pole, Commander of the Forces of the Western district.

After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts, the Commodore proposed "Prosperity to the Club." He observed that model yacht clubs presented a new feature in yachting. Like many important institutions, they originated in small beginnings, in fact, in the beautiful little models, which, whoever visited Hyde Park, must have observed on the Serpentine. This had been gradually extended, and model clubs similar to their own had been established in different parts of the kingdom with great success, and their importance universally recognised. Their owners and crews, as had been well observed in a late number of *Hunt's Yachting Magazine*, formed the bones and sinews of yachters. In large vessels the owner had often to depend on the master; in small craft the owners themselves were both master and crews, and could not fail to acquire practical knowledge. No part of Her Majesty's dominions was so well fitted for yachting in all its branches as their own beautiful Clyde;

and judging from the success of their first campaign, and their preparations for next, he augured their continued success—a success in a great measure due to the good feeling which distinguished the members of the Club. (Great cheering.)

The Commodore then proposed the Lord Provost. The manner in which he had conducted the affairs of the great community required no eulogium from him. (Great cheering.) He however, considered him fortunate in having the opportunity of conferring important benefits, not only upon the city, but upon the nation. They could not forget how well he had upheld the dignity of the city in its reception of the British Association—a reception he knew, as an active member of the Association, was unrivalled by any other city of the empire—the success of which was mainly due to the exertions and princely hospitality of their Chief Magistrate. Mr. Smith also dwelt on the importance of his exertions in the acquisition of the M'Lellan collection of pictures, and the improvements in the Cathedral, especially in the painted windows. These exertions had been rewarded by the high honours which awaited him—

‘Well has he won them,
May he wear them long.’

(Drank with unbounded applause.)

His Lordship having returned thanks

Mr. Munn proposed Mr. Steven as croupier, and as a successful competitor.

Mr. Steven replied, and proposed ‘The Royal Northern Yacht Club’ in felicitous terms.

Mr. Reid returned thanks, and begged to propose ‘The City of Glasgow and its Shipping, as allied to yacht clubs.’

The Lord Provost replied, and before sitting down claimed a bumper for their chairman, who had so well filled the chair that evening

Mr. Smith replied in suitable terms.

Mr. Buchanan proposed ‘The Strangers’ who had honoured the Club with their company, acknowledged by Mr. Hamilton of Minard Castle.

The Commodore then proposed the health of their honorary secretary, Mr. Kennedy, whose exertions were indefatigable, and whose assistance had rendered his duties as commodore light and most agreeable. He now asked his assistance in the performance of his present duties as chairman, as his carriage had been announced.

Mr. Kennedy, having returned thanks, took the chair, and craved a bumper to the health of the winners of the year, which was responded to by Mr. Grant.

The Chairman again requested a flowing bumper to the health of his Grace the Duke of Argyll, who had been the means of procuring for us the Admiralty warrant, to fly the blue ensign of Her Majesty's fleet.—Dru with all the honours.

Several other healths were drunk, amongst others that of Robert Ha Esq, inventor of the new system of flag making, which had first been carried out in the Clyde Model Yacht Club Burgee; (and which we noticed in our September number p. 417,) also that of Mr. Fyfe, of Fairlie, in replying to which, Mr. Fyfe remarked that he had that evening received an order for 25 tonner from a member present.

After spending a most happy evening, the members separated.

YACHTING IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

THIS deeply interesting event to the lovers of aquatic sports, and, indeed, to all who feel a pride in the progress of naval architecture in America, came off on June 4th, and we are glad to be able to say, that it was conducted with a spirit, and attended with a success, which excelled the efforts and *eclat* of any previous year.

The day was admirably suited to the race; the temperature being soft and genial for the spectators, and the breeze, S.S.W., being sufficiently fresh to develop the higher qualities of the first class craft, without being too strong to interfere with the chances of the smaller fry. Extensive preparations had been made, on the part of the Committee, for the accommodation of their guests; while, for the service of the general public, two large steamers, and innumerable schooners, sloops, pilot-boats, yachts, and sail-boats were put in requisition. The Committee had likewise provided two steamers to attend on the excursion. The first of these, the *Erie*—a large, fine, roomy boat—was devoted to the service of the ladies and the families which radiate from the members of the club; and the other, the little, but swift, *J. L. Stevens*, was allotted to the active committee of the day, the judges, the press, and those *bon vivants* of the club, who preferred the free-and-easy drink and smoke, and occasional dip into a very fine lunch, to the constraints of female presence and fashionable style. There was really a brilliant assemblage on board the *Erie*; and it was a treat quite worthy, even, of the loungers of the lobby of the Academy, to stand at the head of the Spring-street pier, while she was taking in her freight, to see the voluptuous piles of silk and puffs of lawn plop from the private and other coaches upon the dusty wharf. The whole length of the pier was one clash of sheen and gabble of soft voices, while the perfumes that were thus shook around at every step, overwhelmed, for the first and only time in the history of that neighbourhood, the ancient aroma that exhaled, sedately but inexorably, from the established fish cars and oyster boats that are almost native to the spot. Nearer to the head of the wharf lay the *J. L. Stevens*, and while the above-described angelic troop swept over to the end, small instalments of individuals, with short sporting jackets, wide-awakes, a multiplicity of straps, and flasks, and portable conveniences hung all over them, were getting on board in that quarter.

At a quarter past ten the work of embarkation was over—the steam pipes ceased their screaming, and in an agreeably contrasting vein of quiet, we steamed over to the Jersey side. There, we found the winged coursers all folded, and riding at their anchors, in three different lines. The smaller, or third class boats lying about a quarter of a mile south of the stake-boat; the second class boats lying half that distance nearer, and the larger, or first class boats lying right even with the “score,” to which they were obliged to

return to win. This order was followed for the convenience of the start, and to the end that the reader may have a clear view of the field of operations, we give, in the following table, the positions and conditions as we found them before the signal for the start was fired. It will be seen that the rule of measurement is by the area of the sails—it being evident that the best model is that which moves fastest under the smallest sails.

THIRD CLASS.—Containing Yachts carrying less than 2300 square feet of canvas. Allowance time— $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds per square foot.

Yachts' Names	Entered by	Rig	Ton	Men	Canvas	Start	
						h.	m.
Luckey	C. F. Morton.....	sloop	15.2	6	1,505.18	17	27
Margaret.....	J. Simonson.....	sloop	25.2	8	1,692.75	12	23
Island Fawn.....	C. T. Cromwell.....	sloop	17.2	6	1,753.69	11	04
Edgar.....	H. A. Denison.....	sloop	17.3	8	1,819.60	9	25
† Ray.....	R. H. Thomas.....	sloop	30.3	10	1,843.15	8	29
Richmond.....	C. H. Mallory.....	sloop	27.4	9	1,845.61	8	46
† Wavelet.....	D. D. Willetts	sloop	31.6	11	1,864.53	8	17
Escort.....	D. L. Lawrence....	sloop	33.0	11	2,196.10	—	—

SECOND CLASS.—Carrying 2300 and upwards, but less than 3300 square feet Allowance of time— $1\frac{1}{2}$ seconds per square foot.

Rowena.....	M. W. Bacon.....	sloop	40.5	12	2,368.25	14	48
America.....	D. C. Kingland....	schner	69.5	20	*2,701.97	7	51
Madgie.....	R. F. Loper.....	sloop	89.3	20	2,773.77	6	21
Undine.....	L. W. Jerome.....	sloop	44.0	13	2,788.83	6	03
Sea Drift.....	J. S. Holbrook....	schner	63.7	18	*2,828.83	5	12
Una.....	W. B. Duncan.....	sloop	67.5	20	3,064.21	—	22
Minnie.....	W. H. Thomas....	sloop	59.1	17	3,066.18	—	15
Irene.....	J. D. Johnson.....	sloop	57.8	17	3,078.40	—	—

FIRST CLASS.—Carrying 3300 square feet and upwards. Allowance of time—1 second per square foot.

Widgeon.....	D. M. Edgar	schner	101.9	26	*3,072.25	26	21
Julia.....	J. M. Waterbury..	sloop	83.4	24	3,407.24	19	46
Haze.....	M. H. Grinnell....	schner	87.2	22	*3,542.50	17	31
Sylvie.....	W. A. Stebbins....	schner	105.4	26	*3,784.05	13	29
Favorita.....	A. C. Kingsland....	schner	138.0	35	*4,593.20	—	—

The race was one of twenty miles and back, the direction being south to the Staten Island shore, and there, after passing round a stake-boat moored near the land, to cross the bay in a direct line to the other shore, and from thence, bearing diagonally in a south-west course to a buoy which is termed the South-west Spit.

At ten minutes to eleven, every boat laid quietly at its anchor—but around the masts of the larger craft, and on their forecastles, hard by the anchor stood anxious groups ready for the signal to hoist killock and make sail. At ten minutes to eleven, the groups on the smaller boats were, if anything, at more eager and attentive than any of the rest, for to them the signal was

* The allowance to schooners, of ten per cent, is deducted in the above arc

† Did not start.

give its order first. The crowds that lined the shore, or that blackened the bending steamers in the vicinity, or that rocked, or rowed, or sailed in smaller craft lazily up and down, around the scene of immediate attraction, became more and more engrossed with expectation—when suddenly, the preparation gun boomed, and broke the spell. Then every glass was raised, and every neck was stretched—but still the yachts lay with their wings folded, and each figure on their decks as fixed as stone. Presently, there came another gun; and then, as if by magic, certain of the figures in the squadron were quickened into life, and the little racers of the third class flitted out their pinions, and swinging handily into the stream, ran off with a most delightful breeze, and soon were beyond our immediate observation.

In five minutes more, another gun boomed over the waters of the bay, and with a similar celerity, the second class racers of the fleet spread forth their snowy wings, curved their heads outward in the current, and soon were bowling away, each splitting white water from its bows in true sailing style. All eyes were now concentrated on the line of universal interest, where lay the *Haze*, *Julia*, *Widgeon*, *Sylvia*, and *La Favorita*. So deep was the interest, that there was scarcely an object on the river, or the immediate shore, that could be seen to move; when suddenly, a third gun broke the silence at 11h. 2m., and the fixed figures that stood at every rope went through a few active spasms, the broad pinions that had so long laid folded up expanded grandly in the air, and the entire start was made—the *Julia* being the first to get underway.

Shout after shout rung from the thousands on the shore, shout upon shout rose from the swarms upon the river, and as the white flock darted down, in a long white leaning line, the *Arabia* and other steamers fired salutes of compliment and joy. The attending steamers then followed on, and leaning towards the racers, watched the alternations of the contest with breathless observation. The favor of the public lay between the sloop *Julia* and the schooner *Haze*, but the former was the choice against the field. Three times before she had been a winner, and she was looked upon as the crowning triumph of a genius, which had long reaped for us the laurels of the world in British waters, and whose loss the country will not in years be able to replace.* The *Haze*, the property of Moses H. Grinnell, is likewise the work of the same master-mind, but she does not bear such a load of victory upon her wings, as did the sloop. Moreover, the *Julia* had a crew that were used to triumph, and more indicative still, she had at her helm a brother of the lamented builder. She, as was said before, was first underway among the larger yachts, and lying judiciously close to the Jersey shore, she saved a windward margin to be used as occasion might require, when near the Staten Island stake-boat. In this way they went tearing down, the *Julia* taking the lead, the *Haze* being next, and the *Sylvia*, *Widgeon*, and *Favorita* well up in this order, though from our advanced position, and the endeavour of our steamer to take the lead, we could not tell with exactitude, their relations of advance. Presently as we steamed past Bedlow's Island, we by the aid of

* The late George Steers.

our glass, found the little Luckey leading the entire crowd; the Minnie leading her competitors in the second class, but with the Una well to windward, and evidently destined to take her lead away. In this position, we passed on in our steamer and stopped at the Staten Island stake-boat to see them make the turn. The following is the order of their arrival there:—

Staten Island Stake Boat.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Lucky.....	11	45	0	Madgie	11	50	30	Sylvie.....	11	56	35
Una.....	11	46	20	Julia.....	11	51	58	Undine	11	58	20
Minnie.....	11	47	50	Haze	11	54	5	Widgeon.....	12	0	8
Irene	11	42	15	Favorita.....	11	55	27	Sea Drift	12	0	48
Bowena.....	11	49	55								

It was a beautiful sight to see the whole crowd of boats cluster together in their progress across the bay. The wind being light at this point, and nearly astern, all were brought within a comparatively short distance of each other. At length, however, the Luckey, which had been twelve minutes in crossing, rounded the stake-boat on the Long Island side, and leaned down with an instantaneous acceleration of speed that carried her far ahead. The Una was next to slowly swing around; and then away she went, swooping down after the Luckey, like an eagle in its flight. Next followed the Minnie, and then the Julia. The Haze, Favorita, and Sylvie, were next in order; and after them came the others, in the same order they had passed the stake-boat on the opposite shore.

After passing the Long Island turn, however, each darted on its course like hounds that had been held in leash, and the wind freshening a little at the same time, seemed to call upon the larger contestants for an exhibition of their extremest powers. The wind occasionally lighted up, however, as if intending to relieve the smaller fry, and altogether, a better average breeze could not have been had, even if manufactured for the sport in hand. Over the stretch between the Long Island stake-boat and the spit, the contest between the larger boats was very interesting, and many who had bet the odds upon the Julia, or whose souvenirs of her victories inclined their sympathies in her favor, were considerably disturbed to see the Haze, with towering canvas and a conqueror's step, overhaul her foot by foot, until she took the lead. The general view of the whole scene was very beautiful to those who were on the steamers in the rear. Covering a distance between two and three miles, the entire fleet stretched out in nearly a direct line, and as their slightly curving sails stood stiffly up in long array, and darted forward into space, they looked like a long row of gigantic scythe-blades reaping the harvest of the wind. They rounded in the following order:—

The South West Spit.

	h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.		h.	m.	s.
Una.....	12	59	0	Sylvie.....	1	4	15	Island Fawn ...	1	8	3
Richmond	1	1	0	Irene	1	5	5	Escort.....	1	9	3
Edgar	1	1	20	Madgie	1	6	45	Widgeon.....	1	11	3
Haze	1	2	0	Luckey	1	7	5	Rowena.....	1	13	3
Minnie.....	1	2	5	Margaret.....	1	7	34	America.....	1	16	3
Julia.....	1	3	15	Undine	1	8	15	Sea Drift.....	1	20	3
Favorita.....	1	3	55								

The Minnie and Haze turned the stake-boat almost at the same moment, and so nearly were they together, that the bowsprit of the former struck the mainsail boom of the latter. At this, there were cries of "foul!" but no injury being sustained by either, the excitement immediately subsided, and the attention was turned to the Julia, Favorita, and Sylvie, all of which made the turn in excellent style—the latter particularly gaining great applause, by turning almost on her own axis.

The run upward, for the Long Island stake-boat, was very animated. The Haze, for a while, maintained the lead, but it was taken from her by the Favorita at the Narrows, and, behind the Haze, followed in order the Sylvie, Una, and Julia. At length, the business of passing the Long Island stake-boat was performed in the following manner:—

Long Island Stake Boat Homeward.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Favorita.....	2 28 5	Julia.....	2 34 55	Richmond	2 36 30
Haze.....	2 30 45	Widgeon.....	2 35 55	Luckey.....	2 38 30
Sylvie.....	2 33 20	Minnie.....	2 36 0	Madgie	2 40 5
Una.....	2 38 55	Escort.....	2 36 20	Irene	2 42 15

Some beautiful manœuvring here took place; and it was here that the Julia did herself great credit. The Favorita passed the stake boat close, made the turn short, and pointed directly for the opposite shore, falling immediately into slack wind. The Haze, on the contrary, ran straight on for a long distance, in order to command a favorable slant of wind. The Sylvie, also, made a long turn. The Una followed with a short turn. Then came the Julia, and by a long, graceful curve, describing but half the stretch of the Haze, cut up at least half a mile of distance. The Staten Island stake boat at length was reached and passed in the following order.—

Staten Island Stake Boat Home.

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Haze.....	3 45 45	Escort.....	3 54 50	Luckey	4 1 3
Favorita	3 46 4	Madgie.....	3 56 29	Rowena.....	4 2 45
Sylvie ...	3 48 40	Irene.....	3 56 40	America.....	4 3 33
Julia	3 48 47	Edgar.....	3 56 46	Margaret.....	4 3 49
Una	3 51 14	Richmond.....	3 57 17	Sea Drift.....	4 7 9
Widgeon	3 53 0	Island Fawn....	3 58 31	Undine.....	4 7 34
Minnie	3 54 18				

From this point the run home was very beautiful, and the crowds that thronged all the adjacent shores, and studded the decks of the innumerable river craft that were awaiting the return, added much to the excitement of the scene. Proceeding onward in advance, the attendant steamers were the first to reach the stake-boat, and there, in company with the thousands who thronged the Hoboken shore, awaited the arrival of the magnificent and stately leaders in the race. At length the Haze appeared, bearing down gallantly under her towering canvas, and passed the stake-boat first amid the thundering cheers of the spectators. Next came the Favorita, to receive a similar compliment; and in due order followed the others.

Thus ended this magnificent affair, and it may be set down upon the record

as decidedly the most interesting event of the kind that has ever come off in the New York waters. It was supposed by the uninstructed lookers on, that the Haze, Una, and Escort took the first prizes of their class; but it turned out that the difference in canvas gave them respectively to the Julia, Rowena, and Luckey. In the evening, the Committee of the Yacht Club met and awarded the prizes; and the following official report of the Sailing Committee was made, which exhibits the results of the race as far as the areas of canvas set, and the times of sailing are concerned:—

		FIRST CLASS.		m.	s.
Sloop Julia beats the	Widgeon.....			19	42
" "	Silvie.....			25	15
" "	Haze.....			32	20
" "	Favorita.....			44	1
		SECOND CLASS.			
Sloop Rowena beats the	Madgie.....			2	11
" "	Una.....			2	55
" "	Minnie.....			6	1
" "	Irene.....			8	43
" "	Undine.....			13	34
" "	America.....			14	24
" "	Sea Drift.....			23	15
		THIRD CLASS.			
Sloop Luckey beats the	Edgar.....			3	45
" "	Island Fawn.....			3	51
" "	Richmond.....			4	55
" "	Margaret.....			7	55
" "	Escort.....			11	14

As protests have been received by the Committee against the Julia, Favorita, Minnie, and Luckey, the final decisions are necessarily reserved until these cases are considered.

On behalf of the Committee,

June 5th, 1857.

CHAS. H. HASWELL.

The Prizes.—The first, a pair of beautiful silver dishes, the covers of which can be used as another pair, splendidly mounted, all of solid silver: the second, a liquor and decanter stand, to hold three decanters, the handles and racks are imitation rope, the feet solid silver dolphins, racks for cigars, and apparatus for lighting, all of solid silver, mounted with several nice little silver sailors: the third, a silver water pitcher and salver, with an imitation rope handle. The outside prize, value 250 dollars, was a beautiful silver wine cooler, an exact *fac simile* of an ordinary ship's bucket. This latter was got up by subscription, to test the speed of schooners, without reference to the amount of sail they spread.

Protests.—The Committee having met to consider the protests, decide that, the prizes in the several classes were respectively won by the Julia, Rowena, and Luckey, and that the Widgeon is the winner of the (outs) prize for the schooners of the first class.

The committee recommend that all yachts entering for a regatta shall be provided with two pieces of canvas, on which shall be painted, in red, the number on the list of entries, one of which their owners be required to secure on each side of the mainsails of their yachts.

HUNT'S YACHTING MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1857.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

IN giving a summary of winning yachts during the past season, some errors perhaps, will appear, notwithstanding the most careful attention is paid to its production; and we call the attention of those owners of yachts that are misrepresented to rectify such errors should any be found in the subjoined tables.

The number of winners this year (including second and third prizes) is more than the preceding, and some that figured in our last list, do not appear in this. This may be attributed to various causes, independent of their racing qualities. On the other hand we have one or two new yachts, that have gained a name on their first public appearance,—for instance, the *Ethel*, a 15-tonner, won four out of six matches she was engaged in; the *Northern Star* also won a prize, and showed some good points.

The *Lulworth* has proved a much superior yacht than she had the credit for,—to be sure she has been altered in her rig, and a considerable reduction made in her mast. Her beating the good *Old Arrow* has stamped her fame as a clipper. By-the-by, we did hear that *Lulworth* was likely to find a new owner; if so, we are

confident Mr. Weld will not be idle, but another, and perhaps even a better, will appear next season.

The Wildfire has maintained her character as a fast vessel, and she stands A 1, in the amount of winnings: she started ten times and won five. She was beaten by Lulworth twice, Vestal twice, and Mosquito once. Her winnings amount to £302, including a challenge cup value £100.

The Mosquito started eight times, winning three; she beat the Arrow and Wildfire in one race, and the Vestal in another, and was in turn beaten by Oithona, Wildfire, and Vestal; and Emmet in a time race.

The Rose of York, a new vessel this year has been successful in two races.

The Vigilant has been busy, and her performances good, winning three races.

The Cyclone is the most unsuccessful vessel of the season, considering the number of times she started. Her owner is entitled to great praise for his perseverance, for he entered eleven times, and winning but twice.

We miss the renowned Amazon in our list, which under the able management of her late deceased owner, Mr. A. J. Young, was very successful last year,

The regattas and matches passed off most satisfactorily, with the exception of the Royal Western of England and Grimsby. In the former a misunderstanding arose respecting the placing of one of the mark-buoys, which for the time caused some trouble to the committee; but it was, we believe, afterwards amicably settled, although some of the yachts refused to continue the contest. In the Grimsby affair a foul took place between the Avalon and Aquiline, and the decision was left to the Sailing Committee of the Royal London Yacht Club. The result caused the resignation of Commodore Goodson, most assuredly one of the best chief officers that ever hoisted a pendant.

With regard to weather, the season of 1857 differed materially from the preceding, which was often boisterous, rainy, and cold, whilst in the present year we had scarcely sufficient wind at times to make a good race. The funds at the various regattas were ample and freely given; but some places were shorn of their amusements by the non-attendance of a sufficient number of yachts.

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Reg Tons	Owners.	Value. £	Leading Yachts.
R. Y. SQUADRON.....	Aug.	4 Lalla Rookh.....	sch	125 Viscount Bangor.....	100	Zouave, Gem
	7	Lullworth.....	cut	80 J. Weld, Esq.....	100	Extravaganza, Caprice, Maritana
R. CORK Y. C.	July 13	Wildfire.....	sch	57 J. T. Turner, Esq.....	50	Mosquito, Tar, Vigilant
	14	Uriel.....	cut	10 E. R. Townsend, Esq.....	10	Imp, Charm (protest)
	14	Vigilant.....	cut	32 J. C. Atkins, Esq.....	40	Tar, Meteor, Antelope, Foam, Julia (time race)
R. HARWICH Y. C.....	June 30	Phantom.....	cut	27 S. Lane, Esq.....	68	Thought, Mars
	30	Violet.....	cut	9 J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	10	Greyhound, Rifleman, Stella, Vesper
	30	Kitten.....	cut	13 R. Leach, Esq.....	21	Vestal, Avalon, (time race)
R. IRISH Y. C.....	June 30	Oithona.....	cut	80 J. M. Rowan, Esq.....	60	Mosquito, Extravaganza, Stella, Cyclone
	30	Vigilant.....	cut	32 J. C. Atkins, Esq.....	40	Crusader, Atalanta, Mabella, Banba, (Foam, disabled)
	30	Dove.....	cut	12 C. Prindall, Esq.....	10	Bijou, Smile, Gipsy
	July 1	Mosquito.....	cut	50 T. Groves, Esq.....	100	Oithona, Extravaganza, Cyclone, Crusader Vigilant
R. MERSEY Y. C.....		1 Kelpie.....	cut	22 T. A. Robinson, Esq.....	30	Banba, Flint, Smile, Waterlily
		1 Bijou.....	cut	10 R. D. Kane, Esq.....	10	Sybil, Gazelle, Wave, Dove, Virago
		1 Torment.....	cut	5 J. Todhunter, Esq.....	6	Medusa, Will-o'-the-Wisp, Tengerair
	June 19	Cymba.....	cut	50 T. Brassey, Esq.....	100	Coralie, (Surprise, disabled)
	19	Charm.....	cut	J. Pole, Esq.....	20	Ranger, Ino
	19	Mayflower.....	cut	G. Harrison, Esq.....	16	Charm, Glide, White Squall, Wasp, Alma, Snake
R. NORTHERN Y. C.....	Aug. 26	Crusader.....	cut	30 J. Spiers, Esq.....	68	Stella, Coralie
	26	North Star.....	cut	26 G. Harrison, Esq.....	30	Kelpie, Zingara
	29	Crusader.....	cut	30 J. Spiers, Esq.....	30	Stella, North Star, Zingara

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rtg	Tons	Owners	Valu. £	Loose Yachts.
R. SOUTHERN Y. C.....	July 24	Vestal.....	sch	74	E. O. Marshall, Esq....	50	Lulworth, Wildfire, Mosquito, Emmet, Extravaganza (time race)
	24	Don Juan....	cut	10	W. Cooper, Esq.....	25	Mazeppe (Pip sunk)
	25	Mosquito	cut	59	T. Groves, Esq.....	100	Arrow, Vestal, Wildfire, Extravaganza, Cyclone (time race)
R. THAMES Y. C.....	June 2	Mosquito	cut	59	T. Groves, Esq.....	100	Extravaganza, Cyclone
	2	Thought.....	cut	29	E. O. Marshall, Esq....	40	Emmett, Phantom, Glance, Extravaganza, Silver Star
	19	Vestal.....	sch	74	E. O. Marshall Esq....	100	Wildfire, Zouave, Aquiline (time race)
	19	Zouave.....	sch	99	R. Arabin, Esq.	50	Second Prize
	July 18	Violet.....	cut	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.....	10	Second Prize
	18	Quiver	cut	12	T. Chamberlayne Esq.	30	Violet, Cormorant, Julia, Emily, Silver Cloud, Undine
	Aug. 10	Lulworth.....	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	100	Arrow, Mosquito, Zouave, Wildfire, Phantom, Extravaganza, Maraquita, Quiver, Vestal, Don Juan
R. WELSH Y. C.....	10	Arrow.....	cut	102	T. Chamberlayne Esq.	50	Second Prize
	13	Zouave.....	sch	125	R. Arabin, Esq.	50	Maraquita
	Aug 13	Flover	cut	31	R. M. Grinnell, Esq.	50	Coralie, North Star
R. WESTERN Y. C..... (Plymouth)	Aug 26	Glance.....	cut	36	G. Banks, Esq.....	80	Thought, Lulworth, Phantom
	26	Vampire.....	cut	20	C. Wheeler, Esq.....	31	Midge, Alma
	Sept 7	Ethel	cut	15	H. E. Bayley, Esq.	60	Vision, Annie
	Aug 5	Rose of York.....	cut	23	R. Clay, Esq.....	50	Rapid, Eagle, Alice Maud, Leda, Cygnet (time race)
R. YORKSHIRE Y. C.....	6	Minx	cut	68	Lord Londesborough...	68	Rapid, (Avalon disabled)
	6	Cygnet.....	cut	9	Capt. Cator,	20	Brunette, Dolphin

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Valu. £	Losing Yachts.
R. LONDON.....	July	2 Little Mosquito.....	cut	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	20	Julia, Violet, Undine, Invicta, Blue Bell
		2 Julia.....	cut	7	P. Turner, Esq.	10	Second Prize
		2 Violet.....	cut	9	J. R. Kirby, Esq.	5	Third Prize
	June 18	Phantom.....	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	50	Thought, Rose of York
	18	Thought.....	cut	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.	20	Second Prize
	18	Rose of York.....	cut	22	R. Clay, Esq.	10	Third Prize
	18	Klitten.....	cut	13	R. Leach, Esq.	30	Zephyrine, Cormorant, Mystery
	18	Zephyrine.....	cut	16	R. Chillingworth Esq.	10	Second Prize
P. WALES Y. C.....	May 19	Little Mosquito.....	cut	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	36	Silver Cloud, Julia, Valentine
	19	Silver Cloud.....	cut	7	R. Hewett, Esq.	10	Second Prize
	19	Julia.....	cut	7	P. Turner, Esq.	6	Third Prize
	July 17	Little Mosquito.....	cut	8	E. S. Bulmer, Esq.	70	Silver Cloud, Valentine, Rifleman
R. BOSTON Y. C.....	Aug	Wild Duck.....	cut	31	W. Tisdall, Esq.	30	Beating three others
		Eagre.....	cut	25	Capt. Bacon, ..	16	Beating five others
		Jenny.....	cut	7	C. Anderson, Esq.	10	Second Prize
BURNHAM.....	Aug 25	Cyclone.....	cut	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq. .	40	Blue Bell
TORBAY.....	Aug 28	Lulworth.....	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	40	Arrow, Mosquito
	28	Vampire.....	cut	18	C. Wheeler, Esq.	20	Ethel, Fawn, Midge
	28	Phantom.....	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	30	Glance, Thought, Ennet
WEYMOUTH.....	Sept 3	Lulworth.....	cut	80	J. Weld, Esq.	50	Wildfire, Alice
	8	Thought.....	cut	29	F. O. Marshall, Esq.	30	Phantom, Ennet
	4	Wildfire.....	sch	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.	100	Challenge Cup—Thought, Phantom
	4	Vespa.....	cut	9	T. & J. Rickman Esqs	15	Alice, Foam, Fanny
GALWAY BAY.....	July 30	Plover.....	cut	31	R. M. Grinnell, Esq. .	25	Fairy, Pet

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig.	Tons.	Owners.	Value. £	Losing Yachts.
TEIGNMOUTH.....	Aug 22	Midge.....	cut	15	Capt. Commerell.....	15	Ethel
GRIMSBY.....	13	Rapid.....	cut	50	A. Bannister, Esq.	50	Aquiline, Avalon
	13	Rose of York.....	cut	20	R. Clay, Esq.....	25	Eagre
SWANSEA.....	Aug 2	Vesper.....	cut	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.	25	Vigilant, Blue Bell, Leander, Romulus, Constance
	3	Vigilant.....	cut	32	J. C. Atkins, Esq.	100	Cyclone, Blue Bell, Leander, Vesper
ISLE OF MAN.....	July 9	Stella.....	cut	42	E. T. Couper, Esq.....	50	Othona, Cyclone, Crusader (time race)
	10	Kelpie.....	cut	22	T. A. Robinson, Esq., ..	50	Cyclone, Crusader
KING'S LYNN.....	July 9	Eagre.....	cut	22	Capt. Bacon,	10	Fairy, Wild Duck
	9	Fairy.....	cut	25	W. H. Lewin, Esq.....	5	Second Prize
BARROW.....	July 13	Cyclone.....	cut	41	W. J. Patterson, Esq., ..	26	Stella, Matilda, Kelpie
PLYMOUTH.....	July 22	Wildfire.....	sch	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.....	50	Glance, Vision, (Vesper disabled)
	22	Secret.....	cut	30	H. J. Waring, Esq.....	25	(Vampire disabled)
	22	Ethel.....	cut	15	H. E. Bayley, Esq.	15	Pixie, Snake
PAIGNTON.....	July 20	Ethel.....	cut	15	H. E. Bayley, Esq.	5	Fairy, Firefly
PEMBROKE.....	July 7	Emmet.....	cut	22	E. Gibson, Esq.....	50	Mosquito, Vigilant, Blue Bell, Leander, (time race)
	7	Flirt.....	cut	18	Capt. O'Brien,	10	Vesper, Flirt
HOWTH.....	Aug 12	Bijou.....	cut	10	R. D. Kane, Esq.....	10	Flirt, Virago, Dove
	12	Kelpie.....	cut	22	T. A. Robinson, Esq., ..	42	Vigilant
	13	Banba.....	cut	20	W. J. Doherty, Esq., ..	42	Vigilant, Atalanta, Meteor (time race)
	13	Flirt.....	cut	8	R. Batley, Esq.....	10	Bijou, Electric, Sybil

	Date.	Winning Yachts.	Rig	Tons	Owners.	Value. L	Loosing Yachts.
DOVER	Sept	Phantom	cut	27	S. Lane, Esq.	68	Thought, Amazon, Cyclone, Zuleika
		Violet	cut	9	J. B. Kirby, Esq.	10	Undine
TENBY	Aug 21	Wildfire	sch	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.	50	Cyclone, Vigilant, Osprey
		Veaper	cut	15	G. A. Bevan, Esq.	20	Gem, Foam
MILFORD	Aug 24	Wildfire	cut	57	J. T. Turner, Esq.	52	Cyclone, Le Reve
CLYDE MODEL	July	Armada	cut	7	J. Dickie, Esq.	20	Bella, Banshee
		Bella	cut	8	R. Walker, Esq.	10	Second Prize
		Leda	cut	6	A. Finlay, Esq.	19	Comet, Pearl, Eugenie, Clutha, (Breeze and Gar-
		Comet	cut	5	T. Steven, Esq.	6	land disabled)
		Fairy Queen	cut	8	J. Grant, Esq.	10	Armada, Maud
PALMOUTH	Aug	Armada	cut	8	J. Dickie, Esq.	6	Second Prize
		Pearl	cut	4	J. & R. Ferguson Esqs.	12	Maria, Leda, Comet
		Francis	cut	5	R. Lyall, Esq.	4	Second Prize
		Lily	cut	4	Capt. Taylor	9	Lily, Echo, Banshee, Will-o'-the Wisp
		Ethel	cut	3	J. Ure, Esq.	3	Second Prize
BIRKENHEAD	Sept	Ethel	cut	15	H. E. Bayley, Esq.	15	Beating three others
IRISH MODEL Y. C.	May	Glide	cut	20	J. Wilkinson, Esq.	20	Electric, Mayflower, Snake, Charm, Wasp
		Snake	cut	15	J. Pole, Esq.	15	Snake, Glide, Mayflower
		Bjou	cut	55	T. Wilkinson, Esq.	55	Glide, Charm, Mayflower
	Aug 26	Bjou	cut	15	R. D. Kane Esq.	15	Dove, Flirt, Virago, Electric, Gipsy, Fanny

Yachts' Names.	Owners.	Times Startd	Times Won	Value \$	Builders
Armada.....		2	1	36	
Arrow.....	T. Chamberlayne	4	1	50	Inman
Banba	W. J. Doherty	4	1	42	
Bella	R. Walker	1	1	10	second prize
Bijou.....	R. D. Kane	5	3	35	Wanhill
Charm	J. Pole	5	2	35	
Comet.....	T. Steven	1	1	6	second prize
Crusader	J. Speirs	6	2	93	Fyfe
Cyclone	W. J. Patterson	11	2	66	Patterson
Cygnat	Capt. Cator	1	1	20	
Cynba.....	T. Brassey	1	1	100	Fyfe
Don Juan.....	W. Cooper	2	1	25	Hatcher
Dove	C. Putland	3	1	60	
Eagre.....	Capt. Bacon	3	1	17	
Emmet.....	E. Gibson	5	1	50	Wanhill
Ethel.....	H. E. Bayley	1	4	100	Moore
Fairy	W. H. Lewin	2	1	5	second prize
Fairy Queen.....	J. Grant	1	1	10	
Flirt.....	R. Battley	1	1	10	Harvey
Flirt.....	Capt. O'Bryen	4	1	10	Wanhill
Francis.....	Capt. Taylor	1	1	9	
Glance	C. G. Banks	4	1	80	Hatcher
Glide.....	T. Wilkinson	3	1	20	Wilkinson
Jenny.....	C. Anderson	1	1	10	second prize
Julia.....	P. Turner	2	2	16	second prizes
Kelpie.....	T. A. Robinson	5	3	122	Marshall
Kitten.....	R. Leach	2	1	51	Harvey
Lallah Rookh.....	Viscount Bangor	1	1	100	Wanhill
Leda.....	A. Finlay	1	1	12	
Lily.....	J. Ure	1	1	3	second prize
Little Mosquito.....	E. S. Bulmer	3	3	126	Hatcher
Lulworth.....	J. Weld	6	4	290	Inman
Maria.....	R. Lyall	1	1	4	second prize
Mayflower	G. Harrison	1	1	15	Fyfe
Midge	Capt. Comerell	3	1	15	
Minx.....	Lord Londesboro	1	1	63	
Mosquito.....	T. Groves	8	3	300	Mare
North Star.....	G. Harrison	3	1	30	
Oithona.....	J. M. Rowan	2	1	60	Fyfe
Pearl.....	J. & R. Ferguson	2	1	12	
Phantom	S. Lane	8	3	173	Pinney
Plover	R. M. Grinnell	2	2	75	Green
Quiver	T. Chamberlayne	2	1	30	Chamberlayne
Rapid.....	A. Bannister	2	1	50	Inman
Rose of York.....	R. Clay	3	3	85	
Secret.....	H. J. Waring	1	1	25	Wanhill
Silver Cloud.....	R. Hewitt	3	3	10	second prize
Snake.....	T. Wilkinson	2	1	55	
Stella.....	E. T. Couper	4	1	50	Fyfe
Thought.....	F. O. Marshall	8	3	100	Hatcher
Torment.....	J. Todhunter	1	1	6	
Uriel.....	E. R. Townsend	1	1	10	
Vampire.....	C. Wheeler	3	2	51	Hatcher
Vespa.....	T. & J. Rickman	1	1	15	
Vesper.....	G. A. Bevan	3	2	45	Rubie
Vestal.....	F. O. Marshall	6	2	150	Inman
Vigilant	J. C. Atkins	9	3	180	Wanhill
Violet.....	J. B. Kirby	4	4	35	Aldous
Wildfire.....	J. T. Turner	10	5	302	Hansen
Zephyrine.....	H. Chillingworth	1	1	10	second prize
Zouave.....	R. Arabin	6	3	140	Inman

A YACHT CRUISE FROM LERWICK TO BERGEN.

IN former days the coasts of Britain were often ravaged by the adventurous arms of the Scandinavian Vikings, whose war-gallies were for three centuries the scourge and the terror of Europe. Olaf of Norway, in one of his plundering expeditions, destroyed London bridge; and, little more than six centuries have elapsed, since the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the counties of Caithness and Sutherland, the Hebrides, and the western coast of Scotland from Cape Wrath to the Mull of Cantire, were subject to the sway of the Norwegian crown. Traces of that rule yet remain in the common speech of the Shetlanders, among whom nearly two hundred words of Norwegian origin are still in ordinary use. No one, therefore, acquainted with the history of the past, can fail to look upon Norway with a lively interest from the stirring historical associations which yet linger around her; and, when to these are added the beauty, variety, and grandeur of her mountains and fiords, it must be admitted that a voyage to the home of the ancient sea-kings, and the cradle of that stalwart Norman race which gave a king, and a nobility to England, presents attractions of no ordinary kind. Such a voyage too, is easily accomplished during the summer season, even in a vessel of very moderate dimensions, though we should not exactly like to attempt it in an 8-tonner like the lively little "Pet," which twice bore her clever and adventurous owner from England to the Baltic. Only a narrow sea separates the Shetland islands from the opposite coasts of Europe; and no better point of departure can be selected for a yacht-cruise to Norway than the safe and spacious harbour of Lerwick, from which, on a bright July morning, we set sail, bound for the mouth of the Bømmel Fiord. Our vessel was a stout cutter of 35 tons, a capital sea-boat, manned by four hands and a steward, and carrying besides, her owner and three friends, amply provided with fishing rods, rifles, sketching materials, and other requisites for making the most of a short visit to "*Gamle Norge*."

It was eight o'clock when we took our departure, and, although we had a fresh and favorable breeze, many hours elapsed before we lost sight of the magnificent promontory of Ness Head, which rises abruptly 700 feet above the waves of the northern ocean. At 9 next morning we were in sight of the rocky island of Udsire, conspicuous from its twin red painted light towers. On getting close to the island, we hove to, and hoisted the signal for a pilot, and soon observed a small fragile skiff

sailing out from the island to board us. There was a heavy sea running; and, in the trough of the waves, we could see nothing but the top of her mast. The pilot was a remarkably good looking young fellow, with fair hair, bright complexion, and tall athletic figure. After taking him on board, we stood away for the Bømmel Fiord, the entrance to which is guarded on either side by low barren rocks, 100 acres of which would scarcely feed a single sheep. With the exception of this utter sterility, the general aspect of the scenery at this point much resembles that of a sea-loch in the western highlands of Scotland. As we advanced, however the landscape improved; clean wooden cottages with tiled roofs were perched among the rocks, and grass and trees, began to appear. We passed several gaudily painted vessels descending the fiord. One of them, in a coat of green, black, and yellow, all of the brightest tints, and carrying every sail set, was yet a most picturesque looking craft, and would have delighted a painter's eye.

Near the snug little village and harbour of Mösterhaven, (above which the fiord assumes the name of Hardanger,) we observed a most primitive looking lighthouse built of wood, painted white, and with a tiled roof, perched upon a cliff, but little elevated above the level of the fiord. Close to Mösterhaven our pilot landed, and we procured another who was to convey us first to Bondhus on the Moranger fiord, and afterwards to Vik at the head of the Hardanger. The pilot who brought us from Udsire to Mösterhaven, a distance of twenty-seven miles, had inherited a double portion of the plundering propensities of his piratical ancestors. He had the assurance to demand £2 for his four hours' work, and we ultimately succeeded in beating him down to 7½ dollars, an exorbitant sum for all that he had done. Like most of the Norwegian pilots, he asked for "schnapps" the moment he came on board, and tossed of a glass of strong Scotch whisky as if it had been water. His successor was an old man, still hale and active, apparently about sixty years of age but, according to his own account, seventy-five, with a face whose skin, in colour and texture, resembled old parchment from constant exposure to the weather. He wore a sou'-wester hat, an old patched jacket, trousers of coarse gray stuff, and a waistcoat of pilot cloth, over which the trousers were buttoned; and he brought with him a bag made of coarse sacking which contained his pea jacket and other articles of clothing.

Above Mösterhaven the landscape becomes finer and more varied; the broad bosom of the fiord is dotted over with islands; innumerable bays and creeks indent its shores; small hamlets and villages nestle in all the more sheltered and fertile spots; the hills and crags are fringed with

wood; and high mountain peaks and snow-crowned ridges begin to appear in the background. The distance from Møsterhaven to the village of Bondhus at the head of the Moranger Fiord is about fifty miles; and, at the point where that fiord diverges from the Hardanger, the scenery is particularly grand and impressive. A green wooded promontory stretches almost across the opening of the Moranger, so that entrance seems at first sight impossible. On this promontory stands the small village of Ænaes, while beyond, steep mountains shoot boldly up from the fiord with scarped and furrowed sides, but with trees springing from every ledge where a little soil supplies nourishment for their roots. On the same side, and a little above Ænaes, is a very lofty and precipitous rock-face dipping sheer down into the fiord; and about a mile further up a most magnificent waterfall, clothing a vast crag with a flowing drapery of snowy foam. We estimated its height at about 300 feet, and its breadth at the widest part at 200. It rushes over the cliff from amidst a fringe of foliage in three separate streams perpendicularly for the first 150 feet, and then dashes into the fiord over a long steep slope of jagged rocks. The lower fall spreads out to a great breadth, and brightens the dark cliff with wreaths and whirls of sparkling foam, which find rest at length after their vexed career in the green waters of the Moranger. The vast water power here developed has been turned to some account by the Norwegians. The lower fall is divided into two portions by a green promontory which juts out into the fiord; and on this stands a rude and primitive saw mill with stone foundations, but built of wood and roofed with shingles. Near it is a still ruder and smaller mill—something like those still in use in Shetland—moved by a small horizontal wheel placed under the shed in which the mill-stones work. Passing Ænaes and its magnificent waterfall, we continued our course up the Moranger, and soon opened on our right the village of Bondhus with its narrow valley cleft in by steep mountains, between two of which lies the glacier of Bondhus, rifted and seamed by chasms and crevices, and with the blue gleam of its ice catching the eye, and marking it out from the adjoining snow-field of the Folgefonde. Our pilot, unfortunately, turned out a thorough imposter. He had never been up the Moranger fiord, and, instead of anchoring at Bondhus, took us up to Fladbø at the head of the other branch of the Moranger; and then gave orders to let go the anchor close to the shore, on which a pretty stiff breeze was blowing at the time. The result was that we got no bottom with 40 fathoms of chain out; and were nearly driven on shore owing to his ignorance and presumption. A Norwegian obligingly rowed out from Fladbø, and told us there was no anchorage, and that

we had already passed Bondhus, a fact which seemed greatly to astonish our Palinurus; but, after the specimen we had had of his knowledge of the Moranger, it was impossible to trust him to bring us to at Bondhus, so we determined to retrace our course to the Hardanger, with which he seemed somewhat better acquainted. It was a beautiful calm evening when we re-entered the Hardanger, and the view looking back towards the mountains around Ænaes was very striking. One dark conical mass in particular stood boldly forward, with its sharp peak streaked with patches of snow, while behind rose a noble mountain range sweeping round in a grand curve, its summits clothed with heavy masses of snow. Here we were becalmed for nearly twelve hours, and then, getting a favorable breeze, rapidly passed the pretty villages of Jondal and Strandebarm, and, at Vikor, entered a long reach of the Hardanger, which had all the appearance of a large inland sea. There is a good deal of sameness in this part of the scenery, but still it is very picturesque and pleasing. Green swells of land, generally well wooded, rising from sweet pastoral valleys; and, beyond these, steep crags and lofty summits with specks of snow brightening the dulness of their grey peaks.

A little above Vikor, on the same side of the fiord, is a splendid waterfall, several hundred feet in height, and with a great body of water. It is almost buried in foliage, and its white foaming stream contrasts finely the green clothing of the mountain side. We heard the roar of this cataract long before we came abreast of it. It is the third grand waterfall pouring into the Hardanger, as, besides that near Ænaes, there is another above Yondal, not far from the spot where a magnificent range of precipices of dark purple rock overhang the deep waters of the fiord. Waterfalls, indeed, form a principal feature in the landscape of the Hardanger; for, in addition to the three principal falls, innumerable minor cascades—from the tiny thread of foam lost in mist before it reaches the bottom of the rock, up to the size of the fall of Foyers,—lend their tribute to its waters. Many of the houses along the banks of the fiord are fantastically painted, generally in the brightest colours. We observed one, the front of which was painted white, the roof red, and the gable end red with a white line around it; another had the upper story red and the under white; and many were entirely red. There is not much level ground; but every available space is taken advantage of for building or farming. The want of animal life on the Hardanger is very striking. We saw but few birds, and these were so shy that they would scarcely let us get within rifle shot.

Near the pretty village of Utne, one of the sweetest spots on the Hardanger, the fiord takes a sharp and sudden bend to the south, and

the scenery increases in boldness and beauty. Utne, with its clean, brightly painted wooden houses, occupies a beautiful situation at the mouth of a green wooded valley on the south-eastern shore of the fiord. Opposite to it is the opening of the Eide fiord, and above it, that of the Sör Fiord, two branches of the great Hardanger, the last of which stretches away to the glaciers and snowfields of the Folgefonde, one of the mightiest accumulations of ice and snow in Norway. We were much amused this morning by our aged Palinurus. After a capital breakfast on beef, biscuits, and coffee, he asked for tobacco; and, on being offered some Latakia, seized a handful that would have filled half a dozen pipes, and deliberately crammed it into his mouth. Certainly for a man of 75 he had a wonderful digestion.

Beyond the opening of the Sör Fiord the Hardanger again stretches in a north-eastern direction, which it maintains as far as Vik. The view up the Sör Fiord is superb; a narrow reach of water trending away for miles between snow capped mountains, those on the southern side being crowned with the eternal snows of the Folgefonde. Passing the entrance of the Sör Fiord, we stretched away for our destination, the village of Vik, still 10 or 12 miles distant. On either side of us were lofty mountains, those on the southern shore very precipitous and barren, and those on the opposite bank sloping up in a succession of rocky terraces thickly clothed with wood. The weather on the Hardanger is very variable: calms and breezes from every point of the compass succeeding each other with startling suddenness. Towards its termination the fiord divides into three branches; the most northerly leading to Ulvik, the middle to Öse, and the most southern and principal to Vik, one of the post stations on the road from Bergen to Christiana. That part of the Hardanger Fiord which extends from Odde at the head of the Sör Fiord to Vik is in shape almost a crescent about 80 miles in length. From Odde by land across the snow-fields of the Folgefonde to Bondhus at the head of the Moranger Fiord is only 12 miles, and yet the distance by water cannot be less than 60 miles, which may give some idea of the extent to which the Hardanger and its various branches and windings indent and diversify the surface of the country.

Shortly before reaching Vik, we obtained a splendid view up the dark and narrow gorge of the Seimadal, the distance being filled up by the snowy coronal of the Hallens Jökelen, upwards of 5000 feet high.

We cast anchor at Vik on the 19th of July, just 48 hours after we had entered the Bømmel Fiord. We were anchored about a cable's length from the shore in 25 fathoms. The great difficulty in the Hardanger is to find anchorage, owing to the extreme depth of the water,

varying from 100 to 200 fathoms, often close up to the shore. The Inn at Vik stands close to the waters' edge, and (for Norway) is clean and comfortable; though those travellers who expect carpeted rooms, cushioned chairs and sofas, and the other luxuries of civilized hotels, would probably consider its accommodation very contemptible. A little further inland is the village of Eidfiord, and a quaint old church said to have been built long ago by a Norwegian lady as an expiation for having murdered her husband. The approach to the village leads across a narrow plain studded with stunted birch trees, then there is a short ascent and another level dotted over with the same scanty vegetation. These flats, about a mile and a half wide, are hemmed in on each side by lofty and precipitous mountains, whose summits, however, are rather lumpy and rounded in outline. Across the valley stretches transversely an enormous mound, 3 or 400 feet high, which appears to have once formed the terminal moraine of a glacier. It is now clothed with birch and fir trees, and cut through by the deep and rapid torrent which rushes from the lake of Sæbo into the Hardanger Fiord.

In the evening five young Cantabs arrived at the inn, having just returned from an excursion to the Vöring Foss, the finest waterfall in Europe. They told us that they had travelled overland from Christiania, boasting and walking most of the way. They complained bitterly of the difficulty of getting sufficient food, and assured us that, but for their fishing rods, they must have been nearly starved. We invited them on board, and set before them a cold round of beef and sundry bottles of Bass's ale, and certainly the way in which they disposed of both meat and drink, bore ample testimony to the justice of their complaints, and gave an appalling idea of the poverty of Norwegian fare. The round never recovered that onslaught. Afterwards we all enjoyed a sociable smoke on deck, and parted late in the evening; they to go on early next morning to Odde, at the head of the Sör Fiord, and thence across the snows of the Folgefonde to the glacier of Bondhus, and we to prepare for an equally early start to the Vöring Foss.

At half-past five next morning we commenced operations by a plunge into the cold green waters of the Hardanger from the deck of the cutter, while two of our acquaintances of the preceding evening were taking a "header" from the end of the wooden quay near the hotel, much to the astonishment and admiration of an assembled knot of Norwegians.

At half-past six we started for the Vöring Foss, each of us having a guide and a pony; and, after a pleasant ride of a mile, reached the beautiful lake of Sæbo, where we embarked in one boat, while our guides and ponies got into another and heavier one. We were most fortunate

in a day; the sky was bright and almost cloudless, and the sun warm without being scorching. The huge mass of the moraine cut through by the impetuous torrent of the Lundaro Elv stretches across the northern extremity of the lake; on either side lofty and very steep mountains dip sheer down into the clear waters, so that all passage except by boat is impracticable. Near the village of Sæbo the hills on the west side of the lake form a smooth wall of rock, where not a single tree can find a resting place.

Sæbo is situated at the southern extremity of the lake on a level alluvial plain where good crops of rye and potatoes are grown. This plain presents its longest side to the water, and gradually narrows inland until terminated by the precipices that overhang the gloomy pass of Hjelmødalen, fit anti-chamber to the perpetual snows of the Hardanger Fjeld: through this gorge the Hjelmøde Elv flows down to the lake of Sæbo, into which it falls on one side of the valley, while, on the other, runs the Lundaro Elv, which forms the Vöring Foss. The view of the plain and village as we approached them from the lake was very striking; everywhere darkened by the long shadows of the mountains, except where a narrow belt of bright sunshine gilded the meadows close to the water. A little beyond Sæbo, we passed a second moraine similar to that at Vik, but on a smaller scale, and several of the rocks that we passed in the course of the day are what are termed *roches moutonnées*, bearing evident traces of glacier action. After crossing this moraine, we entered a narrow but grand rocky defile, which extends for several miles in an easterly direction to the foot of that steep and lofty ascent which leads up to the level of the Vöring Foss. Proceeding up this for some miles, we came to a wooden bridge of a very picturesque, but exceedingly shaky description, which spans the river, here both deep and rapid. It is not above four feet wide, and there is not the slightest vestige of a parapet. Here we dismounted; the ponies were driven across singly by the guides, and we followed. Two and a half hours from Vik brought us to the little village of Veita, built close to the torrent; and another half hour to a smaller hamlet, beyond which the path becomes exceedingly bad, being covered with large stones and long slippery slopes of smooth rock, and in some places so steep that regular steps have been cut, up which our Norsk ponies scrambled like cats. On either side huge blocks of stone detached from the adjacent mountains, hem in the path. Some of these are of enormous size, probably 100 feet square.

On emerging from these rocky masses, we found ourselves on a narrow strip of meadow land, at whose upper extremity the river takes a sudden bend, and seems to be swallowed up in the jaws of a narrow pass

formed by perpendicular walls of rock, shooting up to a great height from the waters' edge, so that further progress by its banks becomes impossible. We now began to wonder how or when we were to proceed; for, on our left were the river and precipices, while, right in front, an excessively steep mountain slope called the Måabuberg, at least 1,200 feet high, seemed to forbid further advance, at least to mounted travellers. But there are no limits to the endurance and activity of Norwegian ponies; and, whoever wishes to know what they are capable of performing, and how perfectly sure-footed they become, should go to Vik and ride from thence to the Vöring Foss on the back of one. Cats are nothing to them; and I have no doubt that one of them might be safely ridden to the top of Ben Nevis, rough, stony, and steep as the latter part of that ascent certainly is. We soon found that the road to the Foss lay up the mountain face in front of us. A rougher path can scarcely be imagined; it is, however, the only very steep ascent between Vik and the Vöring Foss. One of our party dismounted and walked up, beating his mounted companions by twenty minutes. The ascent of the Måabuberg occupies nearly an hour, but the fatigue is amply repaid by the extensive prospect commanded from its summit. On gaining the top we entered upon a level mossy table-land covered with the common and dwarf birch, and with bushes of the crow and cloud berry, from which we had a fine view of the gleaming snow-fields of the lofty Jökelen. After riding along this plateau for some miles, our guides conducted us to some shepherds' huts, a little beyond the Vöring Foss, and 2,150 feet above the level of the Hardanger. Here we saw our ponies stabled, and afterwards entered the principal Saeter, which boasted of two tolerable apartments. In one of these was hung up a collection of pictures, such as we give to children, and an absurd pencil drawing of some distinguished personage all frogs and frock coat, but with most ridiculously diminutive legs and feet. We asked for some milk, which was brought to us in a large wooden bowl about 18 inches in circumference and half as much in depth. This was accompanied by three wooden spoons—one for each of us; and a sheet of fladbröd, as the ordinary bread of the country is termed. Fladbröd resembles in colour and thickness coarse brown packing paper, and possesses about an equal degree of nourishment. It is baked of rye meal in huge circular cakes, which are first folded across, and then a second time folded, and, in this form it is kept and sold. For the milk and fladbröd we paid an ort, or 10d. in our money. On leaving the Saeter we found our guides busily engaged in supping sour milk curds from a great wooden bowl, round which they were sociably seated. We left them engaged in this interest-

ing occupation, and proceeded to a little distance in order sketch the Saeter. The fine arts soon proved a formidable antagonist to the curds, and we were speedily surrounded by all the guides, and the whole population of the Saeter, who watched and criticised our drawings with every appearance of the greatest interest. Our sketching finished, we lost no time in hastening to the Vöring Foss, which is about a mile below the Saeters, and is easily distinguishable from a considerable distance by the light column of glittering foam that is for ever wreathing upwards from the abyss. The river appeared to us about as large as the Clyde at Lanark, and, a little above the great cataract, there is a lofty and beautiful cascade which anywhere else would be considered magnificent; but here it only serves as a foil to the great Vöring Foss. The point from which you see the fall is at least 150 feet above the spot from whence the river precipitates itself into the boiling pool beneath, while the perpendicular crag opposite crested with stunted birch trees rises as much above where you stand. From its summit rushes a slender thread of foam to add its tiny tribute to the fathomless abyss 1,200 feet below, from which a thin smoke of spray is perpetually floating up and overhanging the great cataract with a dewy curtain, while the dripping rocks opposite the falling waters reflect the dazzling and varied hues of a beautiful rainbow. By a little scrambling a spot may be reached from which the Vöring Foss is visible in all its unrivalled splendour. Where the waters first rebound from the precipice, they are whirled out in wreaths of spray, their edges just tinged with the most delicate and tender colors, fining away as they extend till they melt into air, and ceaselessly revolving in circles of snowy foam till lost in the profound gulf 900 feet below. The purity, the matchless beauty of these wheels as of white fire no words can describe, nor sketch adequately pourtray. The Vöring Foss, is the very poetry and perfection of the waterfalls, and alone, amply repays the fatigue and expense of a voyage to Norway. Unfortunately, it cannot be seen from beneath, unless one is prepared to run the risk of being lowered down with ropes, and of crossing the vexed pool beneath in an india-rubber coracle, as an English party are said once to have done.

In the afternoon we rode back across the table land to the summit of the Mäabuberg and, in the descent of the steep and rough zig-zags, our ponies displayed their sure-footedness even more conspicuously than during the previous ascent. We reached Vik at six o'clock, having been away for upwards of eleven hours. Even with the aid of ponies and boats no one should attempt the excursion to Vöring Foss who is not prepared for at least two hours hard walking. We found the charges at

Vik very extravagant; having to pay for our three guides and ponies 32s. Provisions were also dear:—for eggs we paid 9d. a dozen, butter 10d. a pound, and for fladbrød 1½d. a cake, which reckoning by weight, is considerably more than the price of the best wheaten bread in Great Britain.

Next day the weather was very bad; the mountains around were either entirely veiled in clouds, or partially obscured by floating wreaths of grey mist, while the rain poured in torrents. In the evening, however, there was a startling change:—the rain ceased, but it blew half a gale of wind right on shore, and, to our consternation, we found that our anchor was not holding, and that we were rapidly drifting on the rocky beach. We turned all hands up, got sail on the yacht, and were obliged to beat her out into the fiord through the darkness, and in the teeth of the gale. We had got so close in shore that we had scarcely room to stay the vessel, and had any thing gone wrong when the helm was put down, nothing could have saved us from driving on the beach. After gaining a good offing, we again came to anchor off Vik, but a good deal further from the shore, and with plenty of chain out, and rode safely till the morning. We found that the cause of our former mishap had been the chain cable getting foul of the anchor stock. "All's well that ends well," but we certainly made a narrow escape from leaving our smart little cutter to serve as a perpetual model for the boat builders of Vik.

Early next morning we bade adieu to Vik, and sailed for Bergen: the wind was, however, unfavorable, and we had a tedious voyage down the Hardanger. On leaving it, we entered a perfect labyrinth of rocky islands, through which we were to thread our way to Bergen. Most of these are deeply indented by bays and creeks, and, in general, very barren, though, here and there, a few trees and bushes of purple heather break the grey monotony of their surface. The navigation of the numerous and winding channels that surround them is very intricate and perplexing, and the white-painted wooden lighthouses perched upon commanding heights are here absolutely indispensable. Near Bog-holm-sound we had magnificent sunset; a cloudless sky of gold and crimson, against which the fine mountains around Bergen seemed of the deepest purple. The graceful peak of the Lyderhorn and the lofty range of the Løvta-k were especially conspicuous.

The voyage from Vik to Bergen occupied two days, and early on the morning of the 3rd, we came to anchor at the entrance of the merchant harbour not far from the quay and custom-house, in the midst of a crowd of shipping, French, German, English, and Norsk, the most curious be-

ing the "Jagts" from the northern fisheries, large vessels with a single mast, a huge squaresail, and crews of a dozen men each. They are low amidships, curve upwards at the bow and stern, and the prow rises 8 or 10 feet above the deck. Bergen is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque towns in Europe. There is such variety of colour and outline, such narrow streets, such quaint old wooden houses with balconies and projecting roofs, sometimes built upon quays rising sheer from deep water, sometimes overhanging short narrow canals which run up from the harbour, and admit of vessels lying between the houses. Then there is the tall old tower of Haco, and the ancient palace of the kings of Norway, recalling the days when Bergen was a capital,—the dark grey castle of Fredericksburgh on the opposite height,—the long and lofty range of wooden warehouses which once received rich merchandize from all parts of the world when Bergen was one of the five chief ports of the Hanseatic league,—the varied and ever-changing character of the shipping in the harbour,—the fine curve and graceful outline of the mountains that half encircle the city, and the bold sweep of the deep and sheltered waters that bring the commerce of distant lands to her threshold—all combining to form a picture equally delightful from its natural beauty and romantic associations with the past.

The first point that we visited after landing was the fortress of Fredericksberg which crowns a height rising steeply above the custom-house. From this commanding position we obtained an excellent idea of the city and neighbourhood. Bergen is built partly upon a peninsula facing the north, and partly along the shores of two deep bays on the east and west of this peninsula. The bay on the east is the harbour for merchant ships, and that on the west for vessels requiring repairs: the principal shipbuilding yards are also on the west bay. To the south, an undulating well wooded country extends to the base of the mountains, upon whose slopes may be seen the bright looking villas of the Bergen merchants. The warehouses of the Hanse merchants and the castle of Haco extend along the east side of the merchant harbour. Pictorially speaking, there is too much of pure unbroken white in the buildings of Bergen; but their picturesque shapes, steep roofs, and pointed gables in some degree compensate for this defect. The houses are all built of wood, painted, and, externally at least, kept scrupulously clean. The streets are narrow and ill paved, and beside many of the houses stands a water barrel as a resource against fire, while, at intervals of 100 yards are sentry boxes for the watchmen. The old and rude system of water barrels seems likely to be soon superseded by fire-plugs; for, in some of the streets, we saw notices of the position of those admirable safe-

guards for a wooden town. The last fire destroyed 180 houses, and the spot where it raged may still be distinguished by freshness of the tiles on the roofs of the houses that have replaced those which were then destroyed. For the future, all houses built in Bergen must be constructed of brick or stone; and some of those which we saw in process of erection to the south of the merchant harbour were in conformity with this new regulation. Their construction is very curious,—the inner shell is of wood, above that is a rude sheathing of birch bark, and over all a facing of brick sometimes coated with Roman cement.

With the exception of cigars, fish, and Norwegian skiffs, everything is exceedingly dear, and Mr. Greig, the English consul, informed us that, within his remembrance, prices had increased threefold. For a coarse Norsk knife with carved wooden handle, fifteen shillings were demanded, and for a small card case, also in carved wood, such as might have been purchased in Switzerland for a couple of francs, we were charged nine shillings. But, besides being the dearest, Bergen is also the rainiest of Norwegian towns. We have been in a glen in the island of Skye, yeleft Glen Sligachan, (a perfect Shibboleth to English lips,) in which we were told that the oldest inhabitant could not remember a day without a shower, and, truly, judging from our five days' experience, we can believe the same of Bergen. An umbrella and a waterproof cloak are essentials; and whoever wishes to become what Mr. Mantilini expressively terms "a dimm'd moist unpleasant body" had better go to Bergen and spend a week without them.

The fish-market, situated at the head of the merchant harbour, is one of the most interesting sights of this ancient city; and those who wish to see it to advantage ought to go about seven in the morning when the fishing-boats come thronging in with their scaly freight. The fish are brought to market alive, by a very ingenious contrivance. Each fishing-boat tows along by a cord attached to it a small, flat-bottomed, boat-shaped, receptacle, in which the fish are placed; and the sides of this are pierced with holes, through which the water flows freely, so that it is almost entirely submerged as it is towed astern with its living burden. In going to the fish-market, we passed in front of the tall, white warehouses once the property of the merchants of the Hanseatic league. A perfect fleet of fishing-boats, ranged in two tiers, lay alongside the quay in front of them; and, close to its edge, stands a row of tall, upright, mast-like posts painted green, with long black poles slung across them, one end of which admits of being lowered into vessels lying alongside the wharf, when, by hauling on the other end, any article attached may be easily raised and deposited on the quay. It was curious to see these rude

and ancient substitutes for the crane and windlass still standing in the middle of the 19th century.

On reaching the fish-market we found ourselves in the midst of a perfect Babel of tongues, bargaining, chaffering, and abusing with a volubility and energy worthy of Billingsgate. The market and its neighbourhood offer great attractions to the artist. Several of the adjacent buildings are curious and characteristic, many fine studies of costume present themselves, and some of the picturesque Loffoden galleys are generally moored close by. These vessels sometimes bring to Bergen a cargo of wood piled up till it is almost half mast high, and are said occasionally to take back with them a cargo of coffins, using them as packing cases during their homeward voyage. From the fish-market we continued our walk until we reached the shores of an island lake connected with the harbour by a narrow canal, and surrounded by pleasant walks and wooded slopes, with the villas of the Bergen merchants peeping out from among the foliage. It is a beautiful spot, and presents a charming combination of wood and water; yet that large yellow building which arrests the eye by its size and beauty of situation calls up saddening associations, for it is the Hospital for Lepers, a disease, unfortunately, still prevalent in Bergen.

On our way back we visited several shops, in particular that of Mr. F. Berger, a bookseller, whose shop is situated not far from the cathedral. He is an accomplished linguist, speaking English and German with fluency. We found him very civil and attentive, and were introduced by him to the Bergen Athenæum, where we saw *Punch*, the *Examiner*, and the *Illustrated News*. Strangers introduced by a member, enter their names in a book kept for that purpose, and are then entitled to the use of the rooms for a fortnight free of expense. Afterwards we went to the Bergen Museum, which contains a highly interesting collection of articles connected with the natural history, antiquities, and fine arts of Norway. We saw a splendid specimen of that noblest of the falcon tribe, the gerfalcon of Norway, and of the capercalzie, male and female, a fine lynx, the skeletons of several large bears, and a great variety of fishes, reptiles, and minerals. There is also a curious collection of ancient Norsk swords, axes, and armour, and specimens of wood and stone covered with runic characters. Several pairs of the snow shoes or skates in common use were pointed out to us. These are narrow flat pieces of wood, about eight feet in length, tapering at each end, with a strap of leather to attach them to the feet, and the face next the ground grooved. Those used by the Laplanders are of unequal length, and the shortest of the two is covered with reindeer skin, in order to enable them

to climb steep acclivities. We were shewn a beautifully carved wooden bedstead of the end of the 16th, or beginning of the 17th century, said to have belonged to a daughter of a king of Scotland. Whether this legend be true or no, it is a most elaborate and delicate piece of carving. The Museum contains many pictures, most of them very bad, though often having great names attached. Among them we observed a portrait of Jacob Jacobson Drachenberg, the Old Parr of Norway, who lived 150 years; a good landscape by Professor Dahl of Dresden; a smaller Italian scene by the same artist, and a very noble outline drawing of a Pietà, worthy of the best tints of Italian art. But the two most interesting pictures are by Jansen, a Norwegian priest, a pupil of the school of Dusseldorf; the one representing the fair Ingeborge, the heroine of Frithiofs Saga, with a falcon on her wrist, looking out upon the sea, awaiting the return of her hero lover. The drawing is good, the face beautiful, and, with the exception of a little hardness, the colouring agreeable. The other picture represents one of the Norwegian Vikings carrying off a Greek captive. The warm voluptuous character of Southern beauty is well expressed, and contrasts strongly with the bright complexion and fair hair and beard of the Northern warrior. The drawing of the left arm of the young Greek is, however, bad and feeble. We were informed that a new building is shortly to be erected for the better accommodation and arrangement of the curiosities of the Museum.

On a subsequent day, we went to see the first exhibition of the Prize Pictures (chiefly by native artists) of the Bergen Art Union. This association is quite in its infancy, having subsisted for a single year only; the annual subscription is two dollars, and the largest sum as yet given for a picture has been 100 dollars. The prizes are decided as with us by ballot, and the names of the prize holders are affixed to the pictures they have won. Several of the landscapes by native artists shewed great technical proficiency, and an attentive and loving study of nature; and we have no doubt that many of them would bring in this country twice the sum given for them in Norway. The Exhibition did not contain a single specimen of historical painting, but consisted entirely of landscape and *tableaux de genre*. Among the native artists we particularly noticed the landscapes of Mortens Müller and Nils Müller, and of Ecker a Norwegian, long resident in the Island of Madeira. There was also a very promising picture "Children at play," by Bergslien, a Norsk peasant youth, whose genius for painting induced some benevolent individuals to send him to study at Dusseldorf, which appears to be the favourite school with Norwegian artists.

On Sunday we attended afternoon service in the Cathedral, which has no external beauty to boast of, and, internally, is probably the ugliest church in Europe. It is a large building, but there were not above 30 persons present during the service which lasted for about an hour. The officiating clergyman was a fine looking middle aged man, and, like the Lutheran clergy in general, wore a black gown and Geneva ruff. He possessed a splendid voice, and read his sermon with great solemnity and effect. The interior of the cathedral is as white as whitewash and paint can make it. There is a long and lofty nave with a wooden roof totally devoid of mouldings or ornaments of any kind. This is divided from a low aisle by three huge, ugly, octagonal pillars, with the shafts whitewashed, and the capitals painted black. The aisle is partially filled up by several tiers of pews, exactly like the boxes in an Opera house, and the central pew opposite the pulpit has red curtains attached to it. The pulpit is a frightful wooden structure some 30 feet high, which rises in successive stories and rests against the centre of the wall of the nave, while below, it is supported upon the head of a single unfortunate wooden angel, who seems quite inadequate to sustain such a burden. Above the altar, rises a huge wooden canopy, in one compartment of which is a painting of the Lord's Supper, surmounted by a circular pediment, above which is a crucifixion, the whole towering up, almost to the roof, in elaborate and unmitigated ugliness. In front of the altar, and within the altar railings, are two large brass lamps suspended from the ceiling by black rods, ornamented with brass bells at regular intervals; and between these lamps hangs a colossal figure with gilt wings and scanty drapery, resembling a figurante let down from the flies of an opera house rather than a respectable and orthodox angel which we supposed it to represent. This figure admits of being pulled up and lowered down by a ring attached to it, an operation which we witnessed during the baptismal service, the water appearing to be contained in a basin placed upon a wreath held by the outstretched hand of the suspended figure. Facing the altar, at the opposite extremity of the nave, is a large and powerful organ with a fine full tone. It was very well played. Its exterior, however, is in perfect keeping with the general hideousness which characterises the interior of this extraordinary building. There are three parish churches in Bergen, the Cathedral, the Kors Kirke, and the New Church. After leaving the cathedral, we visited the last of these, arriving just at the termination of the service. The congregation was far more numerous than in the cathedral, the passages were strewn with twigs of Juniper, and paint and whitewash seemed in as great favour as in the Metropolitan church.

On our way back, we spent some time in searching out an apothecary, in order to get some medicine for one of our party who had been taken ill at Bergen. We found that there were two compounders of drugs, the one known by the sign of a swan, and the other by that of a lion suspended over their doors. We patronised the latter; and, in spite of his formidable designation, of "Løve Aphothek" found him civil and attentive and able to speak a little English. Besides the two apothecaries, the health of the population is watched over by 16 doctors; and a diploma from the University of Christiania is absolutely necessary before any one is allowed to practice. Even a Swedish diploma will not do. None but Norwegians, or at least those holding a Norwegian degree, are permitted to kill or cure their fellow citizens in Bergen.

Next day the rainy monotony of the weather was diversified by a violent thunderstorm, and we were confined to our cabin finishing sketches, writing up journals, and making arrangements for our departure. The weather was somewhat better next morning, and, at eleven o'clock, we started on our homeward voyage to Lerwick by the mouth of the Kors fiord, which opens into the German Ocean about 18 miles from Bergen. The sky was comparatively clear, and the views of the old Norwegian Capital as we sailed away were varied and beautiful. From a point about a mile to the north of King Haco's castle the appearance of the city is very picturesque. The quaint irregular buildings of the old fortress rising from the sheltered waters of the merchant harbour, forms a noble foreground, while the twin spires of the German Church and those of the Cathedral and Kors Kirke group finely around them. Further back is the tall white range of the Hanseatic warehouses; and, along each side and at the head of the merchant harbour, a perfect forest of masts; while facing the old castle on the other side of the bay are the white walls and spire of the new church, the slopes behind it covered by groups of picturesque and brightly painted wooden houses, above which frowns the ancient fortress of Frederickbergh. But perhaps the most complete of all the sea views of Bergen is that obtained from a point a short distance beyond the extremity of the long peninsula which divides the two bays around which the town extends. This view shews more of the city than any other, and its various buildings form most picturesque and charming combinations. Not far from Bergen, and looking almost like a long suburb, is the pretty village of Nyhava, built close to the sea along the foot of a range of steep hills. It is a favorite summer resort of the Bergene.

On our way to the mouth of the Kors fiord, and while sailing through its narrow and winding reaches, we passed many a charming villa, many

a sequestered parsonage-house and church peeping out from thick foliage, and many a sheltered bay and fishing village built along the beach. Among the prettiest of these villages are Strudhavn, Stargen, Bradholm and Klokevik; but, although every spot of fertile ground is taken advantage of, here, as on the banks of the Hardanger, the general characteristic of the shores of the fiord is extreme barrenness. At 5 o'clock we reached the beacon on Marsten Island off the mouth of the Kors fiord, where we parted with our venerable pilot. They apparently provide for their old men in Norway by teaching them to say "Bout Ship!" and then making pilots of them. This old man seemed still more aged than our invaluable Palinurus on the Moranger fiord. He had lost most of his teeth, and his hair and whiskers were quite white. Pilotage for our small vessel during our short visit to Norway, cost us considerably more than £1 per day; and we had a learned discussion in the cabin one forenoon whether the Norsk word "Lootz," (Pilot,) might not be derived from the Hindoo "Loot," meaning booty or plunder: a question which we leave to the decision of more accomplished philologists.

After a stormy voyage of fifty-one hours against a head wind and a heavy sea, we arrived safely at Lerwick, from which we had taken our departure just a fortnight before. Of this period nearly four days were occupied in the voyage out and home, and ten days were spent in Norway, which serves to show how easily, and in how short a time, some of the finest scenery in Europe may be reached and enjoyed by those who do not suffer from sea-sickness, or object to the confinement and limited accommodation of a small vessel.

A. Y.

AN IMPROMPTU.

O. ask me not, ye lovely girls,
 About the "red, red rose;"
 For on your cheeks, half hid by curls,
 A rose of beauty glows—
 Of beauty far—yes, far more bright,
 Than blush'd where red-rose sprung,
 When first its petals saw the light,
 And dew-drops on them hung.
 Ah, could he call the rose-dew sweet,
 Who once that nectar sips,
 That sweetest sweet, where all is sweet,
 The dew of maiden's lips

New York.

H. D. A

MY LOG FOR 1856.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I have often remarked how inevitably the progress of the cruising narratives that appear in your pages are interrupted during the summer or yachting months. I can well understand this now, for I find it's a very different affair to take up my pen on a long winter's evening, alongside a cosy fire, (and a cigar and a glass of grog if you will,) and as one's fancy wanders over the happy days now past and gone, and the pleasant reminiscences rise thick and fast, to jot them down one by one. It is much easier I say to do this when in winter quarters than while cruising with the ever varying occupations of sea and land to distract one. It's not indolence that prevents me—no, the "*cacoethes scribendi*" often comes strong upon me at sea, but then—I am never alone—and if *one* friend isn't noisy the *other* is, and so writing is out of the question.

By the way Mr. Editor, did you ever take a cruise entirely alone, I mean without a companion of your own sort,—I did once, and never will I do such a thing again. I was caught out in a gale of wind and nearly lost, and serve me right too for my inhospitality;—but this is not to the purpose: with your permission I intend to pick up the end of the yarn I dropped some time ago, and I should hardly have ventured to inflict on your readers a continuation of what I fear is but a stupid recital of an ordinary cruise, but I have really found so much advantage in yachtsmen describing the places they have visited, the difficulties they have overcome, the pleasures they have experienced (the fuller the description the better, however well known, or however little worthy of notice the place may be,) that I am encouraged to proceed.

For instance had I read the interesting notice of Milford by your clever correspondent "*Blue Jacket*," which appeared in p. 228, I could have employed my time during my compulsory sojourn in that part, much more profitably and pleasantly than I did. Again my own humble effusions have, I know, induced yachtsmen in more cases than one, to follow the same track as myself which otherwise had never been suggested to them. If therefore I appear too prolix and minute, in dwelling upon trifling incidents and descriptions, to those who know all these places by heart as it were, I would remind them that there are many in other waters to whom it is new and who are glad of a hint,—and now Mr. Editor, having endeavoured to satisfy my own conscience, I'll carry on if you please. Whereaway were we when we last parted company?

* Continued from p. 248.

I must overhaul my log again,—Ah! here we are off St. Ann's Head, having left Milford this evening (the 22nd of August) about 6 o'clock. Well—we had had enough of Milford for one visit, and with the exception of the Dockyard, gathering oysters on the banks and sketching, the time had passed wearily enough. So our spirits rose with the anchors and though the breeze was adverse we gladly exchanged the quiet anchorage for the open sea, to make a "beating passage," so long as we could "show our nose to it."

Next morning on going on deck early we found Trevoze Head about 20 miles to the westward, we had but a light breeze; but that inevitable uneasy swell so peculiar to the Bristol Channel. I am inclined to think by the way, that with a head wind when making for the Land's End, it is better to stretch out towards the Irish land, as at any rate you have lighter tides and a less dangerous coast.

Towards evening the wind increased, and night set in thick, hazy, and dirty, the wind began its melancholy song in the rigging, the sea was fast rising, and the little vessel lying well over to the heavy gusts began to strain and plunge in the head sea till every thing cracked again. Long and anxiously did all hands strain their eyes for a glimpse of the Longships, but the driving mist and scud obscured every thing beyond a few hundred yards around us, a steamer passing close to us, as we could hear by the rapid beat of her paddles, though we never saw her. At midnight we were close in with the land and could hear the roar of the tide on the rocks,—so, "round she comes again," when at the same moment the watchful mate sings out, "Light broad on the weather bow!" and away we tear and plunge on the other tack.

Yes, there it is, that rugged mass of rock with its solitary tower, the Longships,—that dreaded cape,—the Cape Horn of England, the "Ultima Thule" of channel cruisers; there it now stands before us frowning dismally on the little bark that is slowly creeping round its base, but hark! how the restless waters rolling in from the mysterious south in huge masses, break, and tear, and dash, and melt away in a cloud of dusky foam. It is not pleasant to the ear, neither is it cheerful to the imagination. At last the bright gleam of the light gradually throws its flickering sheen astern of our struggling vessel,—the roar of the surf grows fainter and fainter, and we are round the Land's End! The sheets are now eased up, the yacht raises herself on an even keel, and runs merrily and rapidly before the now fresh and favoring breeze. A glass of grog to "all hands,"—the watch is set, and down the rest of us go to turn into our snug berths, and drawing the blankets over our ears are soon in the "land of Nod," dreaming of pleasures to come, and of

"fresh fields and pastures new." Six o'clock sees us on deck, for the south coast is new to most of us, here is the land in sight, and we are off the Lizard. We have a splendid breeze, and are carrying on to make short miles of it. What a difference a fair wind makes, and how much more pleasant to-day is than yesterday.—Head after head is rapidly passed and as quickly disappears,—we are reeling off good 10 knots, and after a delightful day's sail, our anchor is dropped at 8 p.m. off Torquay in the midst of a fleet of yachts.

Next day is devoted to cleaning, scrubbing, and painting as to-morrow is the Torbay regatta, and we are somewhat in want of a little overhauling after our knocking about since we left Liverpool. We did not go into the harbour though the ground appeared good, and entrance easy; but when the wind is from the southward there must be a considerable swell setting into it; so as we were only remaining a night or two I preferred being afloat outside, intending, in case the wind set in shore, to get underway for Brixham, for there you are always sure of shelter when there is none at Torquay.

On Tuesday, August 26th, was the Torbay regatta, and a lovelier day, or a prettier scene never could yachtsmen desire, a fine breeze—smooth water, plenty of sunshine, and a very pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen on board rendered our day as enjoyable as we could have wished for. Several of the competing yachts and their owners we had met in our own waters in the course of the summer, and of course our sympathies were with our friends, and strange to say in each case they were winners. Fireworks concluded the evening, and the town was unusually brisk and gay. We were early on board, as we had arranged a party to go to Babbicombe regatta on the morrow, and had to be up early.

Wednesday 27th.—After embarking our fair freight, we were quickly underway for Babbicombe, without doubt one of the loveliest little spots on the Devonshire coast. The regatta was a minor affair, but we spent an extremely pleasant day, nor did we come away empty handed, for our gig won the prize given for yachts' four-oared boats. It was now getting late, and I reluctantly got the vessel underway for Torquay again, where our party disembarked about eleven.

Next morning we sailed for Teignmouth and its regatta, and arrived off the town before breakfast time, bringing up about a mile from the shore. Here, as at Torquay, we had some friends and relations, so after breakfast we went ashore to see them. The day "eventuated," as the Yankees say, wet and unpleasant, and the regatta was but tame, only two yachts starting for the chief race; but there were several very interesting experiments with the life-boat and a patent life-raft; Manby's

apparatus for firing a rope and grapnel over a ship in distress was likewise exhibited, but I confess we did not enjoy this experiment nearly so much as the others, for the second time the mortar was fired, the line broke, and the heavy grapnel flying far out to sea, fell *within four yards* of our stern, much to the consternation of the pilot, who was at the helm at the time, bringing the yacht into the harbour, and who evidently thought the shot had been fired on purpose, and that the whole battery would open upon us immediately.

Teignmouth is a very bad harbour to get into, and a wretched place when you are in,—a dangerous shifting bar, a narrow channel, and strong tide rendered worse by a rapid river. It is always my rule however, to go into a strange harbour whenever I have the opportunity, as there is no telling when you may be obliged to do so. We hung on to a buoy comparatively snug, but the tide rushing past us was like a mill sluice, and on going on board that night, tho' we had only to cross the river, a pull of about 300 yards, it took us more than half an hour.

Next day we spent in laying in stores, *mooning* about the place, and saying farewell: at six in the evening, taking our pilot on board, we "up stick; and were soon over the bar. Our pilot (Pontius Pilate we called him, from his general impropriety,) here took leave, shaking hands all round, and using a variety of the most fancy oaths I think I ever heard. He parted with us affably however, and on being presented with a glass of Irish whiskey (a novelty with him,) expressed a wish that "our big jib might always draw;" after which condemning all our optics generally, and vowing vengeance against the man who had fired the shot at us, he fell flat on his back in his own boat, and was conveyed on shore by his mate while we "sheeted home," and pursued our lonely track as merrily as might be. At ten we came to off Brixham, where we went ashore to engage a pilot for the Channel Islands and the coast of France, I should like to have seen more of this quaint old place, as there are some very interesting associations connected with it. Here William of Orange landed, a large stone commemorating the place where he first set foot on English ground. Here too, Bonaparte, on his way to St. Helena was most anxious to be allowed to go on shore, but was not permitted. Here also the celebrated Devonshire clotted cream is obtained in the greatest perfection, and this alone is worth going some way out of your course to obtain. The fishing-boats belonging to Brixham, are perhaps some of the finest about Great Britain, and amongst their crews may be found the primest fore and aft sailors afloat. Shipbuilding is carried on here to some extent apparently. The harbour is a dry one, and not fit for a yacht, being too crowded.

At midnight we made sail for Guernsey with a fine fair breeze which however forsook us in an hour or two, and all next day we were rolling sluggishly on the glassy ocean, with that most unpleasant, and unmusical of accompaniment, the creaking of the boom, and the patter-patter of the reef points. Now and then a catpaw would spread lazily over the surface of the oily water just setting the sails asleep for a few minutes, and then the creakings and jerkings would begin again, and we relapse into our previous state of impatience. To beguile the time, whenever we could lay hold of any breeze at all, we made a point of picking up every floating thing in the shape of boxes and spars, but all the boxes were empty and all the spars useless. It must have been sufficiently puzzling to the numerous vessels around us, to make out what we were about, sailing round and round, like a dog in a fit, or as if we were practising a new description of great circle sailing. At 4 p.m. we sighted the Hanois Rocks—our first glimpse of Guernsey, and most uninviting they appeared. We could plainly hear the sea breaking on them for a great distance, from this point we lost all traces of the breeze, and the tide had all its own way with us, but as night fell we got some light airs that finally carried us up to St. Pierre's or Peter's Port, where we anchored at 11 p.m.

I have before remarked that I think it is pleasanter to reach your destination at night, for you then have the pleasure of anticipating the morrow, and are sure to be up early.

St. Pierre's was so different a place to what I had pictured to myself, and so foreign looking a town, owing to the red tiles of the houses and the peculiar way the town is built on the face of the cliff, that it was long next morning before I could leave the deck and resume my toilet. This, too, it was necessary to pay more attention to than we were in the habit of doing generally, as it was Sunday morning and we were going to church.

A lovely quiet summer morning it was, when we stepped ashore, and being too early for the English service we sauntered out of the town, and through the sweet green lanes and meadows, by the margin of the rippling sea, and where the pure balmy south wind was rustling softly through the long waving grass. We had not a care amongst us, and it was with grateful hearts I'm sure that we turned our steps towards the venerable old church whose bells were now pealing out their invitation.

This evening we went across to the Islands of Herm and Jethou, about four miles away on the former is the celebrated shell beach, where for acres and acres is seen nothing whatever but one bed of beautiful shells many feet deep. We brought away a large sack full with us,

intending to pick out the best at our leisure. On our return along the shore to the boat, the sun was just dipping, and such a refulgent flood of glorious light I never before had the good fortune to see. No one but Turner himself could give the faintest idea of it: it was positively oppressive, and I fancy our little party felt more than we cared to confess, for not a word was spoken for some time, indeed it would have been a sort of sacrilege to admire it as a common sunset.

We were in bed early to-night as we had much to do in the morning.

Monday, September 1st.—We were in the town early and through the market, which is a celebrated one, the fish-market especially claims notice, being so beautifully clean and neat, all the tables, &c., are white marble, and on market days (every Saturday,) it is worth a long pilgrimage to see, I believe.

The streets are narrow, and so steep in many places that it is necessary to have stone steps. The shops are good, and altogether we were much pleased with Guernsey, and came to the conclusion, after seeing both places, that we infinitely preferred Guernsey to Jersey. Every thing is much cheaper, also in the former place; for instance, fruit is not more than one third of the Jersey prices, and the wines and spirits equally reasonable. I should recommend yachtsmen to lay in their stores at Guernsey in preference to Jersey, and he cannot go to a better or more civil dealer than old Cadic, on the quay. Here are some of his prices taken from my bill:—brandy 6s. a gallon and upwards, schiedam 14s. per dozen, claret 15s. to 25s. per dozen, tea 3s. per lb., and cigars and tobacco at apocryphal prices.

On returning on board to breakfast we learnt that a small steamer belonging to the harbour works at Alderney, was going to make a trip to Sark, at half-past nine, and as this was a place we much wished to visit, being incited thereto by a vivid description of it in "Household Words," (vol. xii.), by which it appeared that there was no getting on to the island except by means of a rope ladder; and moreover that we should have many perils and adventures to encounter, we thought this a capital opportunity of exploring for ourselves. We had been hesitating about going in the yacht,—the navigation being so intricate, not to say dangerous. Breakfast over we were speedily on board the steamer, and at 11 a.m. were rounding the "Ile de Marchandes," and anchored in a little creek under such tall precipitous rocks that we began to think it was not improbable we should shirk the rope ladder business; (and, how are the ladies to manage? thought we). Yes, we shall have to be content with the outside of Sark, like the Peri outside the gates of Paradise; but time will tell. Across the mouth of this creek is a

breakwater forming the smallest harbour I ever saw, it is barely large enough to accommodate some half dozen small fishing-boats hauled up on the little shelf of a beach, and for a small cutter of 25 or 30 tons, that plys between here and Guernsey.

This cutter, by the way, we were told had once been washed clean over the little quay, by a heavy sea, the next wave replacing her comfortably inside again without any damage whatever! In this little harbour we are landed, and there, to our great relief we discover the mouth of a cave which has been converted into a tunnel through the rocks, on emerging from which we ascend a winding path up into the country, and reaching the top we staid to rest and refresh ourselves with new milk, which two very pretty Sarkois damsels were selling to the passers-by. We then resumed our walk, beyond measure delighted with Sark, or Sercq as it more properly spelt, and from where we stood we looked down on the most lovely country that can be imagined, a perfect happy valley. There is nothing in Devonshire (which this island much resembles,) at all to surpass, or perhaps equal it, I may say; and a happier or pleasanter day I never spent than when we visited Sark. I look forward to making a lengthened sojourn there some time. I have seen many fair scenes, but I never so thoroughly enjoyed any country or scenery as I have the Channel Islands, and more especially and particularly that tight little island, Sark,—the whole place is unique. Here you are free, to roam where and how you will, to wander by the sea, in roads or lanes, commons or fields, without "let or hindrance;" sea bathing in perfection, and yet in the interior of the island you might fancy yourself hundreds of miles inland.

The chief lion in the Island is the Coupeè which we had some difficulty in finding, and as the Sarkois speak a most peculiar sort of mongrel French we were sadly puzzled when we attempted to enquire our way; none of us moreover knowing much more of French than they did of English. We however managed to find the snug little inn kept by Madame Haslehurst, and where we had the freshest of bread, butter, fruit and porter, (no spirits are sold on the island); after which we were directed by our excellent landlady to the Coupeè which was close at hand. This is a natural bridge that connects Great and Little Sercq, about 500 yards long, and less than a couple of yards wide, and as it rises perpendicularly nearly 400 feet from the level of the sea, on both sides, it requires a clear head and steady foot, to cross it comfortably.—I believe formerly the width of this footway was even less (about 2 feet), but the ridge has either fallen or been cut since then.

We were shewn an old cannon lying in a road not far from here with

the following pretty history connected with it :—"A convivial soul resided on Little Sark, and being almost the only inhabitant of it, he was driven to seek for kindred spirits on the mainland (if so small a piece of the world as Great Sark may be so termed). Now when this jolly bacchanalian found towards the close of the evening, that he was shaky about the legs and head, not sure footed, in fact which would sometimes be the case, owing to the salmon at dinner possibly, or from seeing his friends getting "screwed", he wisely thought it advisable to experimentize on himself before venturing across the narrow Coupee. If he could manage to walk on the gun backwards and forwards without slipping off, all right, and away he trudged home, if not, he barked his shins. and was obliged to lay down and sleep it off, at least sufficiently so for another trial."

There is only one church, which is in the diocese of Winchester, and no village or town in the island, which is about three miles and a half long, and one and a half at the broadest; is governed by "the Seigneur," who appears almost a king, his subjects numbering about 700. They have their own form of government, tho' in some measure, I believe, subject to Guernsey. There is no public house on the island, and murder and suicide has never been known, and I repeat again, this enchanting little island is a perfect realization of the "happy valley." After roaming about all the afternoon we were reluctantly compelled to turn our faces towards the little harbour again, as we were to leave at five; and returning by the same road, tho' with ever new pleasure we sauntered over the hill, watching the colours of sea and sky, and the varying effects of sunlight. Jersey lay in the distance, and beyond it, clear and distinct, the coast of France, with a shoal of white sailed fishing boats creeping about in the light breeze. Farewell! dear primitive little Sark,—I wonder shall I ever visit your tranquil valleys again, or with the same fresh delight.

We had a boisterous passage across to Guernsey in the steamer, most of our fellow passengers prostrate with the "*mal de mer*," and it was eight o'clock before we were in Guernsey harbour,—right glad were we to get on board our own comfortable vessel, to rest our weary limbs, for we were downright tired with our rambles, so it was "a glass of grog and turn in" early after supper as usual.

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF WALES YACHT CLUB.

THE annual dinner of this club, on the 18th November, which was attended by a numerous company. R. Hewitt, Esq. (the Commodore) in the chair and E. Knibbs, Esq. (the Vice-Commodore,) and A. Turner, Esq. in the Vice-Chairs. The spread was most ample, embracing every luxury in season, reflecting the greatest credit on Messrs. Eglington and Co., the proprietors of the Freemasons' Tavern, the head-quarters of the club.

The chairman having proposed the usual loyal toasts, which were duly responded to, the "National Anthem" was sung by the Professionals.

Mr. Logie then rose and said, He was one of the earliest members of the Prince of Wales Yacht Club—one of those who met some five or six years back at the Folly House, and established a club, then consisting of some seventeen or eighteen members. Never did they—even those who were most sanguine—think that out of that little body would arise so great a club,—a club numbering 300 members, and he hoped that, if the same care and attention were bestowed to its interests as had ever been shown by its officers they might yet see it at least the second Yacht Club in the metropolis. That it would take the lead of all no one could expect while such a monster society as the Royal Thames Yacht Club, was in existence; and he was proud to see around him among their own members, many belonging to that great institution, which had ever been most affable to its young neighbour, the Prince of Wales Yacht Club. There was also a club which had ever been kind to them; he meant the Royal London Yacht Club, with whom he (Mr. Logie) thought, they might yet compete, if not surpass. He hoped they might ever go on gaining greater power, and he felt confident, when he looked at the vast number of gentlemen assembled that evening, that by the end of next season they would be second only to one other similar institution. He felt the greatest pleasure in giving them "Prosperity to the Prince of Wales Yacht Club, and may it flourish a thousand years." Long and loud were the cheers that followed.

Mr. Burney in proposing "the health of the Commodore," said there were many kinds of commodores,—there was the speaking commodore, the useful commodore, the ornamental commodore, and the active commodore. They would all agree with him that Mr. Hewett possessed two of those qualities, useful and active, he combined the qualities of the thorough sailor with the perfect gentleman; and he (Mr. Burney) felt assured that all due honour would be paid to the toast.

The toast was most enthusiastically drunk, and the worthy commodore in returning thanks said, It was much easier for a person to speak of another than to speak of himself. He felt proud of the position in which the club had placed him, and of the continual confidence which was reposed in him; and, although he had frequently thanked them for a similar compliment to that which had been passed on him that evening, it had never afforded him greater pleasure.

Mr. Herring proposed "the health of the Vice-Commodore." He said Mr. Knibbs was one of the original promoters of the club, and like his worthy chief officer, a thorough sailor; always at his post; added to which, his great kindness and obliging manners secured the friendship of every person in whose company he cruised. He might confidently say that Mr. Knibbs was "the right man in the right place."

The Vice-commodore in his usual quiet manner returned thanks.

Mr. Legge in a very able speech paid a deserving compliment to Mr. P. Turner, (the Treasurer,) for the able and satisfactory manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office. He had endeared himself to the members by his strenuous exertions in promoting the well doing of the club and by his gentlemanly conduct to all. He concluded by proposing the "health of Mr. Turner."

Mr. Turner who was indisposed, expressed his inability to thank them in terms sufficient to convey the full appreciation of the honour just conferred on him. He would continue to use those exertions for the prosperity of the club, which had gained their approval. (Cheers.)

"The health of the Secretary, Mr. R. Sadleir," having been proposed and honoured amid great applause, he replied he was much gratified by the kind feeling displayed by the members present, as it convinced him that his services, during the short time he had been in office, had been devoted to the right course—the welfare of the club. He should endeavour to deserve their approbation.

Several other toasts followed, including the healths of Dr. Berncastle, the late Commodore, and Mr. C. F. Chubb, the late Secretary, both of whom are now residents of Sydney.

The evening's enjoyments were prolonged to a late hour.

ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB.

THE annual dinner of the above club was celebrated on Thursday evening, November 26th, at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, which was presided over by A. Arcedeckne, Esq., Rear-Commodore. The room was very tastefully fitted up with flags of all nations, interspersed with the colours of the different yacht clubs of the kingdom. After the removal of the cloth the Chairman said—Gentlemen, no toast gives greater pleasure than the one which I am about to propose, and which is always given first at all dinners. Her Majesty's goodness has made her generally beloved, and her fame has made her known, not only in every home throughout the islands of Great Britain, but also over every part of the known world. I feel the greatest delight in giving you "Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

The toast having been drunk with every demonstration of loyalty.

The Chairman then said,—The next toast which I have the pleasure of giving is rather a numerous one. First of all comes the Prince Consort, late Prince Albert. His actions have made him much liked, and I'll not detain

you to talk about him, but will go at once to the Prince of Wales, who is now coming into note. I hope he will be a good sailor, and uphold the cause of yachting. He gives promise of being a fine young man, and I hope he may prove such. I give you "The Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family."

The next toast was "the Army and Navy," which the chairman introduced by saying—Within the last few years it has not fallen to the lot of the navy to gain any laurels, except in a little affair over in China, but I'm sure that had the chance been afforded them they would not have been backward. The army, however, has been specially favoured, if I may so term it. Look at Havelock (the applause at this moment was very great,) they've made him a baronet; why a man like him deserves to have a pension of £10,000 and an earldom. I'm one of your go-ahead Reformists. I've just left America; they call that a free country; so it is; but its not half so free as Old England, then why don't we treat our heroes better? Many a man for doing less has had more, and I repeat, and mean it, too, that Havelock deserves an earldom, and our heroes generally ought to have greater encouragement. I will give you the toast of "The Navy and Army, with three times three," and I will couple with it the name of my friend, Captain Robertson.

The toast was drunk with great applause, and a long continued cheer was added for General Havelock.

Captain Robertson having returned thanks.

Mr. Arcedeckne on rising to propose the next toast said—Some fifty years ago, you might have often seen yachts—little things you know—proceeding on the meandering bosom of "that silvery stream," the Thames, to Woolwich or thereabouts. Every little hatch-boat then was called a yacht, and people took everybody with a checked shirt, trousers, tight at the knees, and straw hat, to be a yachtsman. Yachtsmen were very humble in those days; but now a yachtsman is decked up like a man-of-war's man, and covered all over with buttons. (A laugh.) Talking of buttons, I was down at Portsmouth once, and saw a man with gold stripes and smothered in buttons. A friend of mine said to him, "Well, you're either *somebody* or else you're *nobody*," and as it turned out he happened to be *nobody*. (Laughter.) We're assembled here to-night to enjoy ourselves, as a fellow ought to do at an annual dinner. We're assembled here to commemorate the establishment of a Yacht Club second to none in the kingdom. (Cheers.) About the year 1837 this club had its origin, and it has gone steadily on till we now number 600 members, rather a large number, and many of us float our banners on the Thames. Mr. Goodson was a great friend of mine; he made the club what it is, and I regret to find that he has left us, for I am sure that no one performed his duties better than he did—no one was more able to fill the office of Commodore, and he was always at his post. (Cheers.) Now, to come back again, we've as many yachts as any club; we're all jolly fellows, and I'll give you "Prosperity to the Royal London Yacht Club, and long may it flourish."

This was followed by the toast of "The Corporation of the City of London." Mr. Valence returned thanks.

Mr. A. Crossley rose and said—Very few words of mine are required to do justice to the toast which I am about to propose. Our worthy chairman is well known to you all. (Hear.) And not merely known to the members of the club, but throughout the length and breadth of this land, and all over Europe and America. He has held many high offices, is canvassing, I believe, for the borough of Harwich. He has ever been a patron and friend to this club, and I am confident you will do justice to the toast which I now propose—"The health of our worthy Rear-Commodore, A. Arcedeckne, Esq." This toast was most rapturously received.

Mr. Arcedeckne rose to return thanks, but several minutes elapsed before he could proceed—cheer after cheer made the neighbourhood of St. James resound with the enthusiasm of the Royal Londoners; when silence was restored he said—There are occasions when a fellow feels nervous, and this is one of them. You will hardly fancy that I am a nervous man after the brazen manner in which I have addressed you this evening, but I am as timid as a deer. Mr. Kirby, your Vice-Commodore (after Mr. Goodson had retired,) not coming among you, I was asked to take the chair this evening, at first I said "No," and after considering I said "Yes," and here I am in the chair. Its an easy matter to get into the chair, but you have to get well out of it again, and that is no easy matter. You have taken me quite unprepared I have not had time to write out a speech. (A laugh.) If ever the borough of Harwich does return me I shall address them in this manner. The other day I addressed a body of *free and independent electors*, and among them I recognised an old friend of mine who had been in the House for forty years; he was always considered the most sensible man in that House. Now, it never mattered what a debate was about, the only word he ever uttered being "No," and by that means he maintained his character for sensibility during all that period. (Laughter.) I thank you most sincerely for the cordial manner in which you have drunk my health. After long cheering he again resumed—I have got a few words to say respecting what has happened to me within the last few months. My friend, Mr. Grinnell, a member of this club, asked me to pay a visit to America with him, and I agreed. I had forgotten to state that I had heard of the New York Yacht Club having elected me an honorary member. The moment I stepped ashore they ran up the flags of the Royal London and Royal Harwich Yacht Clubs and greeted me most cordially. Perhaps you thought that by my going over there I was neglecting my post of Rear-Commodore of this club; but I thought I could make your name better known by going rather than by stopping in the river Thames. Though America is at the present in considerable difficulties, yet she goes hand in hand with another great nation which, of course, shall be mentionless. They invited me to two or three dinners. Now they were something like dinners, and such venison—none of your haunches, but a whole deer, and other good things. Then there was toddy, and we drank till we could not drink any more, and yet went home sober. Now that's what I call true hospitality. Some people think that hospitality consists in drinking a quantity of sherry and champagne, getting home to bed with a

fearful headache, and waking up in the morning with ditto, and vivid recollection of the events of the preceding evening; but we went to bed like sensible beings, I shall never forget the kindness of the members of New York Yacht Club, and I am sure that any gentleman who goes to the capital of the United States will meet with the same hearty reception. When I left they hauled down the colours of the Royal London and Royal Harwich Yacht Clubs, and nailed them on the walls of the New York Yacht Club-house where they are for ever to remain. (Loud cheering.) I now come to the yacht clubs of the United Kingdom, whose name is legion. Of them I have not much to say; but I feel assured that I, in my office of Commodore of the Royal Harwich, and every other yacht of Great Britain will ever be most happy to give you a hearty welcome. Gentlemen, I am about to give you "The Yacht Clubs of the United Kingdom and all Foreign Yacht Clubs, coupled with the New York Yacht Club.

This toast was received with immense cheering; indeed, throughout the speech the chairman was warmly greeted.

Mr. Eagles, the respected Treasurer, proposed the "health of the Vice-Commodore, J. R. Kirby, Esq.," and stated that the absence of that gentleman was caused by a family bereavement.

Mr. Crossley—Had great pleasure in proposing the next toast, which was one that would elicit a hearty response from all present:—He would give them, "The worthy Treasurer, George C. Eagles, Esq., and the officers of the Royal London Yacht Club." (Loud applause.)

Mr. Eagles returned thanks, regretting that they had lost their chief officer, and that they mustered so few that evening. The club had not long since sustained a serious loss in the way of funds, but they had now a large sum of money in hand, and he hoped their lists would continue to fill with new members.

The Chairman rose and said—There is a gentleman on my right hand whose father was the greatest friend that Robert Burns ever had. I have no doubt that many of the members present went down to Manchester, and all must have admired the admirable arrangement displayed in every department of the building. The Exhibition of 1851 was a great and a glorious undertaking, and the Crystal Palace at Sydenham also ranked among the world's greatest buildings; but the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition may vie with them in the order displayed within its walls. One of the chief persons connected with the raising of that structure was Mr. Peter Cunningham, who has acquired great celebrity. Anything I can say will not do justice to the toast, and I therefore at once give "Literature and Mr. Peter Cunningham."

The toast was received with great applause, and Mr. Cunningham, who was also hailed on rising with cheers. In the course of an able speech he congratulated the club upon the eloquence of their Rear-Commodore; spoke of his hospitality and yachtmanlike qualities; thanked them for drinking to his health; and concluded by proposing "The Press." Several other toasts followed, and a more joyous meeting has seldom been.

YACHTING IN CANADA.

ROYAL CANADIAN YACHT CLUB.

The regatta came off at Toronto, on the 26th of May last, for the Queen's Cup, presented by the Corporation. The course was from a line opposite Ree's Wharf to a buoy in the Humber Bay, from thence round a buoy on Gibraltar Point, and then return to a boat moored off the Club house. This was run over twice, making in a direct line, about eighteen miles, which, of course, does not include the distance run in tacking.

Being so early in the season, the number of yachts entered for this race was not so large as at a later period might be expected.

The following came to the starting-buoy:—

Numbered as in Hunt's Universal Yacht List for 1857.

No.	Yachts. Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners' Names.
	Queen	sloop	8	J. T. Kerby, Esq.
7	Osprey	schooner	9	S. T. Green, Esq.
2	Wave.....	mudian	6	T. S. Robertson, Esq., Vice-Com.
8	Cygnet	schooner	8	E. M. Hodder, Esq., Commodore
12	Rivet	schooner	16	J. Henderson, Esq., Captain

At 11 o'clock the wind was light and variable, but the vessels went off in beautiful style; in fact it was observed by competent judges, that the start could not have been better. About 12 o'clock the wind became more steady and at the time of first rounding the boat off the Club house, it had increased to a pretty stiff breeze. The first round was completed as under:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wave	12 24 40	Rivet	12 43 50
Osprey.....	12 38 20	Queen	12 52 35
Cygnet	12 45 0		

The Wave, it will be observed, had the lead, which she maintained during the race. She was handled with a great deal of skill, and her sailing was admirable. The following is the time at which the yachts came in to the winning buoy:—

	h. m. s.		h. m. s.
Wave	2 3 38	Queen	2 14 3
Cygnet	2 6 03	Osprey and Rivet not timed.	

On Saturday, August 29th, the annual Yacht Race of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club came off. The prize was a splendid Silver Cup, given by the owners of the new boats, and valued at 600 dollars. The race took place in the Bay of Toronto, and the course marked out covered about 23 miles, starting from two buoys, moored on a line with the Club-house and Gibraltar Point, then round a buoy at the upper end of the bay, and back again, keep-

ing the harbour buoys on the port hand, then round the lighthouse, and down the island on the lake side, rounding a buoy opposite Privatt's; then back again to the winning-buoy between the flag-boat and the Club-house, a distance of 33 miles.

The following boats were entered for the contest :—

No.	Yacht's Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
	Fairy	sloop	5	C. Heath, Esq.
2	Wave	mudian	6½	T. Robertson, Esq.
12	Rivet	schooner	16	J. Henderson, Esq.
	Queen	schooner	8	H. McCrea, Esq.
	Sea Gull	schooner	17	— Stevenson, Esq.
8	Cygnat	schooner	8	E. M. Henderson, Esq.
11	Prima Donna	sloop	10	A. Munro, Esq.
1	Nora Creina	schooner		Major Magrath
	Dancing Star	lugger	6	— Bolton, Esq.
	Storm Queen	sloop		C. Grasset, Esq.

The hour agreed upon for the start was 1h. p.m., and at that time a large collection of Colonial beauty and fashion had congregated, and a number of small craft were afloat, manned with blue jackets of all sizes and patterns. It was near half-past 1h. before the signal gun was fired, and then there blew up rather too much of a gale from the south-west, which point was dead against the squadron at the start. This was a contingency which they were not prepared for; and several had to put back to repair damages, and thus lost their chance of the prize. Among them was a crack boat called the Queen; her majesty losing her jib halliards, and being compelled to put back to her moorings in a bad plight. The Cygnat was caught in the squall, when opposite the Humber, and carried away her peak halliards, and also the jaws of the gaff. She had to crawl back again. The little yacht Fairy also got into trouble, and returned. The race was thus confined to the Rivet, the Sea Gull, and the Wave. The former, after passing the first buoy, took the lead and kept it, and increased her distance so as almost to make her sure of the prize; but, unfortunately her helm was not attended to at the critical point, and she lost her advantage, and was unable to fetch up again in the teeth of the wind. The Sea Gull thus obtained the lead, and kept it coming home, but closely followed by the Rivet, the little Wave being third; but as she was the smallest of the trio, she was awarded the prize. The Rivet 16 tons, Sea Gull 17, and the Wave 6½ being allowed 10 minutes and a half and it was decided that she had won by 10 seconds. Previous to the start, betting was 3 to 1 on the Wave against all the others. She is a beautiful little craft, built at Toronto, and can beat anything of her size in the Provincial waters of Upper Canada. The Rivet is a beautiful craft, built at Clyde, Scotland, and cost 3,000 dollars. The Sea Gull was built at Hamilton, C.W., and is a crack boat, combining beauty and speed. The distance was done by the winner in three hours.

In the evening the gentlemen of the Sea Gull were invited to a great dinner, prepared in the Club-house, who, together with the members of the

R.C.Y.C., numbered over 60. Toasts were drunk to the Queen, the President of the United States, Sir William Eyre and lady, the Administration, the Army and Navy of England and America, the Commodore of the R.C.Y.C., and yachtsmen generally.

Another regatta took place on Friday, the 11th September, it was got up by the Union Rowing Club of Toronto, under the patronage of his Worship the Mayor, with most gratifying success, and the parties engaged deserve the highest encomiums for the spirit in which they conducted the arrangements. The fine steamer Highlander was chartered by the Club for the accommodation of the members and their friends; and about half-past one o'clock she steamed out into the bay, and took up her station at a little distance from the flag-boat (the yacht Undine, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the Committee by her owner George Ewart, Esq.,) which was gallily decorated with flags, and presented a very fine appearance; on board of her were his Worship the Mayor, who acted as Judge, and the Committee.

The day was a beautiful one, regular "Queen's weather," there being a nice breeze from the S.S.W.

The first item on the list was a yacht race for a prize of 100 dollars, for which the following yachts were entered:—

Yachts' Names.	Rig.	Tons	Owners.
Rivet.....	schooner	16	Jas. Henderson, Esq.
Cygnat.....	schooner	8	E. M. Hodder, Esq.
Queen.....	schooner	8	H. McCrae, Esq.
Canada.....	sloop	20	S. Sherwood, Esq.
Prima Donna.....	sloop	10	Alex. Monro, Esq.
Fairy.....	sloop	5	C. W. Heath, Esq.
Dancing Star.....	lugger	6	W. S. Boulton, Esq.

At 1h. 30m. precisely the yachts got under way with a fine breeze, and proceeded down the bay, to a buoy off Privatt's hotel, rounding this, they beat out to a buoy off the river Humber; then with a free sheet, along the island to a buoy in the lake off Privatt's, and then home to the flag-boat, making a distance of about twenty-two miles.

The Rivet was the first off, closely followed by the Canada, and Prima Donna; and as the interest of the race was centred in these three, I shall confine my remarks exclusively to them, the other boats being altogether out of the race, although one or two of them persevered to the end. As I was too much occupied with the rowing matches to keep the time, I shall be unable to furnish you with the time of rounding the various buoys, but give you a description of the race. After rounding the buoy off Privatt's, (which they did in the same order as they started), the boats headed to the W.N.W., with a fine breeze from the S.W. They stood on in this manner

to the buoy off the Humber; here the Canada took the lead, which she maintained in gallant style all the way down the lake to the buoy off Privatt's with the Rivet second, and the Prima Donna close up. At this point many bets were offered on the Canada, and they were soon taken by the friends of the Prima Donna, who had every confidence in her. After rounding the buoy, the position of the boats was almost immediately changed, the Prima Donna (which boat was handled in a thoroughly seamanlike style) taking the lead, which she kept, continually gaining on the other boats, till she reached the flag-boat, which she turned at 4h. 5m. 2s. (being greeted with a tremendous round of cheering, her young and spirited owner being very popular, and "all hands" were delighted at his success); the Canada was second, and the Rivet third.

The time of their arrival was as follows:—

	h. m. s.				h. m. s.		
Prima Donna	4	5	2	Rivet.....	4	15	7
Canada went on the wrong side and was not timed.							

The Rivet having to allow the Prima Donna six minutes for difference of tonnage, it will be seen that the latter was victorious by 17 minutes.

Immediately after the start for the yacht race, the rowing races commenced with a champion race for the championship of the bay, and a purse of 60 dollars, to which the popular and efficient Chief Magistrate added a very handsome chased silver cup, for boats pulling one pair of sculls; distance two miles. Three boats entered, but only the following two came to the "scratch," viz: Mr. Thomas Tinning's Sneakaway, owner; and Mr. R. Stowger's Britannia, owner.

There was a good deal of betting on this race. Tinning, who is champion, was born and bred in Toronto, while Stowger is a Newcastle man. What added materially to the interest of the race, was the fact, that the men had pulled a similar race last year, and though the victory was claimed for Tinning, yet, owing to the closeness of the struggle, a good deal of feeling was evinced, many thinking that Stowger was the better man: so both men having plenty of friends, the betting was quite spirited. This was a finely contested race from the start; Tinning, who pulls a most beautiful stroke, starting away with the lead, but was soon caught by Stowger, and now commenced a most severe struggle; first one boat was a little in advance, and then the other. Thus they kept, until rounding the buoy, when Tinning shot ahead, and was never caught; winning after a gamely contested race, in 16 minutes and 30 seconds, thus proving himself worthy the high honour of being the Champion of Toronto Bay, a position which he is prepared to maintain against all comers.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "New Dinghy for Small Yachts," and several other articles stand over till next publication.

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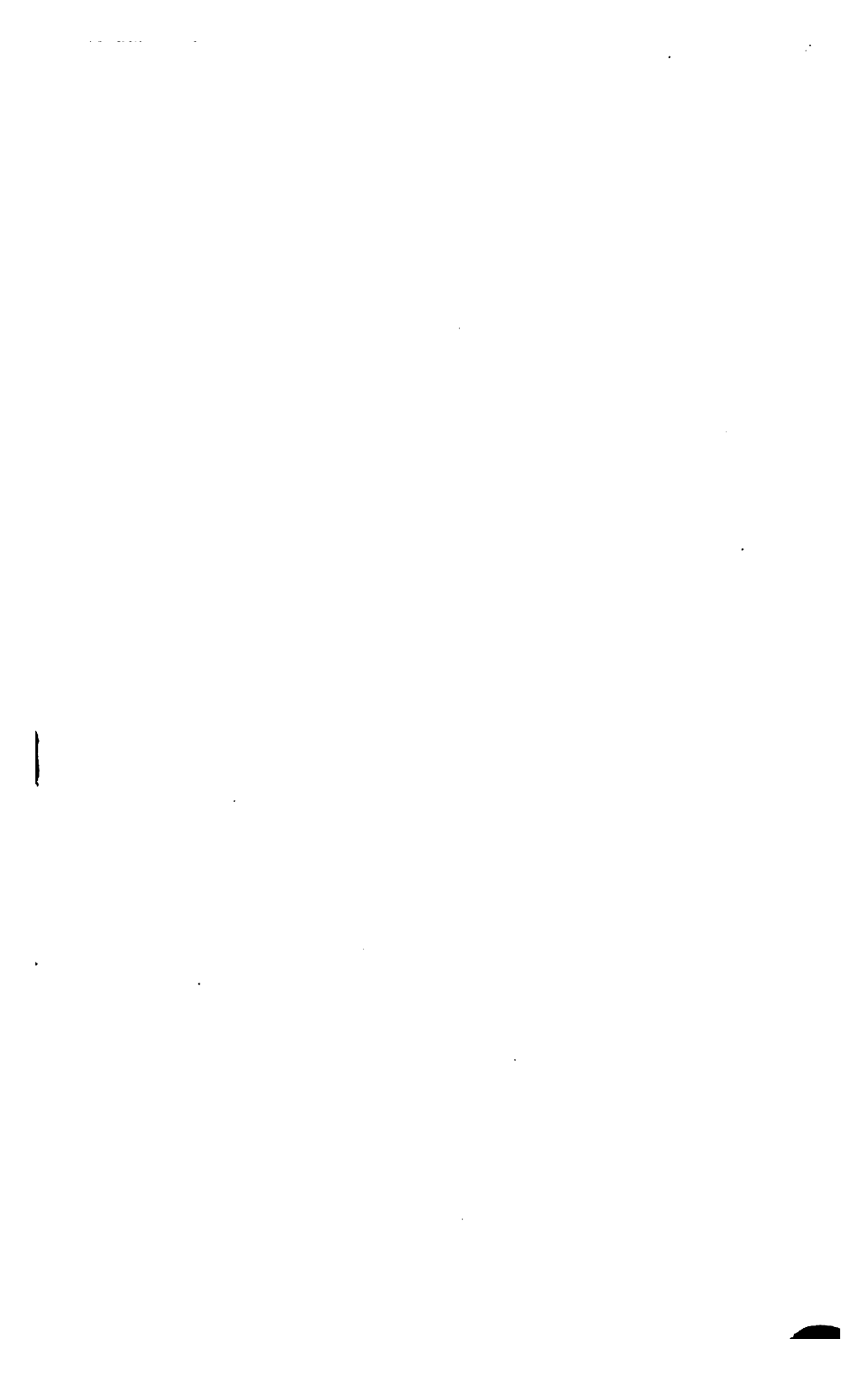
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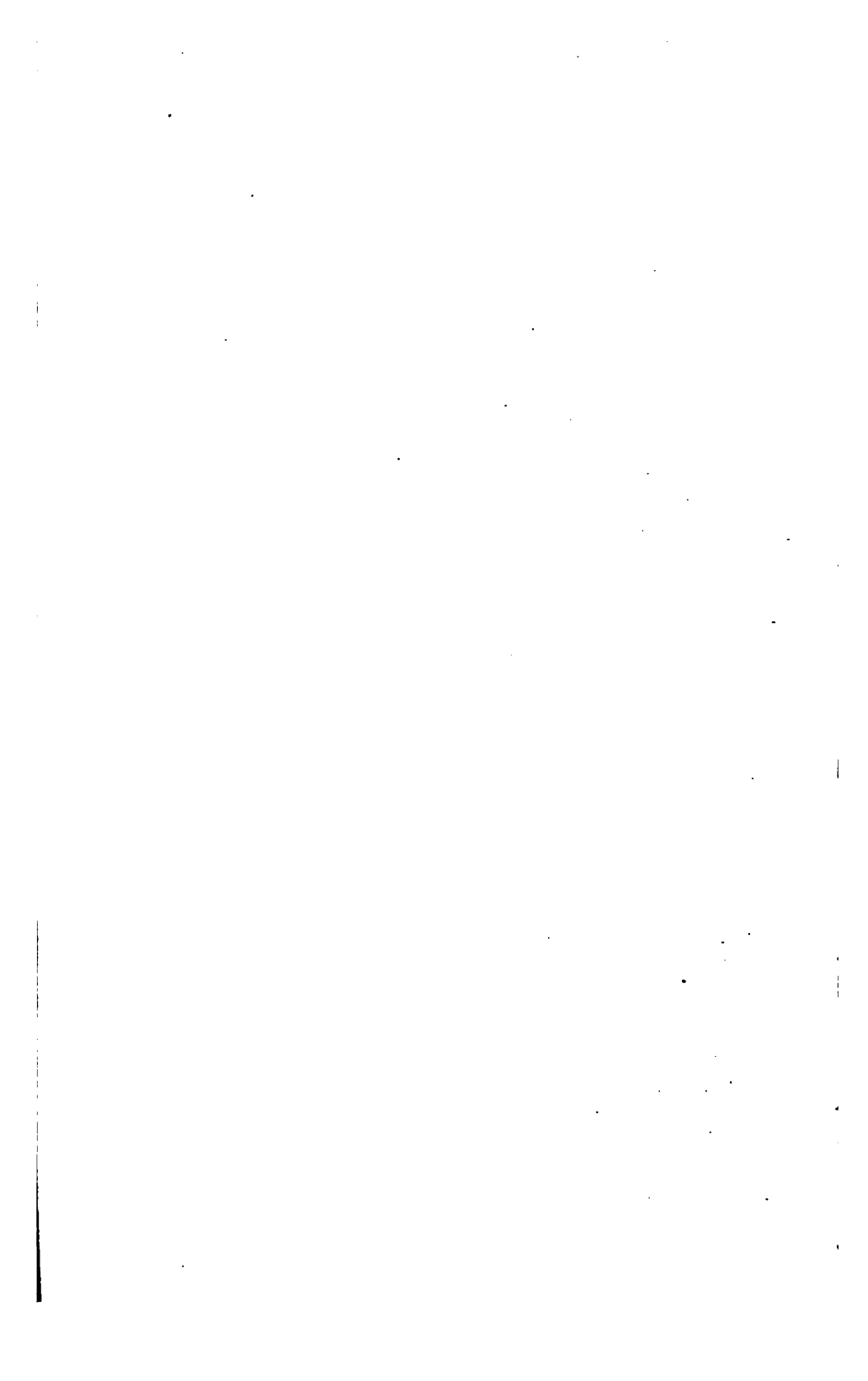
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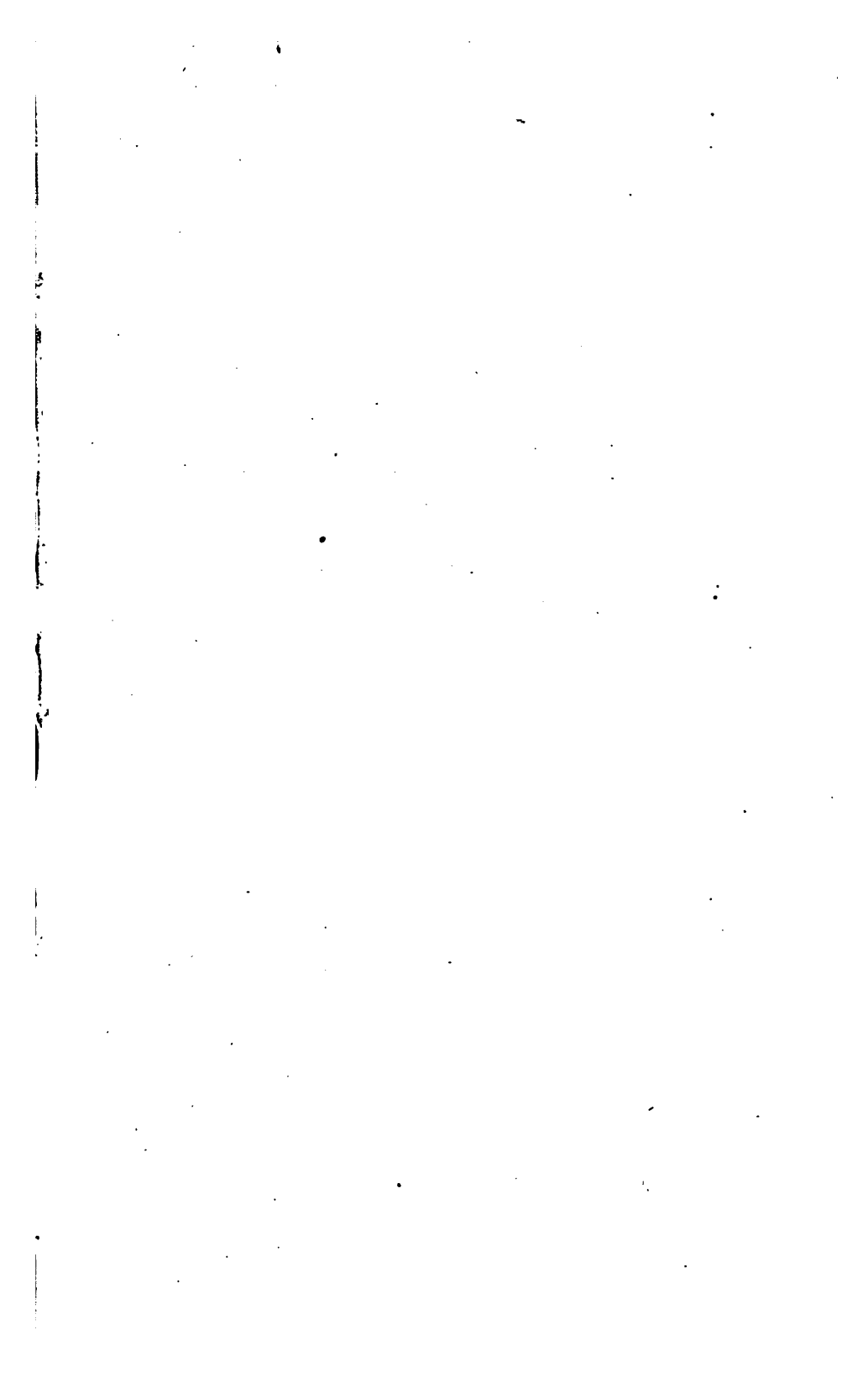
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